Feb. 3, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

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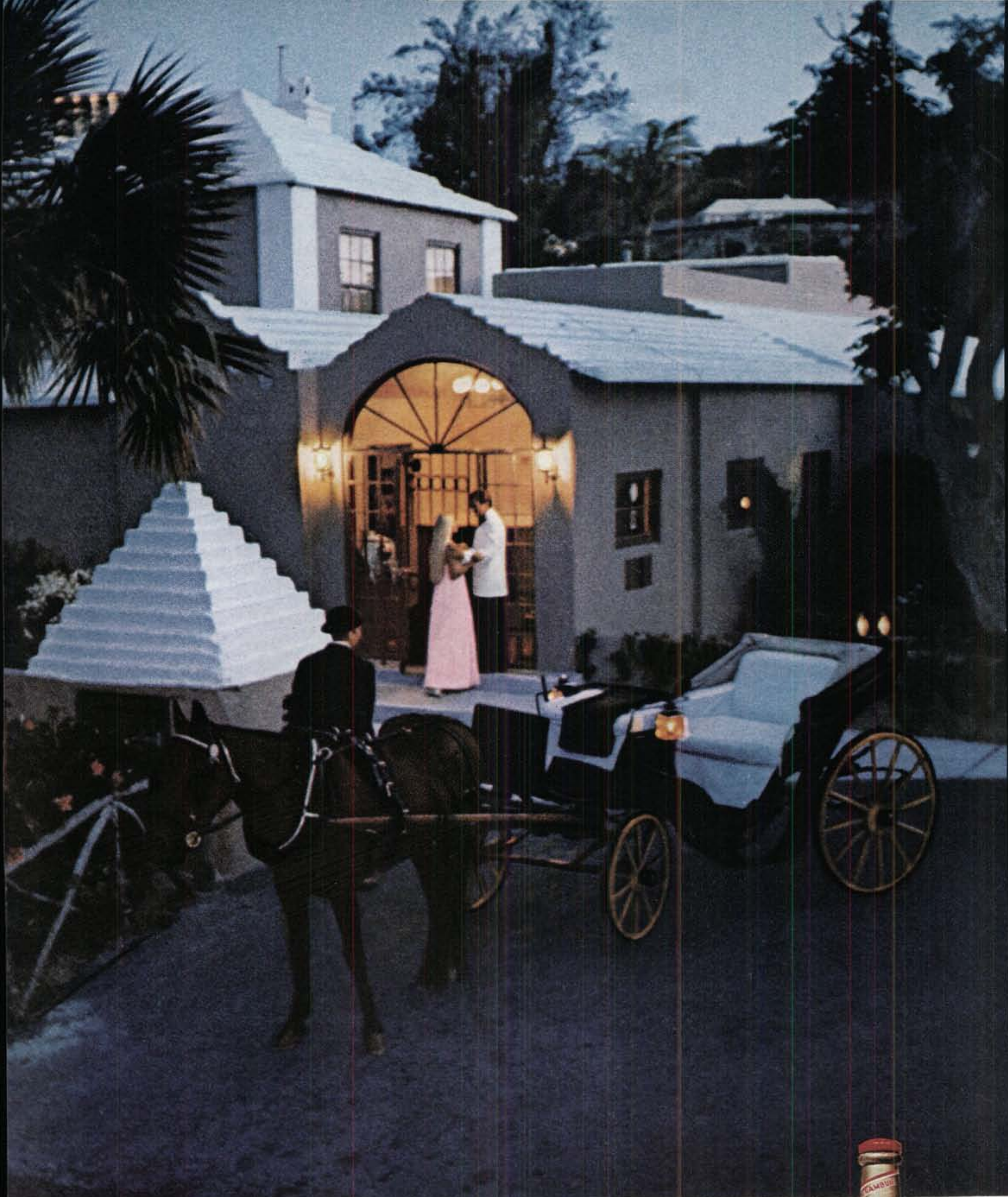

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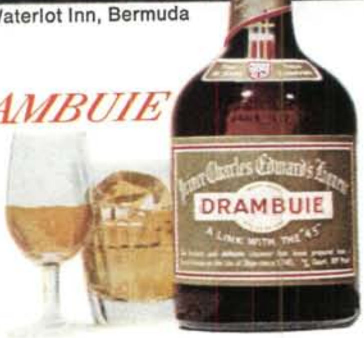
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—A marvellous small comedy by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn, mostly about the horrors of marriage, though you scarcely notice. With Richard Kiley, Sandy Dennis, Larry Blyden, Geraldine Page, Tony Roberts, and Carole Shelley. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

All Over Town—A carelessly carpentered, not very funny farce by Murray Schisgal. Direction by Dustin Hoffman. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Big Winner—David Opatoshu and Stan Porter in a Yiddish musical based on a 1922 play by Sholom Aleichem. The music is by Sol Kaplan, and Wolf Younin wrote the lyrics. Directed by Mr. Opatoshu. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesday and Friday at 7:30; Saturday at 8:15; and Sunday at 6. Matinées Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 2.)

Black Picture Show—Bill Gunn shows signs of being a brilliant playwright, but this comedy about a black writer and his troubled soul is one of yesterday's burdens. Well acted by Dick Anthony Williams, Carol Cole, Linda Miller, and Albert Hall. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 9.)

Blasts and Bravos: An Evening with H. L. Mencken—Paul Shyre's able impersonation of Mencken, who took a dark view of his fellow-creatures, nearly always with reason. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—A splendid revival of the Tennessee Williams Deep South melodrama about sex, money, and family life. With Elizabeth Ashley and Fred Gwynne. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 8.)

Celebration—A revised version of the 1969 musical by Tom Jones (book and lyrics) and *Harvey Schmidt (music). Opens Friday, Jan.* 31, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 23. (Portfolio Studio, 341 W. 47th St. CI 6-6755. Fridays through Sundays at 8.)

Dance with Me—A comedy with music, written by Greg Antonacci, who also plays the lead. A pleasant account of the daydreams of a young man of Manhattan, well acted by the gifted La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Diamond Studs—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James; the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equus—Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Hopkins, Peter Firth, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, Roberta Maxwell, and Michael Higgins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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God's Favorite—A grossly inept retelling of the Book of Job, in what the author, Neil Simon, thinks of as a comedy about a rich Jewish family on Long Island. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

In Praise of Love—A sentimental comedy by Terence Rattigan, worth going to see for Rex Harrison, Julie Harris, Martin Gabel, and a set by Jo Mielziner. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Madhouse Company of London—Horseplay by some gifted clowns in a pleasant cabaret setting. (Brooklyn Navy Yard, downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Feb. 15.)

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Man on the Moon—A musical by John Phillips, with Mr. Phillips, Genevieve Waite, Monique Van Vooren, and Dennis Doherty, in a production designed by Andy Warhol and directed by Paul Morrissey. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 29. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-1284. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—In spite of the title, the time is May Day. That's Shakespeare for you. A rambunctious and often very funny version of a lovely comedy. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Of Mice and Men—The Steinbeck play about two misfits and their doom. With James Earl Jones and Kevin Conway, in an excellent production. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Pretzels—A fresh-faced, fresh-voiced, barely

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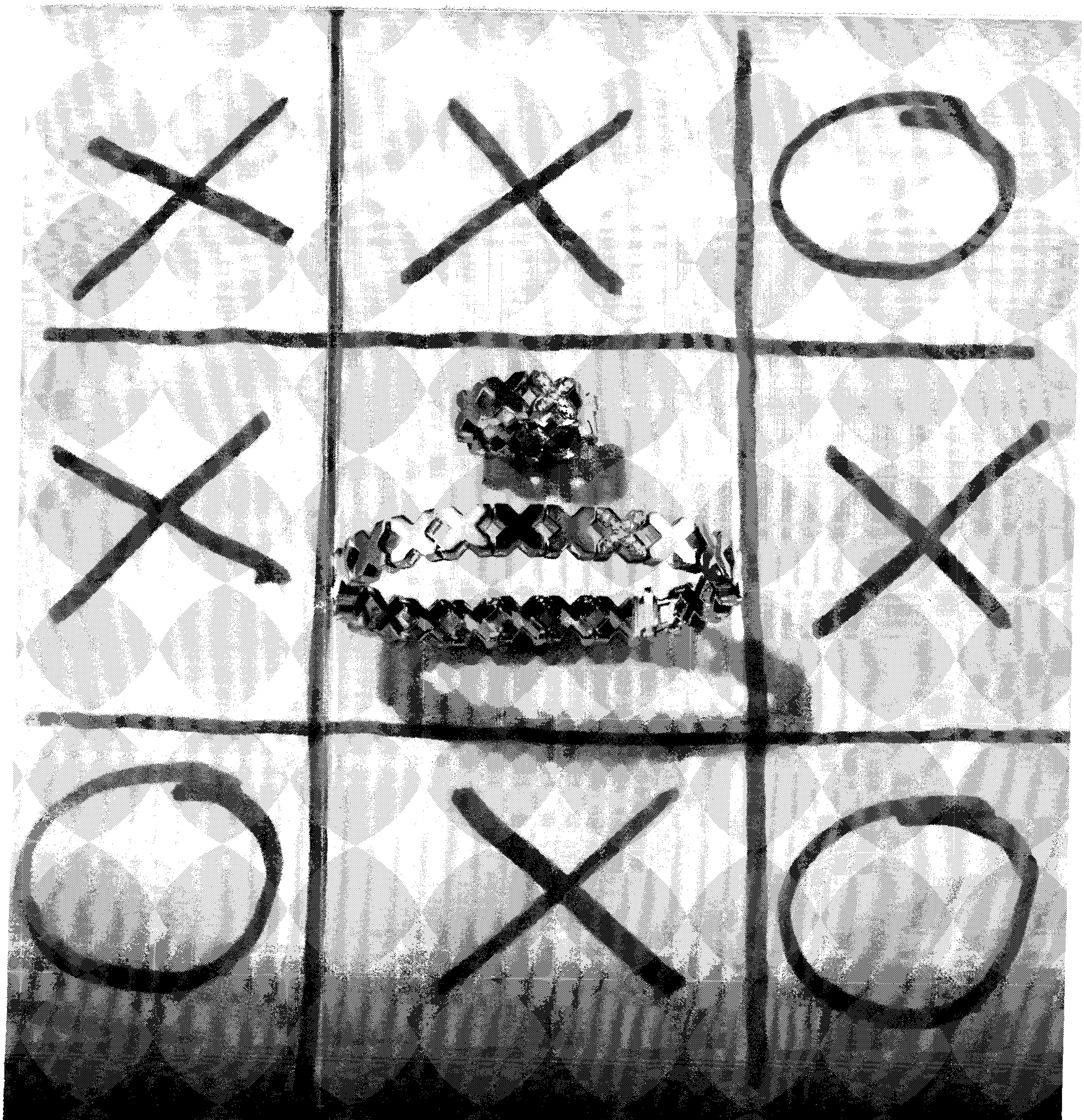

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

postgraduate revue, starring Jane Curtin, John Forster, Timothy Jerome, and Judy Kahan. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Private Lives—Maggie Smith and John Standing in a five-week engagement of Noël Coward's comedy. Directed by John Gielgud. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 4-5. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 6, and will run through Saturday, March 8. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Ritz—A very funny vaudeville about life in a homosexual bathhouse. Written by Terrence McNally, and starring Jack Weston, Rita Moreno, and Jerry Stiller. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Rivals—A revival of Sheridan's first play, now two hundred years old. Very broadly played by a delightful cast. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 9.)

Scapino—Jim Dale and a dozen other able actors in an adaptation of Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin." The jokes were crude, boisterous, and funny in the seventeenth century, and they remain so today. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Seagull and **Our Late Night**—An unsuccessful production of Chekhov's great play, and a successful production of a new comedy by Wallace Shawn. **OUR LATE NIGHT:** Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 29-30, at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, at 7:30 and 9:30. . . . **THE SEAGULL:** Tuesday through Saturday, Feb. 4-8, at 7:30. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350.)

Seascape—A lyrical, sunlit comedy, which says a firm yes to every perhaps. With Deborah Kerr, Barry Nelson, Frank Langella, and Maureen Anderman. Written and directed by Edward Albee. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

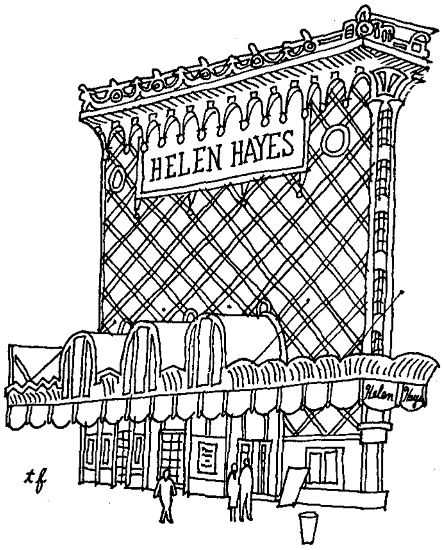
Shenandoah—A musical about the Civil War, but really about showbiz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sherlock Holmes—The great detective is played with incomparable finesse by John Wood, and Philip Locke is superb as his implacable adversary, Professor Moriarty. Frank Dunlop directed this amusing revival of the William Gillette classic. Starting Tuesday, Feb. 4, Clive Revill will replace Mr. Locke. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sizwe Banzi Is Dead and **The Island**—John Kani and Winston Ntshona in two South African plays imported from London. Devised by Athol Fugard (who also directed) and by the Messrs. Kani and Ntshona. **SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD**, a blistering indictment of the inhuman treatment of blacks in South Africa. Tuesdays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ In **THE ISLAND**, two black prisoners of the South African state outwit torture and death by means of brotherly affection and invincible courage. Wednesdays at 2 and 8. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164.)

The Ups and Downs of Theophilus Maitland—A musical with a book by Vinnette Carroll (who also directed) and music and lyrics by Micki Grant. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Where's Charley?—A revival of Frank Loesser's musical version of the Brandon Thomas play of 1892. Raul Julia and an attractive cast work very hard to make the old warhorse canter. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 23.)



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The Wiz—A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CANDIDE:** Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,145 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer Bob Fosse. With Samuel E. Wright, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Patti Karr. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **RAISIN:** A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years, but the large cast is superlative. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Saltarelli," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Who Cares?". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Bugaku," "Dybbuk Variations," and "Pulcinella.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Sinfonietta," and "Prodigal Son." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Bugaku," and "Pulcinella.". . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 2, at 1: "Concerto Barocco," "Saltarelli," and "Who Cares?". . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 2, at 7: "Jewels.". . . **DON QUIXOTE:** Thursday and Friday, Feb. 6-7, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2 and 8. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 16.)

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Theme and Variations," "Gemini," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Fall River Legend.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Gemini," and "The River.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2: "Concerto," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Napoli Divertissements," "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort," "Diana and Acteon Pas de Deux," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 2, at 2: "Les Sylphides," "Gemini," and "Les Patineurs.". . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 2, at 7:30: "The River," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "At Midnight," and "Theme and Variations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Cliff Keuter Dance Company—Friday, Jan. 31, and Sunday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Musete di Taverni," "Visit," "Plaisirs d'Amour," "Murder of George Keuter," and "Voice.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 2, at 3: "Amazing Grace," "Musete di Taverni," "Plaisirs d'Amour," "Station," and "Burden of Vision." (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. For tickets, call 598-3060.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Rashied Ali—Studio 77 / Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042). Drums, leading a quartet, from ten to three, Thursdays through Sundays.

David Amram—St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343). French horn, guitar, piano, and wooden flutes, with a quartet. Mondays at ten.

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a combo, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two.

Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers—Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650). Drums, leading the current Messengers. From nine-thirty to two, through Sunday, Feb. 2.

Bricktop and Hugh Shannon—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Songs. Wednesdays through Saturdays, from ten until two; Shannon is here alone on Tuesdays as well.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Gil Evans—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a fifteen-piece band, Mondays at ten.

Sonny Greer, Russell Procope, and Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three.

Roy Haynes—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at

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97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading the Hip Ensemble, a quintet. From ten to three, Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 30-Feb. 1.

Helen Humes and Ellis Larkins—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Jazz and blues singer and piano, respectively. From eight to one, except Sundays.

Lee Konitz—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Alto saxophone, with bassist Wilbur Little and pianist Dick Katz. Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three.... ¶ Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). From nine-thirty to two, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Dave Matthews—Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650). Piano, leading a twelve-piece band. Mondays, from nine-thirty to two.

Marian McPartland—Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave., at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Piano, from nine to one, through Saturday, Feb. 1.

Mabel Mercer—St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Monday, Feb. 3, at midnight, and Tuesday through Saturday, Feb. 4-8, at ten and midnight.

Sammy Price—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, with Jo Jones and Paul Quinichette; Saturdays and Sundays, from nine to one.

Kenny Rankin—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Vocals, guitar, and piano, with a quartet. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 31-Feb. 2, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Irene Reid—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Vocals, with a trio, from nine-forty-five to three, Thursdays through Saturdays.

Sonny Rollins—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Tenor sax, leading a quartet, from ten, beginning Tuesday, Feb. 4.

McCoy Tyner—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a quartet, from ten, through Sunday, Feb. 2.

Sarah Vaughan—St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Vocals with a quintet, at dinner and supper, except Sundays.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

Jack Wilkins and Eddie Gomez—Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785). Guitar and bass, respectively, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, from ten to two.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Bassist Duke Cleamons and his trio are perched on the tiny, elevated nook-like bandstand Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 30-Feb. 1. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 6-8, pianist Cedar Walton, bassist Sam Jones, and drummer Billy Higgins play together. The surroundings remain pleasant, if excessively nautical. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Kenny Barron, a fine young pianist, works with bassist Sam Jones and drummer Billy Higgins on Wednesday, Jan. 29. Thursdays through Saturdays, Irene Reid, a powerful, expressive singer who sang blues and ballads with the Basie band in the sixties, performs with her trio. Miss Reid does more than justice to popular contemporary music, especially the Motown-derived variety, but she is at her best doing blues and rhythm and blues. She is also adept at delivering rhyming, rhythmic, droll, seemingly improvised ten-minute harangues that concern vanity and appearance versus reality, and that she accusingly but amiably dedicates to young men, to street-corner studs—to, as she puts it, "all you hot-dog Blimpie pimps." Monday through Wednesday, Feb. 3-5, reedman Buddy Terry heads up a quartet. The action commences at nine-forty-five. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

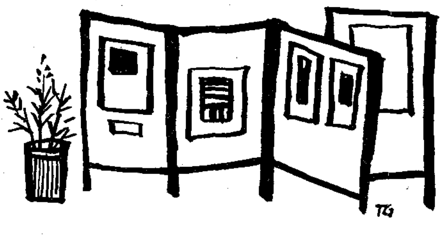
Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A large-scale rock-and-rollerie patronized by youthful throngs decked out in jeans, plaid-flannel shirts, slogan-ridden T-shirts, and turquoise jewelry. Comic Don Imus trades sets with Kinky Friedman, a comic-country-music picker, through Thursday, Jan. 30. Kenny Rankin, a tasteful singer and guitarist, performs a blend of folk music and Brazilian-flavored jazz with his band. Flutist Tim Weisberg appears opposite Rankin Friday through Sunday, Jan. 31-Feb. 2. Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 4-5, singer, guitarist, and musical wit (of sorts) David Bromberg will play with his band, which in its time has gone by the names "Slave Wages" and "Tax Loss." From Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 6-8, rock singer Melissa Manchester and her backup crew alternate with the Stanky Brown rock band. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner. Closed Monday, Feb. 3.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Pianist Al Haig and bassist Percy Heath have settled into this friendly, wood-panelled concern, which also provides dinner, some New Realist portraits and other paintings, and some frantic conversation. Haig and Heath finish up after Saturday, Feb. 1. On Monday, Feb. 3, Kenny Barron and Bob Cunningham, another superlative piano-bass twosome, take over for a week. All these musicians play from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays, from nine to one, Jaki Byard, who plays with a confident feel for ragtime, stride, and more modern piano styles, has fun with bassist Major Holley, who sometimes sings along in a voice as deep as his instrument.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Whether it is the pleasant **BEMELMANS BAR**, where her piano is located dead center, whether it is the constant press of admirers, or whether it is the mysterious volcanism that occasionally overtakes first-class improvisers, Marian McPartland is playing, night after night, with a startling freshness and brilliance. Her hours are nine to one, but she will be here only through Saturday, Feb. 1.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The years have graced Helen Humes: in a subtle and exciting way, she is singing better than ever. Her pure and lightsome Mildred Bailey voice gains from her sense of dynamics, which allows her to race from a whisper to a shout within a single measure, and from her rhythmic agility, which allows her to play push-me, pull-you with the beat. Her accompanist is Ellis Larkins, who, like love, is underneath, around, and above. Every night from eight to one, except Sunday, when pianist Dick Hyman, who likes to pretend he is everyone from James P. to Art Tatum, takes over. Dining.

Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—Instead of turning to Duke Ellington, young composers and arrangers now study such disciples as Johnny Carisi and Gil Evans. Witness Dave Matthews (no relation to the tenor saxophonist of the forties), a thirty-two-year-old Kentucky-born conservatory-trained composer-arranger who has put together as his sounding board a twelve-piece band that plays here on Mondays from around nine-thirty until two. It is made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties, and it is, like all such groups, expert and swinging. The instrumentation is very much of the Evans persuasion—three reeds, rhythm section, and five brass (two trumpets, trombone, horn, and tuba)—and so are Matthews' arrangements. They are, though, far leaner than Evans'; there is little plush, the hangings have been taken down, and the rooms are aired regularly. Matthews likes reed voicings with tenor and soprano and baritone saxophones, or with tenor and piccolo (or flute) and baritone, and he likes asides by his tuba, trombone, and horn, although they are often hard to hear over the electronic jangle of the rhythm section. Burt Collins and Joe Shepley, two wise and beautiful trumpeters, are often on hand, as are soprano saxophonist Dave Tofani, drummer Jimmy Madison, and guitarist Sam Brown. Ask Matthews for his "Melancholy Baby;" it's played very fast, and Collins and Shepley and Madison do marvellous things. Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers are visible through Sunday, Feb. 2, and they sound as they did when Blakey published the first edition, twenty years ago. So does Blakey's drumming, double chins and all. Saxophonist Dave Liebman brings in Lookout Farm, his electronic-jazz-rock quintet, complete with tablas, on Tuesday, Feb. 4. Music from nine-thirty to two.



Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Idolizing Charlie Parker, who died almost twenty years ago, was once a business. Its practitioners generally aped him, which was impossible, because he was inimitable, or they used his teachings as directional signals, and went sensibly on from there. A goodly number of alto saxophonists followed the latter course, and one of the hardiest and most rewarding is Lee Konitz. He worked out his apprenticeship with two different megaliths—the pianist Lennie Tristano and the bandleader Stan Kenton—and since then he has gone his original, catch-me-if-you-can way. At present, he is at Gregory's Mondays and Tuesdays and at Stryker's Wednesdays and Thursdays. His playing has not diminished. His tone, lighter and more precise than Parker's, has thickened attractively, and he has dispensed with almost all vibrato. His solos have always had a clear-headedness, a logic, a nice sense of planning ahead. And he now uses silence frequently and judiciously. He is also a strikingly deliberate improviser: if at first he doesn't succeed, he tries, tries again. He plays comfortable standards either straight or in their old bop dress, but some of his slow ballads are rarely heard. He is accompanied by Dick Katz on piano and Wilbur Little on bass, and his hours are generally ten to three. Occasionally, a vocalist named Lynn Crane shoulders her way through a song like "I Cried for You." Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three, Gregory's balloons with the Odd Trio—pianist Brooks Kerr, who at twenty-three knows more Ellington tunes than Himself ever did; reedman Russell Procope, whose serenity rivals a ripening melon's; and drummer Sonny Greer, who still dreams he is up there behind the band, booting Big Ben and Johnny and Tricky Sam along. The trio is not to be missed. Warren Chiasson, a Canadian vibraharpist and graduate of George Shearing's School of Jokes and Jinks, has good flashes from six to nine every night but Saturday and Sunday.

Jacques at the Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, cheering, aging corner bar where people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to the fastidious piano musings of Lance Hayward. He is present every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts fills in. Singer Jane Valentine contributes vocals every Sunday. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Eddie Locke, Major Holley, and Joe Muranyi cut loose. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky is in charge of yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Terry Gibbs, a swiftly proficient but somewhat slick and flashy vibraharpist, brings his mallets and his Vegas-inspired patter to this pretentiously Anglicized restaurant. Gibbs'

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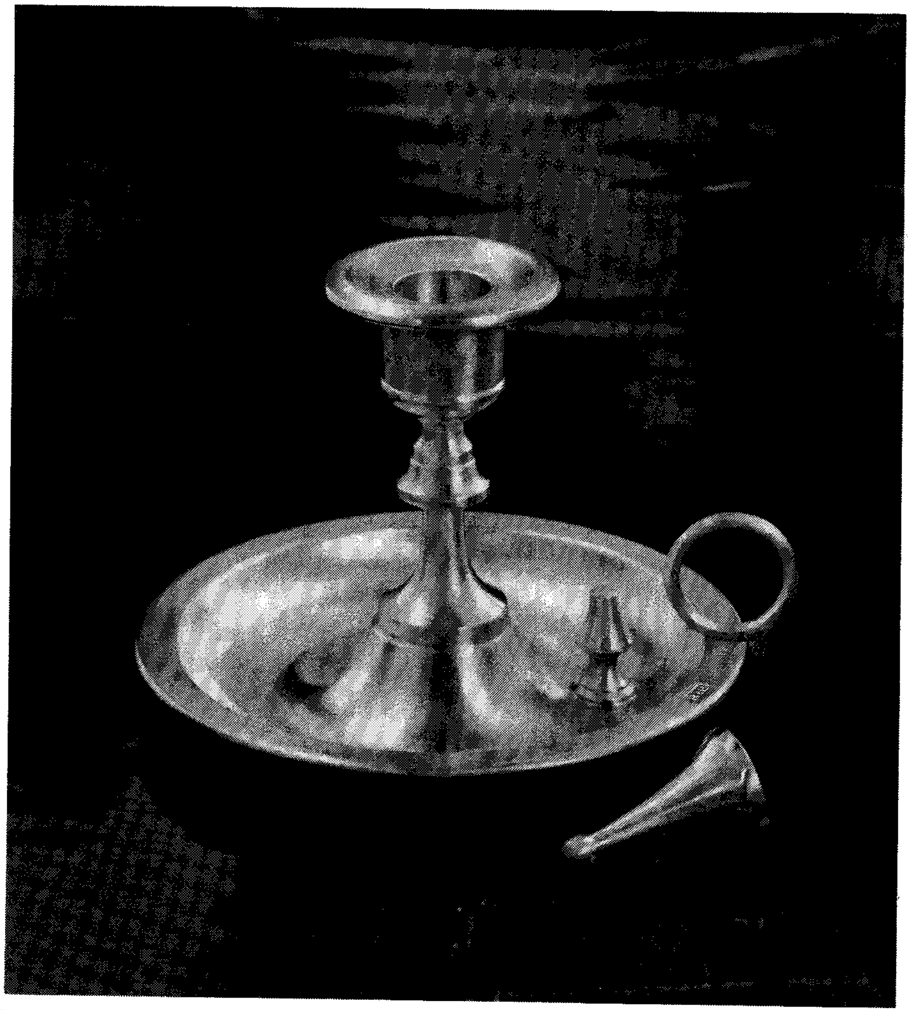

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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one-liners and asides, perhaps contrived to placate or pander to drunks in audiences out West, get in the way of his music, but the indifference and rudeness shown by the dinner crowd here must make him feel very much at home. His quartet comprises pianist Barry Harris, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Ray Mosca. The hours are nine-fifteen to one. A Monday-night Dixieland band breaks loose from nine to midnight. . . . ¶ In the front, glassed-in BIRD CAGE, Larry Kert is singing some crowd-pleasing tunes to piano accompaniment at nine-forty-five and eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side restaurant that is positively prospering and that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, directors' chairs, and an enclosed sidewalk gallery. The atmosphere is generally relaxed, except for the supersonic-paced waitresses, who stampede past the bandstand into the kitchen. Present most nights is a stately rhythm-and-blues assemblage—guitarist Cornell Dupree, bassist Gordon Edwards, tenor saxophonist Charley Brown, pianist Richard Tee, and drummer Chris Parker. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 30-Feb. 1, drummer Roy Haynes and his quintet take on the musical chores. Music from ten to three. Dining.

Music Room, 2871 Broadway, at 111th St. (866-2018)—Chicken casserole and cinquecento golden oldies are two of the house specialties at this pleasant student refuge and classical musicians' hangout. Most of the young professional musicians who perform here as soloists or in chamber groups normally play with the large orchestras of the New York City Ballet, the New York City Opera, or the Metropolitan Opera. These quarters serve as a unique showcase for their individual skills. Solo performers—including a lutanist, a soprano, and a pianist whose interests and abilities encompass the Goldberg Variations and the "Maple Leaf Rag"—dominate Mondays through Thursdays and Sundays, while Fridays and Saturdays are given over to chamber ensembles, which comprise strings, piano, flute, or bassoon, in varying proportions. A basket for contributions is at the front of the dining area. The hours for live music run from seven to eleven (from six on Sundays).

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Composer, singer, and pianist Peter Allen bounces around at the piano singing his already bitter-sweet, world-weary (he's barely thirty) tunes in this nicely appointed and lively cabaret. Alternating with him through Saturday, Feb. 1, is Shelley Ackerman, who sings in a big, bright, musical-comedy voice. On Tuesday, Feb. 4, comedian and rock-star parodist Martin Mull moves in with his living-room furniture opposite singer and pianist Diane Marcovitz. Mull's cornball, midwestern put-ons are sometimes overdone and can be tiresome. His best routine involves his audience's tapping coins on their tables to keep time to the swing music that he and his band play—the total effect being an aural Busby Berkeley tap-dancing extravaganza. Shows at nine and midnight. On Sundays, Joanne Berretta sings at nine and eleven. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—This new jazz club, which occupies the cellar of a tiny white-bricked building south of Sheridan Square, features the music of David Amram, who plays on Monday nights with guitarist Charlie Chin and whoever else turns up. Pianist Tom Garvin and bassist Harvey Schwartz are featured on Wednesdays and Thursdays. Fridays through Sundays, John Abercrombie, a rising young guitarist, works with Garvin and Schwartz. Music from about ten.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Sarah Vaughan, accompanied by a trio, is in the MAISONETTE, and she is singing with extraordinary brilliance. She has gradually and uniquely evolved into a creator-performer of dazzling, rococo art songs based very loosely on such popular American ballads as "Ain't Misbehavin'," "On a Clear Day," "Fly Me to the Moon," "A Foggy Day," and "Tenderly." But it no longer matters what the songs are or whether one understands her lyrics, which are sometimes so weighed down with melismatics that a single vowel will pass through six different notes. What matters are her ingenious melodic lines. They plunge and whip and sail. They drop from a middle C to the bass range in a single beat. They are delivered in a sumptuous, leakproof contralto. They swing extremely hard. And, most miraculous, these inventions are summoned up with a fire and imaginativeness that can be matched only by her great compeer, Art Tatum, whom she resembles so closely and who is equally unclassifiable. The spiky, funny way she does all this is highly deceptive; she is bent on far more than just entertainin' you-all. Two (very generous) shows a night through Saturday, Feb. 8. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Mabel Mercer, whose ways with popular songs have been admired and studied by practically every important singer from Frank Sinatra to Roberta Flack, will celebrate her seventy-fifth birthday on the ST. REGIS ROOF on Monday, Feb. 3. Seven of her admirers—Margaret Whiting, Greta Keller, Sylvia Syms, Julius Monk, Jimmie Daniels, Bricktop, and Anne Francine—will entertain with her that night, starting at eleven. (Dinner and dancing begin at nine.). . . ¶ On Tuesday, Feb. 4, Miss Mercer and her accompanist, Jimmy Lyon, take up residence again in the ornate little ST. REGIS ROOM, appearing at ten and midnight.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Bricktop, a celebrated night-club hostess in Paris in the twenties and thirties, is currently making an impact on the upper East Side—not exactly Montmartre. Now in her eighties, she is no longer a flaming redhead or the "pale, unspoiled beauty" of a 1925 description in *Vogue*. Her hair is pinned up simply and befitting her age; she dresses in metallic-threaded caftans, and quietly projects a worldly and regal wisdom. Her voice is rich and strong—she has even retained a coy growl, which she injects into "St. Louis Blues"—and she delivers a song with such uncommon finesse that in spite of her somewhat slow, careful pace, she swings. Bricktop is at the Soerabaja with singer and pianist Hugh Shannon Wednesdays through Saturdays (Shannon is also on hand on Tuesdays) from about ten until two. Dinner. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper West Side room of simple design. Trumpeter Chet Baker works with and inspires a relaxed, smooth, neo-fifties ensemble on Mondays and Tuesdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, Lee Konitz (see *supra*, under Gregory's) and a colleague play some simple, basic, and thoughtful passages. Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma exchange some lyrically exciting guitar solos on Sundays. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, singer Bobby Hill comes in with his trio. Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty to two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three; and Sundays from nine to two. Snacks.

Studio 77/Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Heavyweight, unrestrained music in a modest, spartan ground-floor SoHo loft. Flags and posters adorn the walls, and a quantity of orange-and-white parachute nylon billows from the ceiling. The musicians—drummer Rashied Ali, James Vass on alto and soprano saxophone and flute, David Durrah on piano, and bassist Benny Wilson—play intense sets, each soloing for fifteen minutes and longer. Thursdays through Sundays from ten to three. Soul food and soft drinks.

RESERVED
Judith Shahn

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Although it's only a few months old, this highly agreeable, spacious restaurant has acquired a substantial and diverse clientele—from brown-rice freaks (although the menu is not strictly a list of natural foods) to bar hoppers to music enthusiasts. As for the music, which usually consists of small jazz groups, there is minimal amplification, and little need for it, since the acoustics are excellent and the audiences are usually well-mannered. On Wednesdays, Bucky Pizzarelli plays solo electric and classical guitar from nine to one. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, guitarist Jack Wilkins collaborates with bassist Eddie Gomez; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 7-8, guitarist Sam Brown will be in charge of a trio from ten to two. On Sunday, Feb. 2, Nina Sheldon, a lively singer and pianist, performs with a bassist from four to eight.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A reliable forty-year-old institution down a steeply staired entrance. The brilliant McCoy Tyner guides his quartet through labyrinthine sets until Sunday, Feb. 2. Pianist, composer, sage Gil Evans conducts his exciting, up-to-date fifteen-piece band on Monday, Feb. 3. On Tuesday, Feb. 4, Sonny Rollins arrives to play crisply melodic, hard-driving tenor sax with his energetic quartet. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: pianist Nat Jones works with a bassist Thursdays through Sundays; Neil Fox and his bassist perform Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. On Mondays and Tuesdays, Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, drummer Sam Woodyard, trumpeter Franc Williams, and Dill Jones on piano get together for swing sessions. The No Gap Generation Jazz Band plows through some oldies on Wednesdays and Thursdays, while on Fridays a bop quintet takes the stand. Sammy Price, king of the Charleston in the Southwest in the twenties, and, lately, claimant to the boogie-woogie kingship of Morningside Heights, works with the still formidable Jo Jones, on drums, and tenorman Paul Quinichette; on Saturdays and Sundays. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Herb Winner's dance threesome spends Tuesdays through Saturdays in the CAFÉ, from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Steven Weltner prevails Sundays from eight-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from nine to twelve-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Hildegarde is dispensing songs in the PERSIAN ROOM at ten Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel provide dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the PLAZA RESTAURANT, violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein play from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ There is piano-and-violin music by Jules Kuti and Ernest Schoen in the PALM COURT Mondays through Fridays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, followed by pianist Ruth Andrews from nine-thirty to one. Violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor Saturdays from four-thirty to midnight and Sundays from four to

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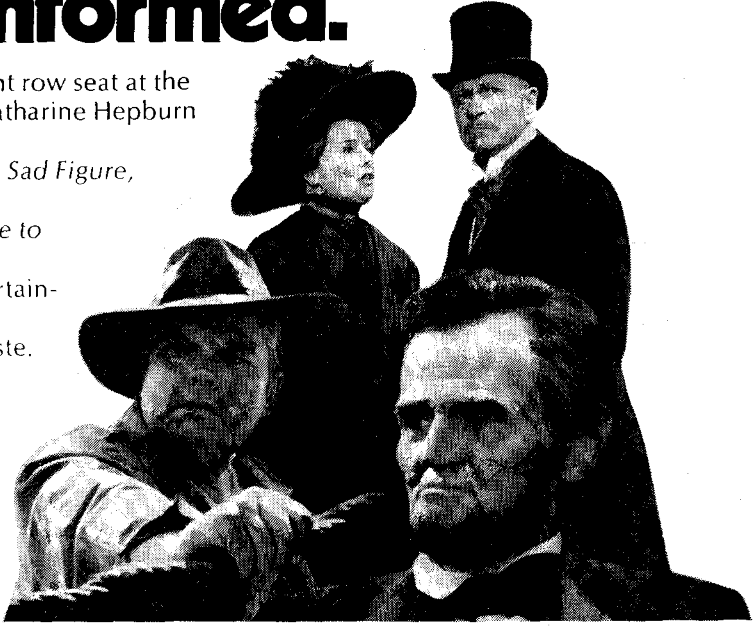

For a nickel's worth of electricity, you can take a front row seat at the romantic comedy *Love Among the Ruins*, starring Katharine Hepburn and Laurence Olivier.

And discover the lighter side of Abe Lincoln in *Sad Figure, Laughing*, with Hal Holbrook.

And join in the American Film Institute's *Salute to Orson Welles*.

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In the sampling of February and March offerings below, the most selective viewer will find a rich mix of programs that entertain and inform.

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CBS Children's Film Festival. Strange Holiday; Birds Come Flying to Us; Friends for Life; Paganini Strikes Again; Three Nuts for Cinderella; Orange Watering Cart; Bunnie; Anoop and the Elephant; Jumping Over Puddles. Saturdays, Feb. 1, 8, 15, 22; March 1, 8, 15, 22, 29 (1-2 pm).

ABC News Close-Up. Washington Regulators: How They Cost You Money, Saturday, Feb. 1 (8-9 pm); Inner workings of Internal Revenue Service, March (Date and time TBA).

Nuclear Proliferation. NBC News reports on policies to prevent nuclear catastrophe. Sunday, Feb. 2 (10-11 pm).

Death Be Not Proud. Based on John Gunther's memoir of his son's fight for life. Arthur Hill, Jane Alexander, Robby Benson. Tuesday, Feb. 4 (8-10 pm).

All Creatures Great and Small. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Story of Scot veterinarian beginning practice in Yorkshire. Simon Ward, Anthony Hopkins. Tuesday, Feb. 4 (8:30-10 pm).

ABC Afterschool Special. Skating Rink; Santiago's America; Rookie of the Year. Wednesdays, Feb. 5, 19; March 12 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Sad Figure, Laughing. Sandburg's Lincoln—Deals with Lincoln's humor. Hal Holbrook, Elizabeth Ashley, Sada Thompson. Wednesday, Feb. 12 (10-11 pm).

Queen of the Stardust Ballroom. Maureen Stapleton as widow starting new life. Thursday, Feb. 13 (9-11 pm).

A Gathering of One. Portrait of 18th century theologian Jonathan Edwards. Sunday, Feb. 16 (3-4 pm).

Highlights of Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey Circus. Sunday, Feb. 16 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Oliver! Academy Award film based on *Oliver Twist*. Sunday, Feb. 16 (7:30-10:30 pm).

It's A Mystery, Charlie Brown, Monday, Feb. 17 (8-8:30 pm); **It's the Easter Beagle, Charlie Brown,** Wednesday, March 26 (8-8:30 pm).

American Film Institute Salute to Orson Welles. Noted moviemakers and film highlights. Monday, Feb. 17 (9:30-11 pm).

Dr. Seuss' the Hoober-Bloob Highway, Wednesday, Feb. 19 (8-8:30 pm); **Dr. Seuss' Horton Hears a Who,** Monday, March 24 (8:30-9 pm).

Maurice Sendak's Really Rosie: Starring the Nutshell Kids. Characters by favorite children's artist. Wednesday, Feb. 19 (8:30-9 pm).

1975 Entertainment Hall of Fame Awards. Honoring 20th century creators and performers. Gene Kelly, host. Saturday, Feb. 22 (10 pm-12 midnight).

In This House of Brede. Diana Rigg in Rumer Godden story. Thursday, Feb. 27 (9-11 pm).

NBC News Reports. The problem of handguns. Sunday, March 2 (10-11 pm).

Love Among the Ruins. ABC Theatre—Katharine Hepburn, Laurence Olivier in Angela Thirkell comedy. Thursday, March 6 (9-11 pm).

Survival Anglia. Documentary on gorillas. Friday, March 7 (8-9 pm).

Funny Girl to Funny Lady. Barbra Streisand live from Kennedy Center. Sunday, March 9 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Canterville Ghost. Bell System Family Theatre—David Niven in Oscar Wilde story of Americans intimidating English ghost. Monday, March 10 (8-9 pm).

The Hyena Story. Jane Goodall and the World of Animal Behavior. Thursday, March 13 (8-9 pm).

The Small Miracle. Based on Paul Gallico story. Wednesday, March 19 (8-9 pm).

Fashion Awards 1975. Diahann Carroll and John Davidson host tribute to designers. Wednesday, March 19 (9:30-11 pm).

The Law. 3-part series combines documentary and dramatic elements. Wednesdays, March 19, 26; April 2 (10-11 pm).

The Story of Jacob and Joseph. With Keith Michell, Colleen Dewhurst, Herschel Bernardi. Sunday, March 23 (8:30-10:30 pm).

The White Seal. From Kipling's *Jungle Book*. Monday, March 24 (8-8:30 pm).

Huckleberry Finn. New adaptation of Mark Twain novel. Tuesday, March 25 (8-9:30 pm).

Smithsonian: The Hope Diamond. Story of "curse" that afflicted owners of famous gem. Thursday, March 27 (10-11 pm).

Harlequin. CBS Festival of the Lively Arts for Young People—Ballet with Edward Villella, Rebecca Wright. Friday, March 28 (3:30-4:30 pm).

The Right to Believe. Directions—The struggle for religious liberty. Sunday, March 30 (1-2 pm).

Sojourner. American Parade—Sojourner Truth, early civil rights campaigner, portrayed by Vinette Carroll. Sunday, March 30 (9:30-10:30 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/CBS Morning News/The Today Show/AM America/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers' Neighborhood/Electric Company/Zoom/Villa Alegre

Saturday: In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Yogi's Gang/Emergency + 4/Land of the Lost/Valley of the Dinosaurs/Sigmund and the Sea Monsters/Korg: 70,000 B.C.!/Star Trek/Hudson Brothers Razzle Dazzle Comedy Show/Harlem Globetrotters Popcorn Machine/These are the Days/GO/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/CBS Children's Film Festival/The Reasoner Report/Weekend

Sunday: U.S. of Archie/In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Camera Three/Make a Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney/Nova/Masterpiece Theatre/NBC News Specials/Weekend

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

Television Information Office, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022

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seven. Miss Andrews does a reprise Sunday nights from seven-thirty to midnight.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Karel Appel—Oil paintings from the early sixties *by a founding member of the Cobra* group. Through Feb. 15. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Rudolf Baranik—Recent abstract paintings. Through Feb. 15. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Harold Baumbach—*Solitary figures against* solid backgrounds, and richly painted flowers. Through Feb. 15. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Gisela Beker / Franco Ciarlo—Geometric paintings. / Frescoes, in colors evocative of Etrus*can tomb paintings, which have been trans*ferred onto canvases; some of them are shaped and hung in groups. Through Feb. 11. (Lajeski, 801 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Byron Browne (1907-61)—Abstract paintings from the nineteen-thirties. Through Saturday, *Feb. 1. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave.,* at 68th St.)

Dado—Nightmarish images of a violent inner world, done in incongruously gentle pastel tones. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Tony DeLap—*Paintings by a West Coast artist.* Starts Saturday, Feb. 1. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Oscar de Mejo—Naïve paintings of sports scenes. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Simon Dinnerstein—Detailed, realistic paintings and drawings. A large triptych, in which the artist and his family figure, is the focal point of the exhibit; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Arthur G. Dove *(1880-1946)* / **Alan E. Cober**—Paintings, drawings, and collages by the pioneer American abstractionist, on loan from museums, private collections, and the estate of the artist. Through Feb. *22.* / Drawings made on visits to various institutions, including Willowbrook and Sing Sing, which will be included in the artist's forthcoming book, "The Forgotten Society." Starts Saturday, Feb. 1. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Jud Fine—Sculptures, and a single sixteen-foot painting done in various mediums; also, a series of collage-and-pencil drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Lionel Gilbert—Semi-abstract landscapes and still-lifes. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Arshile Gorky (1904-48)—Works on paper. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Chaim Gross—Handwoven Aubusson tapestries of his designs. Through Friday, Jan. 31. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Satish Gujral—Constructions made of wood covered with thin sheets of iron that have been baked in a kiln with color dyes and filings of different metals, giving them textural effects, by an Indian artist. Through Wednesday, Feb. 5. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Shirley Hendrick—Oil paintings of figures and landscapes. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Jim Huntington—Wooden wall reliefs. Starts Saturday, Feb. 1. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Alexej von Jawlensky *(1864-1941)—A show of* paintings, with emphasis on portraits completed in the early part of this century. Through Feb. 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Floyd Johnson—Stained-and-sprayed abstract *paintings in a bannerlike* format. Through Feb. 22. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St.)

Bruno Lucchesi—Bronze and terra-cotta genre sculptures. Through Friday, Feb. 7. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Clyde Lynds—Freestanding constructions with changing light and color patterns, which the artist refers to as "spectral kinetics." Starts Saturday, Feb. 1. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Giacomo Manzù—Sculptures, reliefs, and door panels in bronze, plus silver and gold objects. Through March 7. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Henri Michaux—Paintings done with India ink *and acrylics. Through Feb. 15. (Lefebre, 47* E. 77th St.)

Henry Moore—Recent lithographs and etchings by the British sculptor. Through Friday, Jan. 31. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Salvatore Scarpitta—Eight life-size sleds, constructed from wood and other materials, plus some large cut-out-canvas wall pieces. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Karl Schrag—Paintings of Maine, including some nocturnal landscapes. Through Feb. 15. *(Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)*

William Scott—Drawings (abstracts, still-lifes, figures) in blue gouache, pencil, ink, and charcoal. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Jill Spelman—Abstract paintings. Some of them are placed at angles and touch along one edge in a way to complement each other. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Sergio Gonzalez Tornero—Surrealistic paintings by a Chilean artist who lives in this *country; first one-man show in New York.* Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Anton van Dalen—Wood and painted-wood constructions derived from the form of the automobile, plus some drawings. Through Satur*day, Feb. 8. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madi*son Ave., at 76th St.)

Cora Kelley Ward—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Emerson Woelffer—Abstract works in which paint is sprayed, brushed, and splashed on the canvas, plus crayon-and-paint drawings. Through Feb. 15. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

David X. Young / Herbert Kallem—Semi-abstract paintings, mostly with distinct figurative elements, and a group of watercolors done in Haiti. / Small metal "found" sculptures, including a bristly bird with a pair of tin shears for a beak and pitchfork prongs for a tail. Through Feb. 15. (Summerhalt, 143 E. 63rd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5.)

Group Shows—*At the* **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings by Hugo Consuegra, Carmen Herrera, and four other Cuban artists who work in New York. Through Feb. 23. (Daily, noon to 6.)... **DEITCHER,** 20 E. 67th St.: Drawings, mostly, by Fernando Botero, Oscar Bluemner, Christo, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 1.... **FAIRTREE,** 924 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: An exhibit of works by over thirty-five contemporary craftsmen from different parts of the country includes ceramics, carved-wood figures, quilts, and embroidery pieces. Through March 1.... **NICHOLLS,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and other works by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)... **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A diversified exhibit that includes oils by Léger, gouaches by Calder, and bronzes by Maillol. Through Feb. 22.... **RAYDON,** 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: A show of European portraiture (both paintings and sculptures) by Bernini, Gainsborough, Van Dyck, and others. Through March 1.... **STONE,** 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings by Richard Hickam and Jon Friedman, and constructions by Maureen McCabe. Through Friday, Jan. 31.... **WEINTRAUB,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, among others, Matta, Kokoschka, and Picasso. Through Friday, Jan. 31.... **WILLARD,** 29 E. 72nd St.: *Drawings by five artists*—Billy Al Bengston, John Duff, Pierre Haubensak, Frederick Wardy, and Mia Westerlund. Through Saturday, Feb. 8.... **ZIERLER,** 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Avery, Burchfield, Stuart Davis, and other Americans. Through Feb. 26.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Eleanor Antin—This artist, clad in her tutu or masquerading as the King of France (looking very much like one of the Three Musketeers), floats through her balletic fantasy *world on videotape, now and again making* personal appearances at the gallery. Other fancies are described in poems, which she has inscribed on large sheets of paper and illuminated with agreeable watercolor drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St.)

Alice Baber—Large abstract oils. Starts Saturday, Feb. 1. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

William-Adolphe Bouguereau (1825-1905)—A show of seven works by the nineteenth-century French Salon painter. Through Tuesday, Feb. 4. *It is running concurrently with his* show (ending Sunday) at the New York Cultural Center. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Stanley Boxer—Abstract paintings that stress color and texture. Through Feb. 14. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Beverly Chesler—Figurative collages, with emphasis on the female nude form; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Allan D'Arcangelo—*Large, hard-edge abstrac*tions based on steel girders and cables. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Mary Frank—An assortment of terra-cotta heads, torsos, arms, and legs, assembled into six large, sensual reclining figures, mostly female. This technique, born of necessity (the artist's kiln was too small to fire the works as a whole), results in a pleasant fluidity of composition. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jane Freilicher—Recent landscapes and still-lifes. Starts Saturday, Feb. 1. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Karl Gerstner—Abstract paintings by a Swiss artist. Through Feb. 22. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Matta—A comprehensive show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures done over the last forty years by this noted Chilean Surrealist. Through Feb. 15. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Vita Petersen—Drawings of objects: stones, bones, and paper bags. Through Feb. 15. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jason Schoener—Semi-abstract landscapes. Through Feb. 22. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Robert Slutzky—Hard-edge paintings. Through Feb. 15. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Tiger Tateishi—*Paintings by a Japanese artist,* now resident in Italy, who imparts a curious Oriental wit and flavor to the surrealist manner in which he paints; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

Edward Zutrau—Abstract paintings. Through Feb. 15. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **DAVIS & LONG,** 231 E. 60th St.: Paintings and drawings by Bierstadt, Prendergast, Homer, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 8.... **ESMAN,** 29 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by Ethelyn Honig, Mon Levinson, and Howardena Pindell. Starts Saturday, Feb. 1.... **FRUMKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: Alice Neel, Jack Beal, and Elaine de Kooning are among the painters represented in an exhibit of informal portraits of the artists' families and friends. Through Friday, Jan. 31.... **JANIS,** 6 W. 57th St.: An unusually rich collection of paintings and sculptures by twentieth-century Europeans, including practically every Name you can think of—Klee, Léger, Picasso, Arp, Delvaux, Giacometti, and so on. Through Friday, Jan. 31.

Sculpture—Works by Calder, Cornell, Nevelson, Noguchi, and David Smith. Through Feb. 22. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carl Andre—"Words in the Forms of Poems" is the title of this show, and the words are certainly there, by the thousand, neatly typed and posted on the gallery walls; the poetry must be in the eye of the beholder. Through Wednesday, Feb. 5. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Howard Buchwald—Oil paintings, each of a geometric form in a square or rectangular field. Through Thursday, Feb. 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Arthur Cohen—Large paintings of architectural details in a chapel of St. John in Lateran, in Rome, which this young American artist has been engrossed with for several years; first one-man show here. Through Wednesday, Feb. 5. (Michael Walls, 429 West Broadway.)

Michael Eisenman—Vigorously painted figures and a few landscapes. Through Feb. 14. (Bowery, 135 Greene St.)

Dean Fleming—Polychromatic abstract paintings, in which freehand geometric forms predominate; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St.)

Mary Ann Gillies / Lucy Sallick—Sculptural structures made of welding rods covered with macramé. / Still-lifes, many of them centered on a sewing basket. Through Feb. 12. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Hisao Hanafusa / Albert Y. Wong—Station designations on subway walls are the subject of these paintings, drawings, and prints. / Paintings and drawings done on loose-leaf notebook paper and depicting loose-leaf notebook paper—somewhere between trompe-l'oeil and the real thing. Through Feb. 18. (Lamagna, 380 West Broadway.)

Brower Hatcher—Large abstract steel sculptures. Through Feb. 12. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Steve Kelsey / Alan Kessler—Eruptions of color barely contained within triangular canvases. / Still-lifes of flowerpots in a painstakingly realist—almost, but not quite, Photo-Realist—style. Through Feb. 12. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Joseph Kosuth—A conceptual piece. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Louise Kramer—Four huge, brooding, blimplike latex figures are the most prominent results of this artist's recent experiments with space, which have also generated tiers of cardboard or metal boxes (cooped-up space) and monoprints achieved with layer on layer of sheerest silk marquisette, inked and transferred to paper with an etching press (squashed space). Through Feb. 12. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Jeffrey Lew—A large wooden chest that has ninety-nine drawers. Viewers who open the drawers find in each one a drawing scratched on glass. Through Thursday, Feb. 6. (112 Greene St.)

Judith Nelson / Dove Bradshaw—Abstract paintings. / Ceramic sculptures. Through Feb. 13. (Razor, 464 West Broadway.)

Norman Turner / Audrey Bergensten—Representational landscapes, mostly of Green Mountain country. / Stylized figures with a sort of religious aura. Through Feb. 13. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Group Show—Works on paper by Kes Zapkus, and paintings by James Dearing and Elizabeth Murray. Through Wednesday, Feb. 5. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Sculpture—At the **ARIADNE**, 410 West Broadway: Works in metal, wood, and marble by Peter Reginato, John Ferro, and three other sculptors. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. . . . **14 SCULPTORS**, 75 Thompson St.: A show of models and drawings for sculptures by Marilyn Perlman, Oleg Sohanievich, and others. Through Feb. 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Paul Goldberg / Judy Silver—Paintings of auto wrecks and empty subway trains. / Collages. Starts Saturday, Feb. 1. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Kenneth Noland—Paintings done early in his continuing struggle with the circle. Through Friday, Jan. 31. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

David Slivka—Painted-wood sculptures, one, monumental in size, exhibited outside, and four smaller works inside. Through Feb. 28. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St. . . . ¶ Another enormous piece, entitled "Machu Picchu," at Grace Plaza, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.)

Group Shows—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE**, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: Traditional African art (masks, figures, and so forth) from Mozambique, Angola, and Guinea-Bissau, plus contemporary Makonde carvings and paintings from Mozambique. Through March 1. . . . **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Paintings, sculptures, and other works by members of this artists' coöperative, among them Pedro Silva, Eugenia Okoshi, Camilla Chambers, and Margaret Cassidy. Through March 2. (Fridays, 5 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ernest Bloch (1880-1959)—Photographs by the composer. Starts Saturday, Feb. 1. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Ruth Breil—Photographs. Through Friday, Jan. 31. (Portogallo, 72 W. 45th St.)

Lee Friedlander—Photographs taken within the last decade. Through Feb. 9. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Ernst Haas—Photographs taken at the beginning of the Second Austrian Republic. Through Feb. 25. (Austrian Institute, 11 E. 52nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Nancy Hellebrand / Brett Weston—Portraits of London working-class people. / Abstractions based on natural and structural forms, by a son of Edward Weston. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Harry Lapow—Photographs of people at Coney Island, taken during the past twenty years. Through Feb. 24. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Edward Weston (1886-1958)—A retrospective of approximately two hundred and seventy-five photographs, dating from about 1918 to 1948. Through March 30. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . ¶ A retrospective consisting of vintage prints, "project prints" made by Brett Weston under his father's supervision in 1955, and recent prints made by Cole Weston from his father's negatives. Through March 1. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **ELLIOTT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Man Ray, T. H. Emerson, and Julia M. Cameron are among those represented in this show of more than fifty photographs. Through March 1. (Open Mondays.). . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Three shows: photographs by Cartier-Bresson taken in Russia during visits in 1954 and 1973; "Classics of Documentary Photography" by Robert Capa, David Seymour, Lewis W. Hine, Roman Vishniac, Werner Bischof, and Dan Weiner; and color photographs by, among others, Ernst Haas, Gordon Parks, Marc Riboud, Howard Sochurek, and Jay Maisel. All through Feb. 15. (Open Sundays.). . . **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Photographs by Walker Evans, Jean Claude Gautrand, and Russell Drisch. Starts Thursday, Jan. 30. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit jointly organized by the museum and the National Museums of France to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the first Impressionist exhibition in Paris. It includes works from the museum and from the Louvre, as well as from public and private collections in the United States and Europe. Some, such as Renoir's "Le Moulin de la Galette," have never before been shown in this country. Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ An exhibition called "The Great Wave," which contrasts and compares eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Japanese Ukiyo-e woodcuts with nineteenth-century French Impressionist prints. Through May 11. . . . ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Also visible: Clark Gable's dressing gown. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Five small, luminous paintings of scenes closely observed from nature by a young California realist, Maxwell Hendler, make up the first in a series of exhibits focussing on artists whose achievements are not yet recognized by the general public. Through Sunday, Feb. 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—American prints (1913-63), including examples by John Marin and Robert Rauschenberg. Through March 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Modern sculptures by, among others, Brancusi, Arp, and Boccioni, from the Lydia and Harry Lewis Winston collection and from the museum's collection. Through Sunday, Feb. 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The first two stages of a biennial survey of contemporary American art (including paintings, sculptures, and videotapes) by artists who have not had solo shows in New York and have not participated in previous Whitney biennials or annuals. Through March 23. The third stage will open Tuesday, Feb. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—About a hundred and fifty photographs of Art Deco architecture in New York by Cervan Robinson. Through March 2. . . . ¶ A small exhibit of contemporary Japanese ceramics (jars, bowls, plates, and bottles), on loan from a private collection. Through April 27. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Leonardo da Vinci manuscripts, rediscovered in Spain in 1965, containing drawings and scientific notes written in his distinctive mirror-image script. Through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Shadow figures and other Asian puppets arranged so that they seem to be enacting a drama. Through April 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Seventy works of art from the collection of John D. Rockefeller 3rd. Among the pieces on view are Chinese bronzes from the Chou, Han, and T'ang dynasties; Japanese wood sculptures from the Kamakura period; stone and bronze sculptures from India and Southeast Asia; and paintings from China and Japan. Through March 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Forms in Metal," a joint exhibit with the Museum of Contemporary Crafts, is a show of utilitarian objects made between 1700 and the nineteen-forties (for instance, a silver mug by Paul Revere and a pewter soap box by Ashbil Griswold), on loan from museums and private collections. Through March 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A selection of a hundred and fifty volumes—novels, scientific works, nature studies—demonstrating the first use (in 1844) and later progress (through 1914) of photography as illustration. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Mondays

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—More than thirty tapestries made from the designs of various contemporary artists. Through April 27. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A selection of drawings—from the sixteenth century to the present—of stage designs from the collection of Donald Oenslager.... ¶ Medieval manuscripts from the William S. Glazier collection.... ¶ A small display of various early editions (including a first edition of 1516) of Ludovico Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." All through Sunday, Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of American calligraphy consisting of samples of pen drawings and Shaker spirit drawings, as well as pottery, quilts, and painted furniture in which writing is used as a part of the decoration. Starts Thursday, Jan. 30. (Daily, except Mondays and Wednesday, Jan. 29, from 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—In a joint effort with the Finch College Museum of Art, this museum is showing functional and sculptural pieces made by metalsmiths from 1940 to the present.... ¶ A selection of stained-glass panels designed and made by Robert Sowers. Both through March 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibit celebrating great women of the New York stage contains costumes, paintings (such as a portrait of Ruth Draper by John Singer Sargent), drawings, posters, and sculptures. Through May 30.... ¶ Paper toys, among them dolls, doll houses, animals, games, and puzzles, dating from the early nineteenth century. Through March 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—An enormous Man Ray retrospective, occupying three floors, of paintings, drawings, collages, assemblages, ready-mades, rayographs, and photographs. Through March 2.... ¶ An exhibition of twenty-three paintings by the French Salon artist William-Adolphe Bouguereau (1825-1905). Through Sunday, Feb. 2. A complementary show (ending Tuesday) is at the Hammer Galleries, 51 E. 57th St. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibition marking the centennial of Owen D. Young comprises some hundred and sixty items from his collection of rare books, autograph letters, original manuscripts, and sketches, which he presented to the Berg Collection of English and American Literature in 1941. Through April 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—A show of models and sketches by contemporary scene and costume designers. Two notable exhibits are Ming Cho Lee's set for "Boris Godunov" and David Mitchell's set for "Short Eyes." Through March 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Monday and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Brightly colored, African-inspired weavings, done in a variety of yarns, by Napoleon Henderson. Through Feb. 28. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 29: "Tosca," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Carlo Bergonzi, Gabriel Bacquier, and Fernando Corena; conducted by Alberto Erede.... ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 30: "Bluebeard's Castle," with Shirley Verrett and David Ward, and "Gianni Schicchi," with Loretta Di Franco, Irene Dalis, Frank Guarrera, Raymond Gibbs, and Clifford Harvuot; Sixten Ehrling.... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 31: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Harry Theyard, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, William Dooley, Lenus Carlson, Paul Plishka, and Donald Gramm; Thomas Schippers.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 1: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Kiri Te Kanawa, Roberta Peters, James Morris, Stuart Burrows, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Michalski, and Richard T. Gill; Max Rudolf.... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 1: "Tosca," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Carlo Bergonzi, Gabriel Bacquier, and Fernando Corena; Alberto Erede.... ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 3: "Don Pasquale," with Adriana Maliponte, Fernando Corena, Luigi Alva, and William Walker; Max Rudolf.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 4: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Jon Vickers, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gabriel Bacquier; James Levine.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 5: "Tosca," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Carlo Bergonzi, Gabriel Bacquier, and Fernando Corena; Alberto Erede.... ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 6: "Boris Godunov," with Klara Barlow, Jerome Hines, William Lewis, Andrea Velis, Nico Castel, Morley Meredith, Arthur Thompson, Paul Plishka, and Raymond Michalski; Thomas Schippers.... ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 7: "Manon Lescaut," with Leontyne Price, John Alexander, William Walker, Fernando Corena, Jon Garrison, and Robert Schmorr; Peter Herman Adler.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 8: "Tosca," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Carlo Bergonzi, Gabriel Bacquier, and Fernando Corena; Alberto Erede.... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Jon Vickers, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gabriel Bacquier; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

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Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of a revised version of Samuel Barber's "Antony and Cleopatra." Staged by Gian Carlo Menotti, with the Juilliard Theatre Orchestra conducted by James Conlon. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday, Feb. 6, and Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8, and Sunday Feb. 9, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—Bernard Haitink conducting on Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 31, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 7:30 (no soloists).... ¶ Daniel Barenboim conducting a concert on Monday, Feb. 3, at 8:30, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Artur Rubinstein, piano).... ¶ Bernard Haitink conducting on Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 7, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 7:30 (all with Jorge Bolet, piano).

Detroit Symphony Orchestra—Aldo Ceccato conducting the second of two concerts, this one with Lorin Hollander, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting and playing the piano, with the Cleveland Quartet. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 2, at 3.)

National Symphony Orchestra—Antal Dorati conducting, with Michel Beroff, piano, and Dotian Carter, harp. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Feb. 2, at 3.)

Cleveland Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Lorin Maazel conducting—Monday, Feb. 3, at 8: A performance of Berlioz' Requiem, with the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus and Kenneth Riegel, tenor.... ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 8: A varied program, with Rafael Orozco, piano.

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8, with Ruth Laredo, piano, and Hamao Fujiwara, violin; and Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 9, at 5:30, with Misha Dichter, piano.)

New Music—Pierre Boulez conducting two programs of premières and second hearings. Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 8:30: The Juilliard Ensemble, at the Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St.... ¶ Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:30: The Juilliard Orchestra, at Alice Tully Hall. (For free tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

Bach Aria Group—William H. Scheide directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Gregg Smith directing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

RECITALS

Syntagma Musicum of Amsterdam—An instrumental and vocal ensemble in a program of medieval and Renaissance music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

Nicanor Zabaleta—Harp. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

Hermann Prey—Baritone, in Schubert's "Die Winterreise." (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

Vladimir Spivakov—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

John Browning—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Feb. 2, at 2:15.)

Alan Marks—Piano. (Unterberg Chapel, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Sunday, Feb. 2, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Hermann Prey, baritone; Oscar Shumsky, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; and Emanuel Ax and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 2, at 5, and Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 7:30.)

Caio Pagano—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Music with Jens Nygaard—A Kreisler centennial concert, with Mary Wakefield, soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Walter Trampler, viola; Mr. Nygaard, piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 2, at 8:30. ... ¶ Edmund LeRoy, baritone; Mr. Nygaard; and others. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 5:40.)

Music from Marlboro—Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano; Isidore Cohen, violin; Julius Levine, double bass; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 3, at 8.... ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

Mirecourt Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Feb. 3, and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 8-9, at 8:30.)

Yuko Washio—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Joan Sutherland and Luciano Pavarotti—Soprano and tenor, with a symphony orchestra conducted by Richard Bonynge, in a single program. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Feb. 5, and Sunday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program of contemporary music, with Milton Babbitt, speaker; Janet Steele, soprano; and Efrain Guigui, conductor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

New York Renaissance Band—The second of two concerts, this one a program of music of Italy and England. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Daniel Pollack—Piano, in an all-Chopin recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

Betty Allen—Mezzo-soprano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Anton Kuerti—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Zvi Zeitlin—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

Note—The Quartetto Italiano will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.)

on Sunday, Feb. 16, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Feb. 3, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope. A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

MISCELLANY

Richard Tucker Tribute—A benefit concert with piano accompaniment. Among the performers will be Robert Merrill, Carlo Bergonzi, Grace Melzia Bumbry, Marilyn Horne, Dorothy Kirsten, Cornell MacNeil, Anna Moffo, Luciano Pavarotti, Roberta Peters, Leontyne Price, Cesare Siepi, Joan Sutherland (accompanied by Richard Bonynge), Jon Vickers, Frederica von Stade, and Teresa Zylis-Gara. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 5:45: **Linda Hopkins**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 5:45: **Licia Albanese**.

Jazz Composer's Orchestra—Four workshop concerts devoted to a new work, "For Players Only," by Leroy Jenkins, who will be present, conducting, playing the violin, and generally directing traffic. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 29-31, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

The Crusaders and Charles Earland—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8.

Eddie Martinez and the Contemporary Latin Jazz Ensemble—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8.

Lynyrd Skynyrd and the Charlie Daniels Band—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8. For tickets, call 541-7290.

Melba Moore—With Bobbi Humphrey. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Country in New York—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Roy Clark, Diana Trask, and Buck Trent. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 7.)

Joe Walsh and R.E.O. Speedwagon—Academy of Music. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8.

Helen Humes and Paul Quinichette's Quartet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Feb. 2, at 3, 4, and 5. No tickets necessary.

Led Zeppelin—Madison Square Garden. Monday, Feb. 3; Friday, Feb. 7; and Wednesday, Feb. 12, all at 8.

Leonard Cohen—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Feb. 7, at 8.

Redd Foxx and Vic Damone—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 7, at 8.

Ludmila Zykina and the Moscow Balalaika Orchestra—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 9, at 3.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **Madison Square Garden**: Knicks vs. Houston, Saturday, Feb. 1, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Feb. 8, at 1:30. . . . **Nassau Coliseum**: Nets vs. Denver, Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Diego, Sunday, Feb. 2, at 2:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Memphis, Friday, Feb. 7, at 8:05.

Hockey—At **Madison Square Garden**: Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Sunday, Feb. 2, at 4. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 7:35. . . . **Nassau Coliseum**: Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8:05.

Racing—At **Garden State Park**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:15; through Tuesday, May 27. . . . **Liberty Bell**, Philadelphia: Weekdays, except Thursdays, at 12:30, and Sundays at 1; through Saturday, May 31. . . . **Bowie**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 15.

Track Meet—Millrose Athletic Association. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 31, at 6:45.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, March 1.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **Light Opera of Manhattan**: "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 1-2, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Gondoliers," Saturday, Feb. 8, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.) . . . **Little Orchestra Society**: Thomas Scherman directing "Babar the Elephant," a children's opera, by Nicolai Berezowsky. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.)

Stage Shows—By the **Bil Baird Marionettes**: "Peter and the Wolf." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 12:30 and 3:30.) . . . **Meri Mini Players**: "Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz." (Hotel Opera, downstairs, 2166 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.) . . . **Paper Bag Players**: "Everybody, Everybody." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Sol." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Movies—"Babes in Toyland." (Park East Synagogue, 163 E. 67th St. Sunday, Feb. 2, at 2. For tickets, call RE 7-6900.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—Monday, Feb. 3, at 8: Abba Kovner reading from his own works, in Hebrew, with English translations read by Shirley Kaufman. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 8: Peter Redgrove reading from his own works. (Art Gallery, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)

Winter Antiques Show—American, English, Continental, and Oriental furniture and decorations, plus several complete room settings. A benefit show. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 29-Feb. 1, from noon to 9, and Sunday, Feb. 2, from 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 2: American, English, and Continental silver; from various sources. . . . ¶ A six-session sale of Americana. Thursday, Jan. 30, at 10:15: Pottery and porcelains. . . . Thursday, Jan. 30, at 2: Chinese Export porcelains. . . . Friday, Jan. 31, at 10:15: Folk art. . . . Friday, Jan. 31, at 2: Paintings, furniture, and decorations. . . . Saturday, Feb. 1, at 10:15: Lighting devices, glass, and pewter. . . . Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2: Furniture and decorations. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 6, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, Feb. 7, at 10:15: Nineteenth-century, twentieth-century, and Old Master prints; from several owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 31.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at **Madison Square Garden**: Feb. 15 (Washington). Feb. 18 (Golden State). Feb. 22 (Buffalo). Feb. 25 (Seattle). March 1 (Philadelphia). March 4 (Boston). March 8 (Detroit). . . . ¶ The Nets at the **Nassau Coliseum**: Feb. 9 (Virginia). Feb. 12 (Indiana). Feb. 17 (Virginia). Feb. 22 (San Diego). Feb. 23 (Memphis). Feb. 28 (St. Louis). March 7 (St. Louis). March 9 (Virginia).

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Feb. 10-11.)

Hockey—At **Madison Square Garden**: Ranger games on Feb. 9, 16, 19, 23, and 26, and March 2, 5, and 9. . . . **Nassau Coliseum**: Islander games on Feb. 11, 15, 18, 21, and 25, and March 1.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Feb. 24-May 31.

Track Meets—At Madison Square Garden: United States Olympic Invitational, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ National A.A.U. Indoor Championships, Feb. 28.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: March 3-May 17.

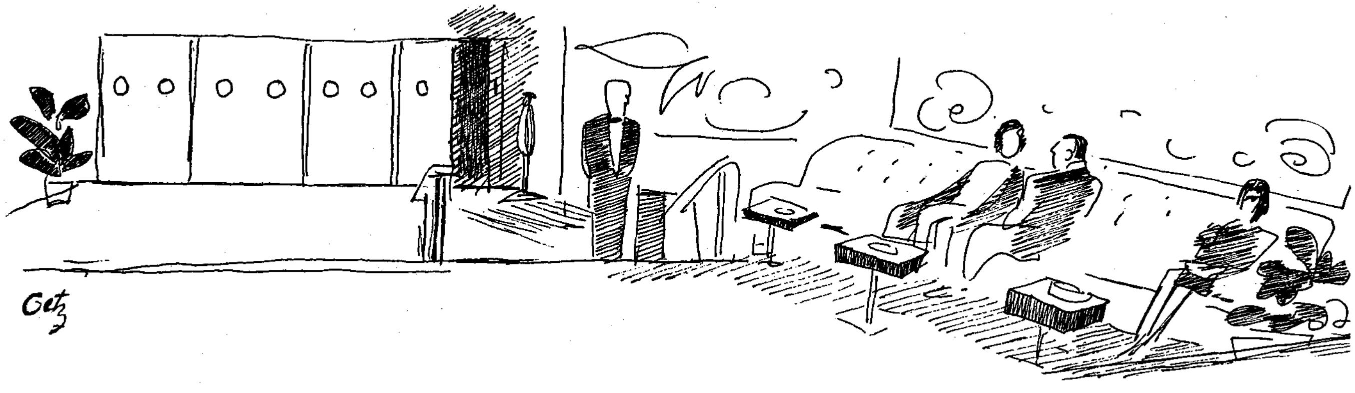
Music—**Metropolitan Opera** (799-4420): The season continues through April 19. . . . **New York City Opera**, New York State Theatre (TR 7-4727): The spring season will open on Feb. 20, with Bellini's "I Puritani," and will run through April 27. . . . **Avery Fisher Hall**, Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 17. . . . ¶ Symphony of the New World, Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 10 and 24 and March 10. . . . ¶ National Chorale, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ André Watts, piano, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Feb. 19 and 21. . . . ¶ Martina Arroyo, soprano, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Philippe Entremont, piano, March 7. . . . ¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, March 9. . . . **Carnegie Hall** (CI 7-7459): Aldo Ciccolini, piano, Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, Feb. 10, 11, and 17. . . . ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, Feb. 12 and 26. . . . ¶ Viktor Tretyakov, violin, Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Leonid Kogan, violin, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin, violin and piano, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Donald Gramm, bass-baritone, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Mstislav Rostropovich, cello, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, and Robert Veyron-Lacroix, harpsichord and piano, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Strasbourg Philharmonic Orchestra, March 2. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, March 4. . . . ¶ Alfred Brendel, piano, March 9. . . . **Alice Tully Hall** (362-1911): Agustin Anievas, piano, Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Sergiu Luca, violin, Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Evelyn Lear, soprano, Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Orpheon Chorale, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Feb. 16, 18, and 28, and March 2. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ New and Newer Music, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Gregg Smith Singers, March 6. . . . ¶ Anthony Newman, harpsichord, March 9. . . . **Hunter College** (535-5350): Grace Melzia Bumbry, soprano, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Speculum Musicae, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Elly Ameling, soprano, March 8. . . . **Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium**, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Gérard Souzay, baritone, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Janos Starker, cello, and Gyorgy Sebok, piano, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ New York Philomusica Chamber Ensemble, March 7. . . . **Town Hall** (JU 2-4536): Elly Ameling, soprano, and the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, Feb. 23.

Ballet—At the City Center: Ballet Folklorico of Mexico, Feb. 11-23. . . . ¶ Joffrey Ballet, Feb. 26-March 23.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A double bill—a revival of O'Neill's "Hughie" and a short play, "Duet for Solo Voice," by David Scott Milton—starring Ben Gazzara. . . . ¶ A musical, "The Night That Made America Famous," written by Harry Chapin, who will also appear in it. . . . ¶ Joel Grey plays the Dauphin and Ann Reinking Joan of Arc in a musical, "Goodtime Charley." Sidney Michaels wrote the book, Larry Grossman the music, and Hal Hackady the lyrics. . . . ¶ A five-week return engagement of Henry Fonda's one-man play, "Clarence Darrow," by David W. Rintels, based on Irving Stone's book "Clarence Darrow for the Defense." . . . ¶ "Doctor Jazz," a musical with a book by Paul Carter Harrison and Buster Davis, music and lyrics (mostly) by Mr. Davis, and a cast headed by Bobby Van, Lola Falana, Lillian Hayman, and Joan Copeland. . . . ¶ A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center—Ibsen's "A Doll's House," in a new version by Christopher Hampton. Liv Ullmann and Sam Waterston lead the cast. . . . ¶ Alec McCowen and Diana Riggs in a modern adaptation, by Tony Harrison, of Molière's "The Misanthrope," produced by the National Theatre of Great Britain. . . . ¶ A comedy by Bernard Slade, "Same Time, Next Year," with Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin.

Other Dates—Lincoln's Birthday is Wednesday, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Ash Wednesday falls on Feb. 12. . . . ¶ National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 15-23. . . . ¶ Washington's Birthday will be observed on Monday, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time starts Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Flower Show and Antiques Fair, at the Coliseum, March 9-16.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE MOVIE HOUSES

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2	3	4	5	6		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Lacombe, Lucien."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Feb. 1: "Pygmalion" and "The Scarlet Pimpernel."
Feb. 2-4: "Blue Skies" and "Second Chorus."
Feb. 5: "Back Street" and "Magnificent Obsession."
Feb. 6: "Theodora Goes Wild" and "The Awful Truth."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Feb. 4: "Five Easy Pieces" and "Easy Rider."
From Feb. 5 (tentative): "Law and Disorder" and "Take the Money and Run."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Nickel Ride."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"American Graffiti" and "The Sting."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Feb. 4: "Steppenwolf."
From Feb. 5: "Report to the Commissioner."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Towering Inferno."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Feb. 4: "Scenes from a Marriage."
From Feb. 5: To be announced.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Amarcord."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Front Page."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Mr. Ricco."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Street Fighter."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Nickel Ride."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Lenny."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Stavisky."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
Jan. 29: "Dance, Girl, Dance."
From Jan. 30: "Faustine."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Feb. 1: "The Sorrow and the Pity."
From Feb. 2: "Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Love at the Top."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Godfather, Part II."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 4: "Scenes from a Marriage."
From Feb. 5: "Love and Anarchy."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Gambler."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Night Porter."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Mr. Ricco."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"American Graffiti" and "The Sting."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Young Frankenstein."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Godfather, Part II."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 4: "The Nickel Ride."
From Feb. 5: "Report to the Commissioner."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Abby."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Street Fighter."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 29-30: "Man Is Not a Bird" and "The Killing of Sister George" (from 5:30)/"It Happened One Night" (at 10).
Jan. 31-Feb. 2: "Chloé in the Afternoon" and "Slaughterhouse-Five" (from 5:30)/"The Decameron" (at 10).
Feb. 3-6: "The Other" and "Witness for the Prosecution" (from 5:30)/"The Decameron" (at 10).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Feb. 4: "The Gambler."
From Feb. 5: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Mr. Ricco" and "The Long Goodbye."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Feb. 4 at one or another of the theatres: "The Odessa File" and "The Last Detail"/"Harry & Tonto" and "Cinderella Liberty"/"Page of Madness" and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour"/"Defiance!"
From Feb. 5: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Jan. 29: "King of Hearts" and "Minnie and Moskowitz."
Jan. 30-31: "King of Hearts" and "A Very Curious Girl."
Feb. 1: "King of Hearts" and another feature, to be announced.
Feb. 2-4: "Children of Paradise."
From Feb. 5: "Bringing Up Baby" and "Holiday."
Note: Sunday, Feb. 2, one performance, at noon: "Romeo and Juliet."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Brother of the Wind."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Earthquake."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Paperback Hero."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"La Rupture."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Front Page."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Jan. 29: "A Free Woman" and "Young Törless."
Jan. 30: "Casque d'Or" and "Port of Shadows."
Jan. 31: "Once Upon a Time in the West" and "Duck, You Sucker."
Feb. 1: "Death in Venice" and "The Music Lovers."
Feb. 2: "French-Cancan" and "Rules of the Game."
Feb. 3: Theatre closed.
Feb. 4: "Secrets of Women" and "Monika."
Feb. 5: "Funnyman" and "The Crazy Quilt."
Feb. 6: "The Cousins" and "Les Bonnes Femmes."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Emmanuelle."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Mr. Ricco."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Les Violons du Bal."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Lacombe, Lucien."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Feb. 4: "The Gambler."
From Feb. 5: "Freebie and the Bean."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 4: "American Graffiti" and "The Sting."
From Feb. 5: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Feb. 4: "The Odessa File" and "Take the Money and Run."
From Feb. 5: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 4: "Death Wish" and "Serpico."
From Feb. 5: "Scenes from a Marriage."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 29 at 5:30: "I Vinti" (1952), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Anna Maria Ferrere and Henri Poirier; three episodes, one each in Italian, French, and English, with no subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 5:30: A program of six films made by D. W. Griffith in 1911. . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 8: A program of five films made by D. W. Griffith in 1911. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 2: A program of six films made by D. W. Griffith in 1911. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 5:30 and Feb. 1 at noon: "Rien que les Heures" (1926), directed by Alberto Cavalcanti; and "Berlin: The Symphony of a Great City" (1927), directed by Walter Ruttman and Karl Freund. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 3:

A program of five films made by D. W. Griffith in 1911. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 5:30: A program of six films made by D. W. Griffith in 1912. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 12:30 and 3: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais and Josette Day; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 5:30 and Feb. 3 at 2: Two programs of six films each, made by D. W. Griffith in 1912. . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 5:30: A program of five films made by D. W. Griffith in 1911. . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 2: "Virtue's Revolt" (1924), directed by James Chapin; and "Voice of the Nightingale" (1925), directed by Wladislaw Starevicz. . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 5:30: "The Death of Maria Malibran" (1971), directed by Werner Schroeter, with Magdalena Montezuma and Christine Kaufman. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 5:30: "Virtue's Revolt" and "Voice of the Nightingale." . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 5:30: A program of six films made by D. W. Griffith in 1912. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of Japanese films directed by Yasujiro Ozu: Jan. 30-31: "I Was Born, But . . ." (1932), a silent film, with English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 1-2: "Passing Fancy" (1933), a silent film, with English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 6: "The Only Son" (1936), with English subtitles. (Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 3:30 and 5:30. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Feb. 4: "Native Land" (1942), directed by Paul Strand and Leo Hurwitz, with songs and narration by Paul Robeson. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 5: A program of four films made by Bill Brand. Showings at noon (except Wednesdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Hanoun, Jacobs, Markopoulos, Brakhage, Wegman, Anger, Jordan, Arrieta, Murnau, Méliès, Mekas, and others. Showings Jan. 29-30 at 5, 7, and 9:30; Jan. 31 at 6, 8, and 10; Feb. 1 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; Feb. 2 at 8; Feb. 4-5 at 5, 7, and 9:30; and Feb. 6 at 5 and 7.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS. THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

ABBY—With William Marshall and Terry Carter, directed by William Girdler. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

ALICE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE—One of the rare films that genuinely deserve to be called controversial. Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell. It's about a thirty-five-year-old widow, freed from the grim boredom of trying to please a dull man, who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and good-hearted bitching, the picture moves with a breakneck vitality; it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/13/75.) (Sutton.)

AMARCORD—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin) probably very like Fellini himself. It has a powerful aptitude for the observation of pranks, family rows, town oddities. There is a magical journey in small boats and yachts by practically the whole town to watch the passing at night of the giant liner Rex, lit as if it were a luxury hotel at the end of an era. The movie catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. There is not a caricature in the whole soothing community. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Plaza.)

AMERICAN GRAFFITI (1973)—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (8/13/73) (Murray Hill, and U.A. East. . . . ¶ Symphony; through Feb. 4.)

THE AWFUL TRUTH (1937)—A classic screwball comedy, about one of old Hollywood's favorite subjects: the divorced couple who almost bed down with new mates but get back together. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant are the sparring partners, and Ralph Bellamy plays just about the same role he later played in "His Girl Friday." Irene Dunne's way with a quip is to smile brightly and wring it dry, but she's at her best here. Joyce Compton is the girl whom Dunne parodies, and the cast includes Claude Allister, Esther Dale, Cecil Cunningham, and Alex D'Arcy. Leo McCarey's direction is first-rate; in a memorable sequence toward the end, Grant tries to persuade a door to open without visible assistance. Viña Delmar did the screenplay, from Arthur Richman's 1922 play. (There was a forgettable remake in 1953 called "Let's Do It Again.") (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 6.)

BACK STREET (1932)—Irene Dunne does the suffering in this version of the Fannie Hurst classic weeper about a woman who loves a selfish married man (John Boles) and spends her whole life in the shadow of his. Fannie Hurst had a shameful genius for this sort of muck. John M. Stahl directed, and the great Karl Freund did the cinematography. With ZaSu Pitts, William Bakewell, Jane Darwell, Walter Catlett, Robert McWade. It was remade in 1941 and 1961; the 1941 version, with Margaret Sullavan and Charles Boyer, is delicately acted and considerably easier on the stomach than this one. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 5.)

BLUE SKIES (1946)—With Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Joan Caulfield, directed by Stuart Heisler. The Irving Berlin songs include "Heat Wave," "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody," "How Deep Is the Ocean," "Always." The story is about a night-club proprietor who undermines his wife's faith by selling every bistro he gets hold of as soon as he has made a success of it, which she solemnly takes to be an indication that he has no real stability. Joan Caulfield's performance could be reënacted in Peck & Peck's window without exactly stopping Fifth Avenue traffic, but Bing and Astaire flourish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 2-4.)

LES BONNES FEMMES (1960)—This early, episodic Claude Chabrol film, dealing with the yearnings and vulnerabilities of a group of shopgirls, is uneven and, in parts, somewhat tedious and tawdry; yet it has more tenderness and is more emotionally compelling than much of Chabrol's more refined work. The girls are Bernadette Lafont, Clotilde Joano, Stéphane Audran, and Lucile Saint-Simon; the cast includes Claude Berri and Pierre Bertin. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 6.)

BRINGING UP BABY (1938)—Lunatic comedies of the thirties generally started with an heiress. This one starts with an heiress (Katharine Hepburn) who has a dog, George, and a leopard, Baby. Cary Grant is a paleontologist who has just acquired the bone he needs to complete his dinosaur skeleton. George steals the bone, Grant and Baby chase each other around, the dinosaur collapses—but Grant winds up with Hepburn, and no paleontologist ever got hold of a more beautiful set of bones. The director, Howard Hawks, keeps all this trifling nonsense in such artful balance that it never impinges on the real world; it may be the American movies' closest equivalent to Restoration comedy. With Charles Ruggles as an explorer, Barry Fitzgerald as a drunk, May Robson as a dowager, Walter Catlett as a sheriff, and Fritz Field as a frenzied psychoanalyst. George is played by Asta, of "The Thin Man" series. The screenplay is by Dudley Nichols and Hager Wilde, from Wilde's story. This picture was the taking-off point for Peter Bogdanovich's comedy "What's Up, Doc?" (Elgin; starting Feb. 5.)

BROTHER OF THE WIND—A wildlife movie photographed in the Canadian Rockies. Directed by, and with, Dick Robinson. (Guild.)

CASQUE D'OR (1952)—The young Simone Signoret had her finest role as a gigolette with a glorious helmet of golden hair in Jacques Becker's sultry, poetic account of the Paris underworld of 1900. Her performance is a triumph of sensuality and physical assurance; she makes this fundamentally trashy and touristy view of low life worth seeing. With Serge Reggiani, Claude Dauphin, and Gaston Modot. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 30.)

CHILDREN OF PARADISE (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Elgin; Feb. 2-4.)

CHLOÉ IN THE AFTERNOON (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director, Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 31-Feb. 2 at 5:30.)

CINDERELLA LIBERTY (1973)—A sordid, messy affair between a Baptist sailor (James Caan) and a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), combined with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Rydell picture, taken from Darryl Ponicsan's novel, wants to jerk tears but just doesn't have the knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the film is a soggy experience. (1/21/74) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 4.)

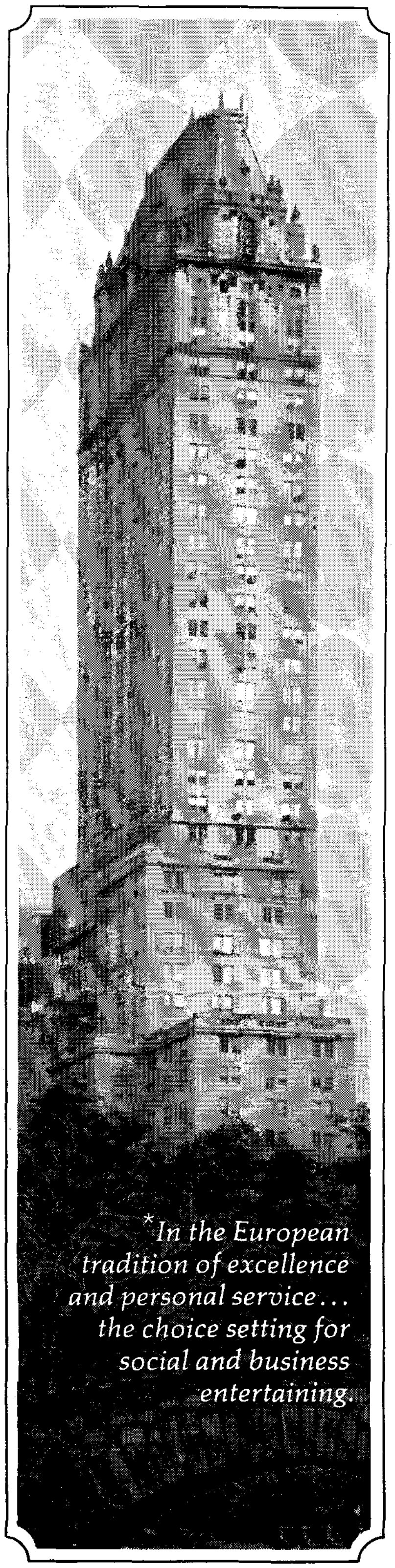
THE COUSINS (1959)—Claude Chabrol's subtle, glittering film about a naïve, plodding country cousin (Gérard Blain) who destroys his gifted, bohemian city cousin (Jean-Claude Brialy). One of the major New Wave films, it now has added interest for its portrait of the French student life of the fifties. With Juliette Mayniel. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 6.)

THE CRAZY QUILT (1966)—The psychoanalyst Allen Wheelis's story "The Illusionless Man and the Visionary Maid" provided the basis for John Korty's first feature, photographed in and around San Francisco, with Tom Rosqui as the practical, down-to-earth husband, and Ina Mela as Lorabelle, the always romantic, ever hopeful wife. It's a lightly told comedy-fable on sex differences, on attitudes to life, and on marriage itself. Score by Peter Schickele. The picture was made for less than a hundred thousand dollars. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 5.)

DANCE, GIRL, DANCE (1940)—With Maureen O'Hara, Lucille Ball, and Louis Hayward, directed by Dorothy Arzner. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 29.)

DEATH IN VENICE (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can unique-

The Pierre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ly impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 1.)

Death Wish—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. (8/26/74) (Olympia; through Feb. 4.)

The Decameron (1971)—Based on Boccaccio's tales, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 31-Feb. 6 at 10.)

Duck, You Sucker (1972)—With Rod Steiger and James Coburn, directed by Sergio Leone. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 31.)

Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975," which is cut-rate swill. This one is an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (Ziegfeld.)

Easy Rider (1969)—Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper motorcycle east across America. With Jack Nicholson as a boozing liberal Southern lawyer. Directed by Dennis Hopper. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 4.)

Emmanuelle—With Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny, directed by Just Jaeckin. In French. X-rated. (Paris.)

Faustine—With Muriel Catala, directed by Nina Companeez. In French. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Jan. 30.)

Five Easy Pieces (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 4.)

Freebie and the Bean—With Alan Arkin and James Caan, directed by Richard Rush. (Loews 83rd St.; starting Feb. 5.)

A Free Woman—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff, who made "Young Törless." This new film was written in collaboration with his wife and leading actress, Margarethe von Trotta. The character has just gone through the special torture of inquisition by divorce lawyers, and eventually—mistakenly—says yes to an old friend who wants to marry her, mostly because she wants not to jeopardize the custody of her young son, whom the courts feel to be in better hands with her ex-husband while she is a career woman leading a life on her own. Some of the script is like a play by a funny, tenderhearted Ibsen, and it is filled with irony, for this woman is hardly "free." In German. (7/1/74) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 29.)

French-Cancan (1954)—Jean Renoir's account of how an impresario (Jean Gabin) builds the Moulin Rouge and revives the long-forgotten cancan. The show-folk charm is rather cloying. With Maria Felix, Françoise Arnoul, and Edith Piaf. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 2.)

The Front Page—Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's rowdy dream of newspaper life, first produced on the stage in 1928, seems to be foolproof, and the structure still stands up in this new version, directed by Billy Wilder. But something singular and marvellous has been diminished to the sloppy ordinary. Wilder and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, think that the way to make a dialogue comedy work for modern audiences is to convert the dialogue into noise; their version is a harsh, scrambling-for-laughs gag comedy. Walter Matthau, who gets a chance at a really classy American character—Walter Burns, the funny, mean, egomaniac editor—plays him like a whistle-stop Bear Bryant. Matthau, however, still gets his laughs. Jack Lemmon doesn't; his Hildy Johnson—the best reporter in Chicago—is like a mortuary assistant having a wild fling. There's only one freshly felt performance—Austin Pendleton as Earl Williams, the fuddled anarchist concealed in the famous rolltop desk; speaking softly but hurriedly, the words tumbling together in a slight and affecting stammer, Pendleton provides the only touch of innocence in this loud production. (1/27/75) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Funnyman (1967)—Fresh and original. A remarkably pleasant film, directed by John Korty, about a young comedian (Peter Bonerz) who gets tired of "improvising" the same material for hundreds of nights in a San Francisco cabaret theatre. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 5.)

The Gambler—The gambler here is a brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature to ghetto blacks, and potential great novelist; the conflicts in his psyche are spelled out in his discussions of will and Dostoevski with his students at City University. For what it is, the movie (written by James Toback) is extremely well done; it's what it is that won't do. It's a grandiloquent, egocentric novel written as a film, and although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. It seems like an elaborate form of showing off. (10/14/74) (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Waverly, and Loews 83rd St.; through Feb. 4.)

The Godfather, Part II—The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America; this is a bicentennial picture that doesn't insult the intelligence. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (12/23/74) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Ciné.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits in an image of an ancient quest after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 4.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 4.)

Holiday (1938)—In the thirties, Katharine Hepburn's wit and nonconformity made ordinary heroines seem mushy, and her angular beauty made the round-faced ingénues look piggy and stupid. Here she is in her archetypal role, as the rich tomboy Linda in Philip Barry's romantic comedy. She had understudied the role in 1928 on Broadway and had used it for her screen test, and she was the moving force behind this graceful film version, which Donald Ogden Stewart tailored for her and which George Cukor directed. In the pivotal role of a man who wants a holiday in order to discover his values, Cary Grant manages to make a likable and plausible character out of a dramatist's stratagem. With Lew Ayres as Linda's brother; Edward Everett Horton and Jean Dixon as her friends; Doris Nolan as her stuffy patrician sister; and Henry Daniell and Binnie Barnes among her obnoxious relatives. (Elgin; starting Feb. 5.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Runaway heiress Claudette Colbert met reporter Clark Gable, and they transformed the romantic style of America, as well as the style of American comedy. Frank Capra directed this charming film, which is now a nostalgic incarnation of thirties humor and sentiment. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 29-30 at 10.)

The Killing of Sister George (1968)—An English comedy about lesbianism, starring Beryl Reid, playing a jolly, butch woman in music-hall style, and Susannah York, as her beautiful, lyric chum, acting in another style altogether. The play was good, slithering skillfully between the mockery of television sweetness and bitchy humor, but the specious seriousness of the picture wrecks the comedy, and its attack on conventionality seems pretty hollow. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 29-30 at 7:30.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; through Feb. 1.)

Lacombe, Lucien—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (Art, and Embassy 72nd St.)

The Last Detail (1974)—About three seamen. Otis Young and dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 4.)

Law and Disorder—While you're watching this comedy about the frustrations and foul-ups of New Yorkers Carroll O'Connor and Ernest Borgnine as they try to protect their families by organizing an auxiliary-police unit, you can tell how the scenes were meant to play and why they don't. You can see that the gifted Czech director Ivan Passer doesn't have the unconscious equipment for the look and feel of ordinary American life, and that he is trying to strike a compromise between his feelings and the demands of the American marketing system—and satisfying neither. O'Connor has some fine restrained moments, and Alan Arbus contributes an entertaining bit, but the film is a painful failure. Passer is trying to do the sort of thing that gets louder laughs than his own kind of comedy; it is the case of an artist trying to do what clods can do better. (10/21/74) (St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 5, tentative.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. The film, from a weak script by Julian Barry, accepts the facile, youth-audience-flattering view that Bruce's motivating force was to make people well, and, having swallowed that, can only defuse his humor. So when you listen to Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine passage as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Cinema I.)

The Long Goodbye (1973)—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (10/22/73) (Greenwich.)

Love and Anarchy—Lina Wertmuller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmuller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (72nd Street East; starting Feb. 5.)

Love at the Top—With Jean-Louis Trintignant and Romy Schneider, directed by Michel Deville. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Magnificent Obsession (1936)—This first version of the inspirational Lloyd C. Douglas novel—starring Irene Dunne as the virtuous widow and Robert Taylor as the drunk driver who was responsible for her husband's death—should certainly have been the last, but the woebegone trickeries of the material made the movie a four-handkerchief hit, and damned if Ross Hunter didn't produce another version in 1954 (with Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson), and the slop made money all over again. Irene Dunne spends a lot of time in the hospital and is at her most infuriatingly gallant and womanly; Sara Haden and Theodore Von Eltz don't help much. Directed by John M. Stahl, not known for his sense of humor, though Charles Butterworth manages a funny scene or two. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 5.)

Man Is Not a Bird (1966)—A Yugoslav film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 29-30 at 5:30.)

Minnie and Moskowitz (1971)—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't work. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Elgin; Jan. 29.)

Mr. Ricco—With Dean Martin, directed by Paul Bogart. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Cinema Studio.)

Monika (1952)—Harriet Andersson in a great performance early in her career, in one of Ingmar Bergman's most interesting, least-seen movies. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 4.)

Murder on the Orient Express—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (34th St. East, Baronet, and Paramount.)

The Music Lovers (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. With Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 1.)

The Nickel Ride—With Jason Miller, directed by Robert Mulligan. (Cinema Village, and Ciné Malibu. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through Feb. 4.)

The Night Porter—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s.-m. Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something about the spiritual destruction caused by war is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (10/7/74) (Juliet 2.)

The Odessa File—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Quad Cinema, and Thalia; through Feb. 4.)

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ribly dubbed and peculiarly constructed Western that can be understood best by seeing the second half first. With Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, and Jason Robards, directed by Sergio Leone. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 31.)

THE OTHER (1972)—Thomas Tryon, the actor who was in "The Cardinal," adapted for the screen this blisteringly dopey multi-murder story, set in Connecticut in a blithe summer of the nineteen-thirties. Identical boy twins personify good and evil. The physical unidentifiability is the most interesting thing about the picture: Tryon's original novel was a lot more intelligent. Robert Mulligan directed, all too elegiacally. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 3-6 at 5:30.)

PAGE OF MADNESS (1926)—Not seen for over forty years, this Japanese silent film has a recently added musical sound track. Directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 4.)

PAPERBACK HERO—With Keir Dullea and Elizabeth Ashley, directed by Peter Pearson. (Festival.)

PORT OF SHADOWS (1938)—Marcel Carné's film, written by Jacques Prévert, with Jean Gabin as a hero cornered by society. Infinitely less good than the two collaborations with Prévert that followed ("Daybreak" and "Children of Paradise"). The film greatly attracted foreign audiences of the time by its then unfamiliar and rather glamorous Gallic pessimism. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 30.)

PYGMALION (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G.B.S. picture ever done. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film début as Eliza, and Leslie Howard is in great form as that famous snob Higgins. With Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle, and Marie Lohr as Mrs. Higgins. Shaw supervised, Gabriel Pascal produced, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed, David Lean edited, Arthur Honegger did the score, and Harry Stradling shot it. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 1.)

RAFFERTY AND THE GOLD DUST TWINS—With Alan Arkin, Sally Kellerman, and Mackenzie Phillips, directed by Dick Richards. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Beekman; starting Feb. 2.)

REPORT TO THE COMMISSIONER—With Michael Moriarty and Yaphet Kotto, directed by Milton Katselas. (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East; starting Feb. 5.)

ROMEO AND JULIET (1968)—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap. His version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Elgin; Sunday, Feb. 2, one performance, at noon.)

RULES OF THE GAME (1939)—Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films, and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 2.)

LA RUPTURE—With Stéphane Audran, Jean-Pierre Cassel, and Michel Bouquet, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Playboy.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—One of the most romantic and durable of all swashbucklers—maybe because Leslie Howard was such a wonderfully unlikely hero for this sort of derring-do about spies and aristocrats and the French Revolution. With Merle Oberon, looking absolutely smashing, and Raymond Massey as the snarling villain. An Alexander Korda production. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 1.)

SCENES FROM A MARRIAGE—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (Gramercy, 8th St. Playhouse, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Fine Arts, and 72nd Street East; through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Feb. 5.)

SECOND CHORUS (1940)—A misbegotten Fred Astaire musical. At the time, it was generally considered his worst picture, and Astaire himself later concurred in the judgment. He plays an overage undergraduate—a swing bandleader who keeps flunking his exams so that he can stay in college. The band is actually Artie Shaw's, considerably augmented. Astaire's romantic and tap partner is Paulette Goddard, who manages the band, and his rival for her affections is Burgess Meredith. The cast is full of funnymen—Charles Butterworth, Robert Benchley, Victor Moore, Edward Everett Horton, Jimmy Conlin, Frank Morgan—but they don't compensate for the scarcity of good numbers. The most memorable song is the one known by the line "I ain't hep to that step but I'll dig it." H. C. Potter directed; Bobby Hackett dubbed Astaire's trumpet, and Billy Butterfield dubbed Meredith's trumpet. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 2-4.)

SECRETS OF WOMEN (1952)—Eva Dahlbeck, Anita Björk, and Maj-Britt Nilsson tell the stories of their marriages, in this cloyingly middle-class Ingmar Bergman comedy-melodrama. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 4.)

SERPICO (1973)—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (Olympia; through Feb. 4.)

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE (1972)—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left), and photographed by Miroslav Ondříček, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 31-Feb. 2 at 7:30.)

THE SORROW AND THE PITY (1970)—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (Beekman; through Feb. 1.)

STAVISKY—Alain Resnais' death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, and silvery white skies. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. He has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (1/20/75) (Cinema II.)

STEPPENWOLF—Based on the Hermann Hesse novel, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda. Directed by Fred Haines. (Eastside Cinema; through Feb. 4.)

THE STING (1973)—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties: the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Murray Hill, and U.A. East. . . . ¶ Symphony; through Feb. 4.)

THE STREET FIGHTER—A martial-arts film from Japan, in dubbed English. X-rated for its violence. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Thalia; through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 5, tentative.)

Theodora Goes Wild (1936)—Irene Dunne was better in comedy than in her smug, sacrificial roles, and in this movie and "The Awful Truth" she was at her best. She's too bright—she's almost shrill in her brightness—and she does something clever with her teeth that makes one want to slap her, but she has energy, and this comedy about a small-town girl who writes a best-seller and charms a city sophisticate (Melvyn Douglas) has a corny vitality that almost passes for wit. It was a hugely successful popular entertainment. Richard Boleslavski directed, from Sidney Buchman's screenplay. With Thomas Mitchell and Spring Byington. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 6.)

The Towering Inferno—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. These incendiary deaths and the falls from high up in the hundred-and-thirty-eight-floor tallest skyscraper in the world are the film's only feats. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that comprise the script. (12/30/74) (Trans-Lux East.)

A Very Curious Girl (1970)—With Bernadette Lafont, directed by Nelly Kaplan. In French. (Elgin; Jan. 30-31.)

Les Violons du Bal—A romantic memoir by the French writer-director Michel Drach about his childhood during the Occupation and about the efforts of his gracious and beautiful mother to save the family—which is Jewish—from the Nazis. Drach re-creates the Nazi period in terms of what his vision was when he was a little boy, and his memory seems to burnish everything: everyone in the family is tender, cultivated, and exquisitely groomed. The film gets off to a fast start as Drach tries to arrange financing to make this autobiography; this first sequence is done in a playful, jump-cutting shorthand, but afterward everything is lyrical, glassy smooth, and innocuous. Drach has cast his wife, the lovely Marie-José Nat, as his mother, and his own son as the blithe little treasure he imagines he was. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (1/20/75) (Regency.)

Witness for the Prosecuton (1958)—Billy Wilder's moderately entertaining version of the Agatha Christie courtroom thriller, with Charles Laughton wiggling his wattles, and Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 3-6 at 7:30.)

A Woman Under the Influence—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force, a whole row of Oscars—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable, because she does so much. (12/9/74) (Columbia I, and Columbia II.)

Young Frankenstein—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. To go to when your rhythm is slowed down and you're too tired to think; you have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the pictures it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (12/30/74) (Loews Orpheum.)

Young Törless (1968)—A first feature film by a young German director called Volker Schlöndorff, who has worked with Resnais, Malle, and Melville. The story is from Robert Musil's classic novel about a German military academy before the First World War. The film is better than the book—more lucid, and not overbearing in its tacit points about the guilt of the passive. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 29.)

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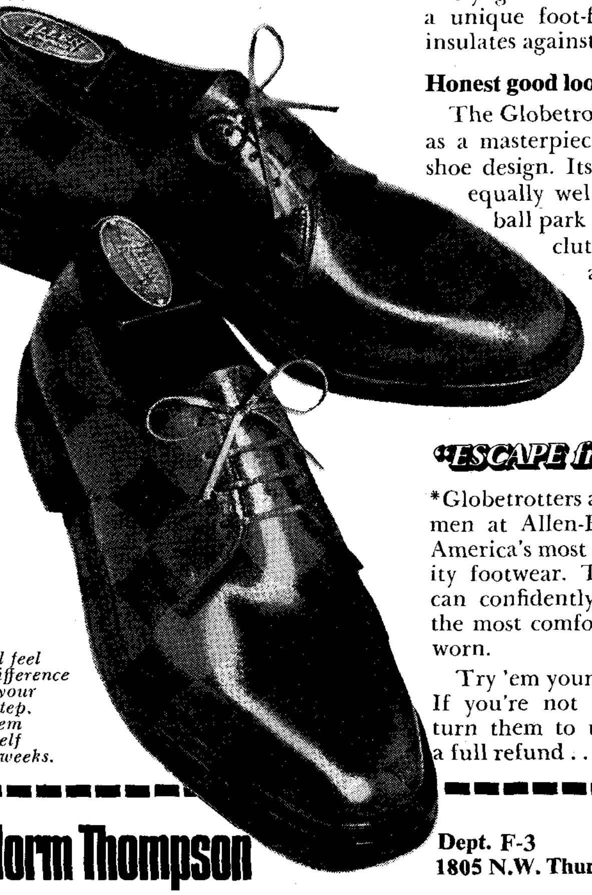

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C	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
D	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
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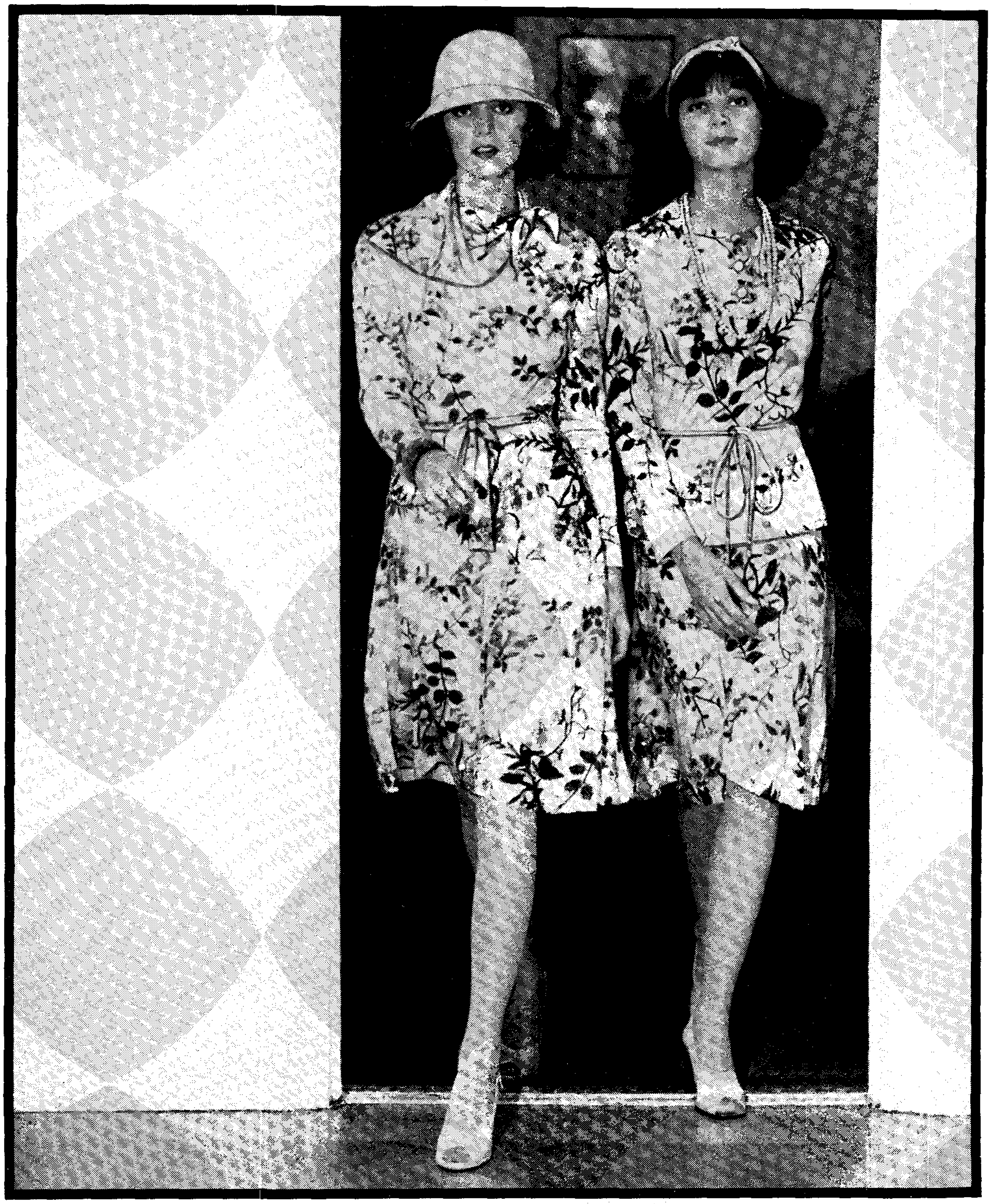


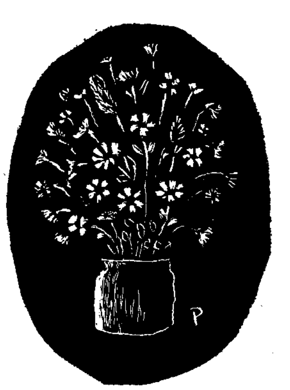
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A MAN we know who describes himself as a semiliterate historian dropped by one day last week and delivered himself of a few thoughts. This is our transcript of what he said:

"It's all well and good, I guess, for men and women of civic virtue to rejoice over the recent assaults on the seniority system in the House of Representatives. Beyond a doubt, some of them were famous victories, and for this we should all be grateful. I must say, though, that I'm sorry about what happened to Representative Wright Patman, of Texas. I'm sure he was wrong in some of his judgments as chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency, but, as far as I know, no one has ever suggested so much as a trace of venality on Patman's part. He was trying to crack the Watergate business long before anyone else got on to it. He's something of a crank, but he's an intelligent and knowledgeable crank. Those Young Turks who shoved the old populist aside not only were being cruel but were probably making a mistake. Patman's eighty-one, and perhaps that's *too* old. Still, I think of Mr. Justice Holmes, who had all his marbles at ninety-three. I see that Wayne Hays, of Ohio, is being kept on as chairman of the House Administration Committee. That's bad. Hays is a martinet, or, at least, so most congressmen say. Anyway, I'd like to submit a brace of caveats. First, the seniority system appears to be a law of life. It is operative in many human institutions, including the family. Whole societies—some American Indian tribes, several societies in Asia and Africa—are based on it. In the United States, we still honor the English rule of primogeniture, though less rigidly, of course, than the English. Then, there are all those foundations and lawyers screaming against seniority; someday look at their letterheads—"senior executives," "junior executives," "senior partners" and so on. And you'll find the same thing in corporate management. Even on publications opposed to the seniority system in Congress, there are "senior editors" and "junior editors." In the firm I work for, I know, age is honored in pay scales, the allotment of office space and furniture, and the deference shown the older people by the younger ones. And my second point is that only fools believe there is any connection between youth and talent. In the past, the system, as it has worked in Congress and most other legislatures, has produced some hideous miscarriages. Edward Hébert, now out as chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, and his predecessor, the late Mendel Rivers, may have grown in unwisdom with the years. But I don't believe that Hébert and Rivers constitute a majority. I can think of plenty of exceptions. I think first of the late Senator Robert Taft. Taft, as you'll recall, was a stick-in-the-mud on most economic and social issues, but his years on the Education and Labor Committee taught him a great deal about public education, and midway in his senatorial career he did a hundred-and-eighty-degree turnabout on this issue, and became a forceful advocate of federal aid to education. More recently, there have been some other striking cases in the Senate. Abraham Ribicoff has acquired enough knowledge over the years to become as fine an urbanist as any professional city planner or academician. Claiborne Pell probably couldn't tell a trolley from a bus when he first got to Washington, but after fourteen years in the Senate he is, I imagine, one of our leading authorities on mass transit. I could go on, but I won't. I'll just say this: Think of Sam Ervin. He's the best argument against the juniority system I know of."



THE other day, we turned our television set on and heard New York State Assemblyman Andrew Stein, who has done much of the work in investigating the current nursing-home scandal, say, "This investigation, nationally, will turn out to be as big as, if not bigger than, the Watergate scandal." Not long afterward, we picked up our paper and found a two-column headline that announced, "BERGMAN CERTIFIED WORTH WAS ALMOST $24 MILLION." (Bernard Bergman is a nursing-home entrepreneur and the major target of Assemblyman Stein's investigations.) That afternoon, we saw a headline that read, "DISPUTE BERGMAN ON WEALTH DATA." On other recent front pages, we read of other investigations. At the national level, there was the investigation of the C.I.A. and the investigation of the F.B.I. Several existing committees of Congress would be looking into these, and senators were said to be competing vigorously for a place on the special committee that was being set up to look into the C.I.A. Closer to home, there was an investigation of a "major educational agency"—an outfit called the Institute for Educational Development—for mismanagement of funds, and there was a story on what was happening to New York State money for the arts. And in the *Wall Street Journal* we read a story about a journalism professor who had trained her entire class as "investigative" reporters by sending them out to "compile lists of the surrounding county's most reversed judges, its biggest slumlords, its heaviest political campaign contributors, and the business interests of its planning-and-zoning-board members."

There was something in all this that bothered us. It was not, as Senator John Stennis said in the debate on the makeup of the special Senate committee to investigate the C.I.A., that the inquiries now going forward were likely to destroy worthy institutions. Nor was it, as one columnist maintained, that a new wave of "McCarthyism" had been unleashed. The investigators had, on the whole, been scrupulous. We had not seen a single fact that we would not have wanted uncovered. What bothered us was not the stories themselves but the way they were being handled. In part, the problem was the idea—implicit in the big headlines, and explicit in Assemblyman Stein's remark that the nursing-home scandal might be "bigger" than Watergate—that the new headlines would fill a gap left by the tapering off of Watergate headlines. We wanted the investigations of scandals that have come to light more recently to go on, but perhaps with a little less fanfare. Watergate—the word we now use to refer to about three-quarters of what went on in the United States in the last five years or so—was many things. It was a nearly successful attempt to subvert Constitutional democracy from within; it was a mass of governmental and corporate corruption; and it was one of the best stories ever to find its way into American journalism. It is this last, and least important, aspect of Watergate which seems to be emphasized by the prominence of the new investigative stories. It is as though the country, having developed an appetite for sordid secrets, now had to be fed a steady diet of them. At the moment, the mode of the journalism, rather than the content of the story, often seems to determine the place of a story on the front page or its prominence on the television news: if it's "investigative," it gets heavy play; if it's straight "reporting," it gets less play. Of course, in the time of Watergate it was the substance of the stories, and not the way in which they were uncovered, that gave them their importance. The prominence of the new investigative headlines has the odd effect of seeming to diminish the importance of the Watergate headlines by placing the Watergate story and the new stories on the same footing. And at the same time attention is drawn away from present stories that are of larger importance. These stories—the economic predicament of the world, the energy predicament, the food predicament, the troubles in the Middle East, and the new difficulties in our relations with the Soviet Union—are a mass of confusion, but they are out in the open. They call for a new kind of news reporting, as yet undiscovered, which will answer the special needs of our era as brilliantly and as daringly as investigative reporting met the special needs of the era of Watergate.

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Three Days in L.A.: Days Two & Three

MORE West Coast reports from our friend the fellow-citizen:

Let's see, where am I? That's what I was thinking, and the only answer was: The Continental Hyatt House, on Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, eight o'clock in the morning, and the phone is ringing. Right, right, and I'm out in L.A. for the first time in my life, for a memorial service for Mr. Georges Gurdjiev, the mystic and oracle, at Forest Lawn, Glendale, world-famous for its great art and beauty, a cemetery that is so successful it now has three branches—Hollywood Hills, Cypress, Covina Hills. Do you think maybe I could get a franchise? The idea is coming to me. "Come Stay with Us." The place would be in the shape of the 50 United States, Alaska and Hawaii on the other side of the Freeway, so you could rest in your native state. Wait—answer the phone. Hello? "Hi, pal, this is Henny Youngman."

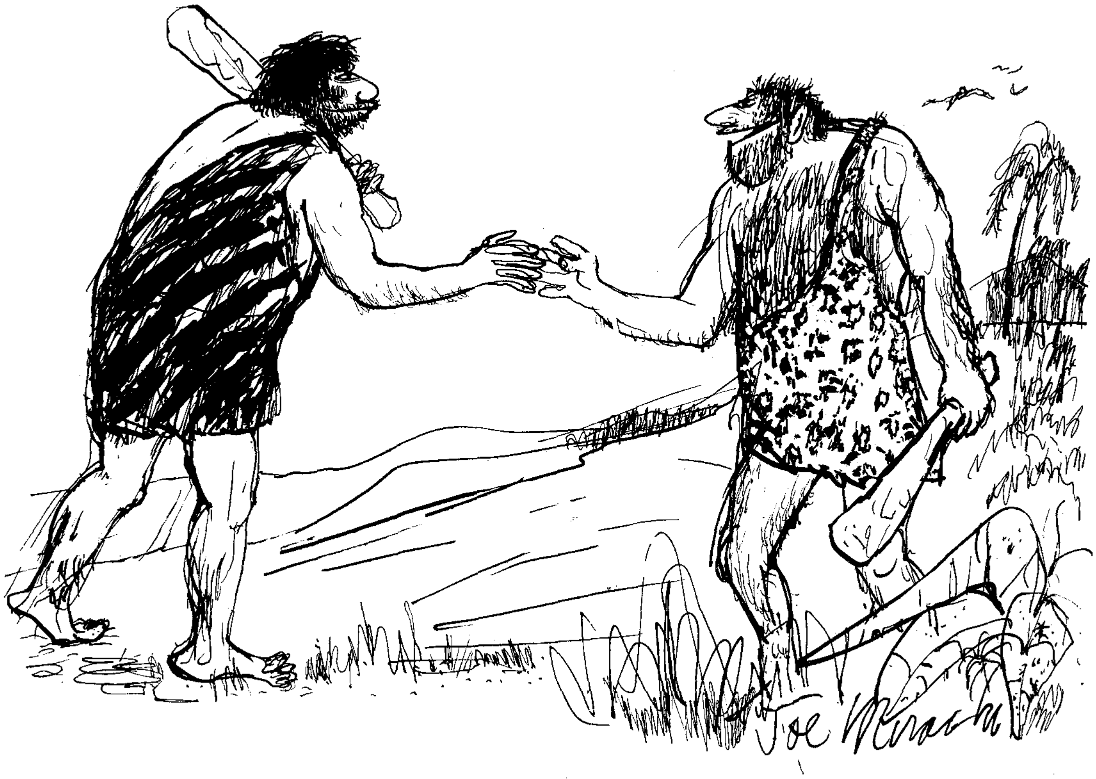
Henny Youngman! The great comedian tells me I have to look up his old friend Arthur O'Connell, the famous character actor, who now makes the Mr. Goodwin commercials for Crest toothpaste. "The first time *I* was in Hollywood," Henny says, "Milton Berle told me he'd introduce me around. So he introduced me to his maid, his gardener, his chauffeur. Milton Berle is so rich he keeps his money over the rug." I ask Henny about Jack Benny. "Jack told me, 'Henny, I could take one of your jokes and get half an hour out of it. Put something between your jokes—my jaws are aching.' "

The air has been washed by a little rain; 54°, sunshine and clouds; everything looking extraordinarily pretty as me and my travelling companion, the architect that they call Hammerin' Hank, or The Hammer, motor out to Glendale for the service, with a little breakfast first. The tall palms are waving on the boulevards and looking as if they'd just been invented. Big billboards in front of the famous cemetery: "TO LOVERS WE'RE A PLACE TO WED," "EVERYTHING AT TIME OF SORROW." The place looks like Prospect Park—hills, you know, winding lanes, trees, shrubs, statuary. Very well kept up. "PARK HERE for the COURT OF DAVID and the MYSTERY OF LIFE GARDEN." Leonardo's "Last Supper" in stained glass, John La Farge's "Ascension" in mosaic, "The Crucifixion," by Jan Styka, world's largest religious painting, 65 yards × 15 yards. Souvenir ball-point pens and letter openers. Little Christmas trees still on some of the graves. Authentic replicas of everything you can think of: the wee kirk where Annie Laurie prayed when but a bairn, the church that moved Gray to write his elegy, and (in Hollywood Hills) Boston's Old North Church. Give us this day our daily bread, under the spreading chestnut tree, shoot if you must this old gray head, one if by land, two if by sea. "As a service to the hard-of-hearing, this church is equipped with 'Hearing Aid,' which may be obtained from the attendant." "CHILDREN WHO ARE NOT QUIET MUST BE TAKEN FROM THE AUDITORIUM TO THE SOUNDPROOF ROOM PROVIDED." Well, it's not really their fault. Everyone out here is a bit religious, if you know what I mean. Has to do with people being alone in their cars all day—no jostling crowds, no give and take, not quite enough human contact and reciprocal nourishment.

Outside the Church of the Recessional, some canned piano music is playing. The church doors are closed, and maybe 50-60 people are standing around listening to the music and waiting for the service. Checking the assembled cars, I notice two with Iowa plates. The people are your usual mixture of ages, etc. Some are wearing Earth Shoes, some are wearing Gucci loafers. And there are boots, Hush Puppies, suède jobs, high heels, sensible shoes, platforms, wedgies, Wellingtons. And Hank's cowboy boots. The music stops, and a recorded English voice suggests that maybe Gurdjiev was "premature." Then the doors open, and everybody files in, treading softly on the church's wall-to-wall beige carpeting. The left aisle is full of plants and birdies in squeaky cages—a Forest Lawn tradition. Usherettes in sort of

TO OUR READERS

Effective with this issue, our one-year subscription rate is increased from fifteen dollars to eighteen, and our two-year rate is increased from twenty-five dollars to thirty. The newsstand price is increased from fifty cents to sixty.



"Oog's the name. Conking dames on the head's the game."

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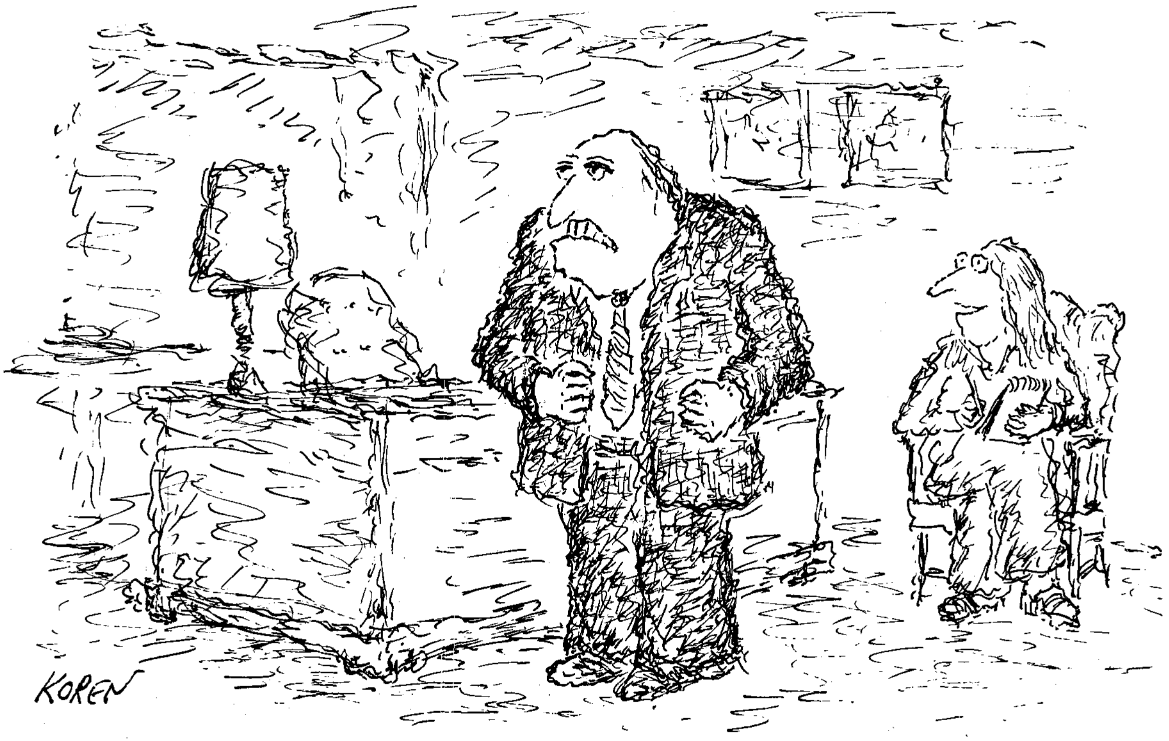
monks' robes hand out programs. Up front, there is a photo of Mr. Gurdjiev in a handsome old-fashioned gold frame; also a wreath of pink carnations, two pots of ferns, three wrought-iron candelabra, the American flag, and a Forest Lawn flag. A man is walking around with a videotape camera. Everyone sits down quietly. Cough, cough. Rustle, rustle. Wriggle, wriggle. Hrrrumf. Ahem. A young man in a white surplice, a black skullcap, and a prayer shawl reads a letter from Dr. John C. Lilly, M.D., author of "Man and Dolphin," "Programming and Metaprogramming in the Human Biocomputer," and "Center of the Cyclone: An Autobiography of Inner Space." Letter says Mr. G. "administered a proper culture shock in the West." Then a choir lays siege to several motets (including "There was a farmer who had a big fat goose"), and there is a talk by the Rt. Rev. E. J. Gold, of the Institute for the Development of the Harmonious Human Being, Inc., who makes a good point, saying that Gurdjiev's "All and Everything" is one of the funniest books ever written. E. J. writes books under the name Pir Al-Wahshi, and he is dressed in an ultra-attractive robin's-egg-blue rabat and brown velvet suit. High point of short service: a toast to Mr. G. by all in minute thimbles of Armagnac, Gurdjiev's favorite poison.

E. J. invites us to the First Sufi Church of Christ for a modest collation of baloney and Armagnac. E. J. looks to be in his thirties, has a shaved skull. He runs a publishing house, a rummage shop, and a childbirth center, and goes begging every Sunday—an activity of which he is very proud. His father is the well-known H. L. Gold, for many years editor of *Galaxy*, one of the famous science-fiction magazines. E. J.'s grandfather was a street singer in Petrograd during the First World War. E. J., who is very friendly, is himself something of a prankster. The day after the Pope announced that 40 saints were being dropped from the liturgical calendar, E. J. sent 40 guys down to the L.A. unemployment bureau. E. J. also tells us that Gurdjiev once studied music with an Armenian named Gomidas, who, like Kodaly, collected the folk music of his country, and that many of the famous long words in "All and Everything"—like "Khoorhoort-khorin" and "Voghtchooyn-dook-mimyantz"—are really the titles of Armenian canticles collected by Dr. Gomidas.

CAN you guess what the most popular movie in Los Angeles is? "Earthquake," which is about how Los Angeles gets destroyed by an earthquake. "Earthquake" is showing at Mann's (formerly Grauman's) Chinese, and the lines in front stretch around the block and out of sight. The management of the theatre has suspended a net below the ceiling, in case Sensurround—the giant speakers that rumble violently, like an earthquake—actually dislodges part of the structure. People applaud when landmarks tumble, and you keep hearing remarks like "Wow, Mom, there goes *our* block!" The second most popular movie is "The Towering Inferno," but that takes place in San Francisco. There is also a local chain of movie houses, called Pacific, which advertises in the papers and offers two kinds of theatres: Pacific Drive-In Theatres and Pacific Walk-In Theatres. This dope comes from Hank. We dined at a good Mexican joint, El Coyote, and then he went to the movies. I went back to the hotel, which, by the way, is across from Lyle Tuttle Tattooing, to watch "Kolchak, the Night Stalker" on TV. Turned out he was trying to kill a Los Angeles vampire. There was also a Japanese-language variety show, accompanied by English-language Toyota commercials that showed American teen-agers kissing in the back seat of a car in the fifties.

MORNING of our last day in L.A. We call on Henny's friend Arthur O'Connell, who hails from Flushing, Long Island. Altogether delightful person. Handsome man in a yellow cardigan. Arthur's been in at least 53 feature films, so Hank and I ask about the old days in Hollywood. "Well, first I made a few shorts with Edgar Kennedy and Leon Errol, but my agent told me to quit or I'd get known as a short man and never get a part in a feature. This was after touring in Margaret Webster's Shakespeare company—36,000 miles in a Greyhound bus, every state but Florida. If you want to do Shakespeare in this country, you have to do it the hard way. Everybody played everything. I played Polonius and parts like that—rarely lived through to the end of the play. Remember the old joke? 'Was Hamlet having an affair with Ophelia?' 'Well, in our company he was.'

"Then there was a cattle call for 'Citizen Kane.' I went down there with a lot of other guys, and there was



"And what salutation do you want to use with this letter, Mr. Dubbins?"

• •

Orson Welles up on top of a great big piece of equipment. Everybody fell into line—they knew what to do—and I find I'm the last guy on line. Welles says to all of us, 'Will you tell me your names, and what pictures you've made?' Well, I didn't want to tell him about the shorts—"

The phone rang. Arthur O'Connell came back in a couple of minutes. "What was I lying to you about? Oh, yes—'Kane.' When Welles got to me, I said, 'I haven't made any pictures, and it seems out here they don't think you're an actor if you haven't.' So Welles said, 'Well, I do,' and I got hired as one of the newspapermen. Alan Ladd was also a newspaperman in 'Citizen Kane.' Shortly after that, he married an agent, and she made him a big star. Hollywood is a lovely town when you're scrounging for a dollar. You have great appreciation of a bed and a room. If you have enough to eat, life is wonderful.

"One more story. During the war, I was in the Army, putting on shows and making training films. One of the films was all about how to fill out forms when you captured P.O.W.s. If you captured an outpost, one form. A battalion, another form. A regimental headquarters, another form. And so on. The movie showed staged captures, and then closeups of all the different forms. I was one of the few people let in on the real purpose of the film. Copies were dropped behind German lines in North Africa, and they so demoralized the Germans—by showing how well organized the Yanks were—that we took 400,000 prisoners."

IN the afternoon, we drove over to Fullerton to see Philip K. Dick, my favorite science-fiction writer, author of 33 novels and 170 short stories. Past the House of Egg Roll, past Moy's Coffee Shop (Chop Suey, Hot Cakes), past Bowser Beautiful, through Bel Air. We drove to the end of Sunset Boulevard, where we saw seagulls, 18 surfers in wet suits, a blue suggestion of Catalina to the southwest, and an Indian girl in a green-and-gold sari on the beach. Then south, past a concrete wall painted "TOMMY SURKO SAYS FOR MY KIND OF GIRL THERE'S ONLY ONE! TOMMY SURKO!" Behind the tall palms on Venice we could see snow on the mountains. Kids were skateboarding down a hill on Lincoln. Past Woody's Smorgasburger, onto a freeway to Fullerton.

Philip K. Dick lives in an apartment full of books and records and photographs with his wife, Tessa; his small son, Christopher; and two cats, Harvey Wallbanger and Sasha. He is jolly and tubby and bearded. His books, which are hilarious, are popular in France, because the French think they are about how grim everything is. Dick showed us a French newspaper piece about him—the subtitles were "Le Chaos," "L'Acide," "Le Suicide," "Les Machines," "La Société Totalitaire," "La Paranoïa." Dick has just finished a book about Tim Leary and the LSD crowd, and what happened to them.

We had stopped in to make a short call of homage, and wound up talking along for hours, drinking wine, and Tessa going out for some Chinese food, and then talking about cosmologies until it was almost time for our plane back to N.Y. The apartment also contains a two-foot-high metal rocket ship on a wooden base—this is his Hugo Award, the highest award in science fiction. The plaque is missing, though, because Dick once used the award to break up a fight. "It grabs good," he says. As for the cosmologies, this is what emerged from our discussions: cosmologies all seem to be based on repetition—you know, first the universe expands, then it contracts, then it expands again, etc.—but maybe that's not so. Maybe this whole expansion business that the universe is currently embarked upon is going to happen only once. That would mean that every day really is a new day, right? Also, maybe it's not true that Einstein was smarter than Newton. Maybe Newton's laws accurately described the universe as it then existed. But since then it's expanded and got more complicated, and can be accurately described only by Einstein physics. Which will eventually become outdated, maybe.

HEY, if you're ever in L.A., do try to grab a burger at the Fat Burger, on Cienega. Best burgers in town; also most cosmopolitan atmosphere in Los Angeles County. Recommended to us by Phil Proctor, of the Firesign Theatre—kind of place only an ex-New Yorker would recommend to you. Only place I've found where blacks, whites, and Mexicans mingle. We have stopped in here on the way to the airport. People are talking, moving around, enjoying themselves. Feel like I'm home again already. Jukebox is playing "Purple Haze," by Jimi Hendrix. Hank's having a tasty double fat burger with chili, and I'm having a satisfying double king burger with cheese and pickles and ketchup and mustard. Can't wait to breathe that N.Y. air.

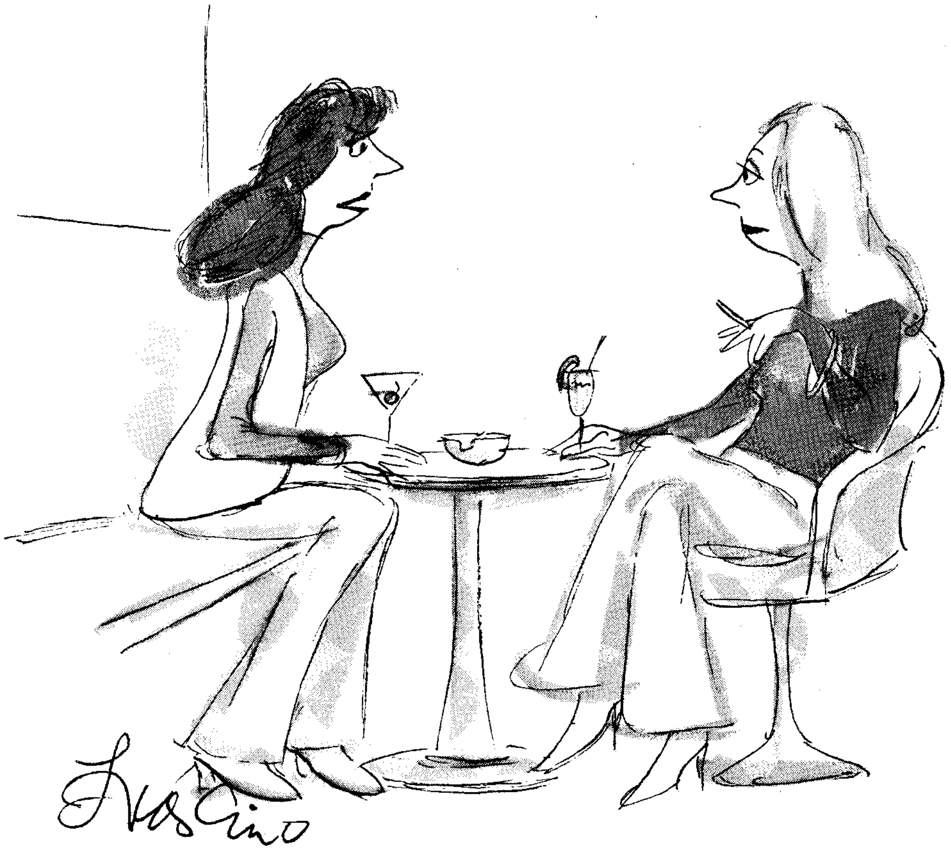
The Wedding Cake

PEOPLE getting married get sentimental. It happens to everyone, not just to girls and boys you sometimes see wandering hand in hand, in their best jeans and custom T-shirts, between the Royal Worcester and the Limoges on the third floor of Tiffany's but to marrying grownups, no matter how worldly they may seem or how many old marriages they have put behind them. The fact is that people getting married generally end up amazing themselves, amusing their friends, and bringing tears to the eyes of their maiden aunts by their odd behavior. Take, for example, the couple we know who, after several years of domestic but not, strictly speaking, legal bliss, recently decided to get married (his second, her third). They turned helplessly sentimental within minutes. They demanded that William Greenberg make their wedding cake.

Now, William Greenberg, Jr., is to wedding cakes what Henry Purcell was to wedding music or Edmund Spenser to the epithalamium. He is an Old Master of the mixing bowl and the icing gun, an artist of the pale, shaded rose, the standup squiggle, the classic fluted edge, and the fine white line of frosting. There are days when people who want to pick up a few schnecken or a simple chocolate cake cannot get past the door at Mr. Greenberg's shop on Third Avenue—there are four Greenberg bakeries in town, but Mr. Greenberg himself holds court at the one on Third Avenue and Seventy-eighth Street—because so many passersby and local children have stopped in to watch him decorate a wedding cake. Like most great artists, he is at his best before an audience. And so we knew that he would not object if *we* stopped in to watch him make our friends' cake, and to ask a few questions.

We were just in time. When we arrived at the shop last Monday afternoon, Mr. Greenberg, icing gun in hand, was bent over a display counter filled with butter cookies, about to squirt the first fine vertical line of icing onto the wedding cake. The cake, standing on the counter, was two tiers high and was dressed, as it were, only in a thin white camisole of whipped cream—a bride waiting for her wedding gown. Mr. Greenberg himself was dressed for work, in a short-sleeved checked shirt, blue pants, and an outsize baker's apron—a tall, redheaded artist in owlish glasses, forty-nine years old and getting bald, but as freckled and gangly as a boy. In fact, he looked to us a little like a grown Huck Finn who had been civilized somewhere along the way by the ministrations of a loving Jewish mother. He also looked like one of the most *fulfilled* people we had seen in years. We watched him work for a while, applying his perfect lines down each tier of the cake and then latticing the cake with loops of horizontal ones. Then we asked him about the cake, which had been baked that morning in a big gas oven in the back room, and learned that it was made of thin layers of yellow sponge cake and filled with a whipped cream laced with brandy, pecans, and a special coffee extract from Colombia.

"I'm very partial to this recipe," Mr. Greenberg told us. "It has an *aristocratic* air about it. I'm opinionated about the cakes I make. I don't like fruitcake, which is supposed to be aristocratic, for a wedding. I prefer this sponge. I used it for my own wedding cake. *My* cake served fifty people. I made it in the morning and got married in the afternoon. That was almost twenty years ago, and I still use the recipe whenever people ask for something very traditional, very sentimental. I call it my Madison Avenue Victorian number. It has as much the air of a proper wedding cake as anything I've seen. You know, wedding-cake tastes vary. Anything is normal when people are getting married. Some want their cakes very schmalzy, some very eccentric. It's not surprising about your friends, though. People who have been married before do tend to get traditional. Not that a chocolate wedding cake can't be traditional. I get a lot of requests for chocolate. I do a chocolate wedding cake with pale-yellow and white flowers, and you'd be surprised—that's a very classic look. But on the whole it's the kids—first marriages—who want a cake that's a little different, a little adventurous, not the other way around. One young couple I know—the cake I made for them was cut on the sand, on a beach in the Hamptons. You see, they were getting married to the rising sun. Now, *they* were a chocolate-cake couple. So were the couple who asked for an Art Deco wedding cake. I made *them* a cake that was a kind of cross between a Tiffany lamp and Radio City Music Hall. A wild design. Chocolate loops radiating from the center of the top layer, some filled in with mustard-yellow icing, some with a kind of mustard-green, some plain. Still, my favorite request came from a young girl who said, 'I want an Italian Renaissance chocolate wedding cake for a hundred people. Make it so ugly it's beautiful.' Well, that's what she got." Mr. Greenberg



"He's said it with flowers, he's said it with perfume, and he's said it with wine. I wish he'd quit horsing around and just say it."

proudly pulled a well-worn snapshot from his shirt pocket, and what we saw can best be described as Cathedral-of-Florence-as-a-round-cake-and-not-a-church. He beamed when we mentioned Florence, since he had done no particular research for the cake. "Cakes are second nature to me—I thought, 'Italian Renaissance,' and it just came out that way," he told us, and then he applied himself to the roses on our friends' cake. He wanted to get the roses delicately shaded—white to pale yellow and back to white—so while he was concentrating on them we prowled around the shop, admiring the schnecken and cookies, coffee cakes and orange cakes, chocolate cakes and babkas. Mr. Greenberg maintains a limited but choice repertoire of pastries, and each one has its special partisans among Greenberg customers. It is said, for example, that Mike Nichols, the director, coaxes his most temperamental actors into smooth, Pavlovian performances with promises of a Greenberg brownie after each successful scene. Then, there is the story about the famous decorator who travels with cookie tins in his fabric cases and soothes his clients with Greenberg schnecken while he presents his bill. We waited until Mr. Greenberg was finished with the top-tier roses, and then asked him if those stories were true.

Mr. Greenberg smiled. "Well, I can say that we do have customers who come running in at all hours and say, 'Quick, I need a brownie fix!' Lee Strasberg, for instance, could never resist our brownies. When his Susan was a little girl, he'd come in to buy one brownie for her, and walk out with the whole pan—an eighteen-by-twenty-six-inch pan full of brownies. That's the kind of brownie lover we have. The recipe comes from my mother's best friend, Hulda Lesser. I've had it for years. You see, I always wanted to be a baker. I was raised in Lawrence, Long Island. My mother was a dress designer and my father was in the furniture business, and neither of them could cook. But my Aunt Gertrude, my father's sister—*she* loved to bake, and I loved to watch her. She had a huge country kitchen—six burners on her stove, and two ovens—and at least ten of the recipes I use now are hers. Anyway, she taught, I baked, and my parents—they ate and encouraged. At thirteen, I started selling my cookies to my classmates, and then I graduated to baking for the Five Towns Woman's Exchange, in Cedarhurst. By the time I was sixteen, I had a salaried employee—a girl from home-ec. class, actually—and I was making two to three hundred dollars a month, which is more money proportionately than I'm making now. I sold schnecken, cookies, apple turnovers, and mocha tarts. Anything I liked to bake, I sold."

Mr. Greenberg paused to slip us a delicious pecan sand tart from the display counter—the recipe, he said, was a gift from a customer who used to be a detective with the New York City Police Department—and then went on. "So, you see, I've always been baking," he said. "Except for one year at engineering school. Now, my oldest son—he's at Rensselaer studying nuclear engineering, but *I* never would have made an engineer. I never *wanted* to be an engineer. It was just that the Army drafted me in 1943 and sent me to North Carolina State, in engineering, and I stayed until they threw about eight hundred of us out and sent us to Europe. We were the replacement troops for the Battle of the Bulge. Naturally, I volunteered for kitchen duty, but, being in Patton's Army, we were way ahead of the supply lines, so the kitchens never caught up with us. Still, I was lucky. I was with the first group to go home after V-E Day, and on the train trip from Germany to France to get the boat I won three thousand dollars playing poker, which meant that suddenly I had the money to start a real bakery in New York. I rented my first store as soon as I got home—it was way east on Ninety-fifth Street, orders and deliveries only—and I opened for business the day I was officially discharged. I still go back to Europe. My wife and I like cruises. I travel as a tourist, not a baker, but I look around, I eat. I can say by now that the finest chocolate cake in the world is in the restaurant on the old paddle wheeler in the Transport Museum in Lucerne. I don't have the recipe for that cake, and we couldn't duplicate it anyway, because of the atmosphere here. Even with air-conditioners, Manhattan is an abominable place to cook. Terrible for whipped cream. Switzerland, on the other hand, has dry, crispy air, and everything tastes better. Maybe it's because I'm on vacation in Switzerland, but Swiss pastry is definitely my favorite. If it's possible for a pastry to have *joie de vivre*, Swiss pastry has it. Good air really is the answer. Take my favorite pastry. It's a brandied black-cherry tart. *Mille-feuille* pastry coated with seedless raspberry jam. Then whipped cream between the two layers. And the top glazed with brandied black cherries. I'd love to make that tart here in the store, but there's just too much humidity for it to last. So I make it at home, sometimes, and eat it quickly. I love to cook at home. We live on Central Park West, in one of those big old apartments with a big kitchen. My specialty is a kind of ratatouille without the eggplant. And my wife, Carol, makes the best filet of sole Bonne Femme in the world. Carol, by the way, was the daughter of a customer. That's how we met—she used to pick up orders for her mother. Now she works with me. She pitches in in disaster areas, and handles a lot of the administration, and my younger son, who's coming into the business with me—he's studying at N.Y.U., so he's around to help, too. He does a lot with our Eighth Street store. The business is very different down there. We figure that on Eighth Street we have thousands of N.Y.U. kids, all of them potential customers for a single slice of something, whereas at our Sixty-eighth Street store, say, which is our cream-of-the-crop store, we have people coming in for twenty pounds of cookies as if they were buying Oreos." Mr. Greenberg thought this over for a moment. "Still, the character of the business is changing even there, because of the inflation," he said. "And we have had to change with it. We can't stockpile anymore. We have to buy now on an almost daily basis—prices are so fluctuating. And sugar almost devastated us. Last year, we were paying seventeen cents a pound for sugar, and this year we've had to pay as much as seventy-three cents. We have had to cut staff and economize our operation, but we refuse to economize on the product. We use ninety-three-score butter. That's the best you can buy. Lots of heavy cream. Fresh whole eggs, right from the hen. Still, who's going to mail our brownies to Rome anymore, when it's seventeen dollars' worth of postage for twelve dollars' worth of brownies? People think twice."

Mr. Greenberg considered our friends' wedding cake. "Of course, wedding cakes are different," he said, laying a circle of bittersweet chocolate squares around the cake and then—the final touch—sculpting a perfect rose of icing on each square. On went the bride and groom, under a canopy of tulle. Mr. Greenberg cleared away his gun and his icing pots and stepped back to inspect his masterpiece. "Weddings are moments of highest whimsey," he said finally. "People should have exactly what they want at their wedding. I hope your friends will be very happy."

THE HOME FRONT

BEFORE the Battle of the Wood could get itself going, most of early June had passed. Originally, headquarters had intended the confrontation to begin on 1 June exactly. But messages between commanders had been late in coming, and supplies were delayed on the way to the front. This was because the messengers and mule drivers, farm boys, took their time in crossing the countryside of new summer. Often an entire supply train—a hundred, perhaps two or three hundred caissons—would pull off the road onto the green so drivers and guards could swim in the clean, swirling waters of a little river. Messengers dangled along the ridges walking their horses, passing slowly through the leafy fringe and perfect climate. There was no galloping along the white roads. Obsessions about buttoning brass buttons had passed, and all the young men in the army were red and tanned the beautiful color of summer's first sun, and it seemed to each man that his haircut was perfect and his clothes in perfect press. There was a blaze then, all but for the cool evenings, and the army moving in great, thin lines through the rich green from one place to another was like a fresh blue wake.

"How did I guess you were a lawyer? Simple. Everybody is a lawyer."

Of the many soldiers from Maclean, Virginia, was one who came to be known as Jack and then for some reason as either Jack Japan or The Glass. In Virginia in this time of summer he had often walked along the stagnant curve of the river to the war cemetery, where he lay in quiet among white flags and lilies. But he had not been nearly as alive as he was now before the Battle of the Wood, seemingly all-seeing and as excited as the thrushing of the overhead branches. Beginning summer was always good, but never had he felt so strongly his life and its every moment: riding in a truck with two rows of fellow-soldiers, walking to the river and just standing there watching, mounting a horse and seeing the saddle close up as his body bent like a complex machine designed to make quick curves, being in the shade, eating in the afternoon when it was cooler, just arising and facing everything. They all knew they were on the eve of a large offensive. There had been a fine peace for too long. When summer burst it seemed only to verify great change. The young soldiers were afraid. Carrion had survived the fall, because it had been cold and dry, and then the winter, and then spring. Where an animal had settled, a paste of mud and dust had shielded it, and the cold evenings helped, too. But by June carrion infected the woods and the sides of the roads. The countryside was thick in places with the natural smell of death—just the death of squirrels and other small hunted animals, but it was enough to signal the men of a waiting army.

Orders came at intervals, so that Jack spent his time marching into the stream of other columns and making many new camps, one more beautiful than another. Then one day an order came by way of a messenger with a dark face and black sabre mustache. This man was no boy, and it appeared from his bearing and the way he thrived on a quick gallop and the sight of the road before him, and from his black belts crossing the spring coat of the uniform, that he was part of a real war and not just the uneasy dream before a true shattering battle. He had passed through the camp smiling, carrying in his hand a white paper requesting of the commander half a hundred men with shovels and full packs to be on burial detail for one-quarter of one unimportant flank. Burial detail struck the half a hundred as providential and yet very unlucky. Unless there were a breakthrough by enemy cavalry and long and terrible sweeps, they would be safe. The job was not good, and there was no chance for seeing the battle and surviving it so that they might have the particular elation which comes from getting through and the privilege of saying to women that they had been there. Burial detail cut out all but the worst of liars from tavern stories and made soldiery impossible for them ever again. But burial detail it was to be, so they formed their ranks, which broke quickly when it was discovered that there were shovels for only a few. Everyone ran off in a different direction to search the barns and boarded-up houses, hoping to come upon a young girl, or a wife, bathing naked in a river or lying in the sun with only a thin sheet, trying to look beautiful and get the golden hair to shine. Jack thought how nice the women of Virginia looked in the light of candles after they had been in the sun all day working or just staying by the river. But they found no women at all—only shovels in such great number that they left many behind with comrades whom they hoped with all their hearts not to see during the battle. They marched off back into the quiet country whence they had come and where they saw no cannon or troops, or even telegraph lines.

They said little, preferring to walk quietly and take in the sun, which during the afternoon stared right in their faces as they marched below great flourient oaks and trees with blooming flowers. Then they came to a wide field. On the northern half of a small green prairie were hundreds of dressing stations—round white tents in orderly rows. They looked like mushrooms. And they were far away, so that it was hard to make out the red crosses. The burial detail entered the field from the east and walked away from the tents to a row of straight trees in the south to set up camp. Behind these trees was a smaller field of about an acre. They discovered that the heavy brush bordering it on three sides was laden with blackberries and songbirds and hives of bees. It took only a few hours to pitch ten tents, get a good supply of wood, find water, and have an inspection. Their uniforms were clean and they had eaten. Given the afternoon off, some went into the brush to brave the bees and gather blackberries for themselves and for the cook, who had the other things to make a pie but lacked a filling. Some went to a small stream and, even though it was too shallow for swimming, let the water course over them while they looked up at the pines on the steep bank. Jack Japan, The Glass, filled a bag with pine needles and he and some others kicked it around the smaller field, where the graves would be.

They had only to wait. After a short cold dinner they drank their coffee and became aware of the nurses. Across the field they could see nurses in almost glowing white making quick lines from tent to tent. The lieutenant used his telescope to report that the women near the fires were staring downfield at the opposing ranks of flame. On both sides of the meadow hands went up to fix hair and straighten collars. Then, perhaps because it was wartime, and also because they had been there first, about a hundred of the nurses began to walk slowly into the dark. They came from all along the line, two or three carrying lanterns that showed the gentle night breeze. At the gravediggers', it was as if an enemy army were converging. The men felt frightened at being still, so a number of them set out for the middle, and after a little while the rest followed. They met and strolled back to the dressing stations in a lighthearted manner, as if they were not a contingent of nurses and gravediggers but just young men and young women at a June ball. There was easy laughing of the kind when people do not know one another and yet want to. Billy Fair took his five-stringed banjo from a black case he had been carrying strapped to his back like a rifle, and he played for a long time and put everyone at ease. They wished they had some wine, but there was none. Although many were complimented by their uniforms, none saw the uniforms—just the faces of those across the fires. For years they had all worn bits and pieces of uniforms from surplus and had craved them. But in full dress, with real insignia, they felt a good deal less romantic. A girl imagined herself in a white gown, and a boy there wanted to be wearing a fine dark suit with a flower. Beyond the fires, moon-whitened grass touched like a girl's hand to music in all directions because of the night breeze.

VISITING THE ORACLE

It's dark on purpose
so just listen.

Maybe I inhabit a jar, maybe a pot,
maybe nothing. Only this
loose end of a voice
rising to meet you.
It sounds like water.
Don't think about that.

Let your servants climb back down the mountain
by themselves. I'll listen.
I'll tell you everything
I discover, but I can't
say what it means.

Someone will always
assure you of the best of fortunes,
but you know better.

And keep this in mind: The answer
reveals itself in time
like the clue that fits
perfectly and explains everything
after the crime has been solved.

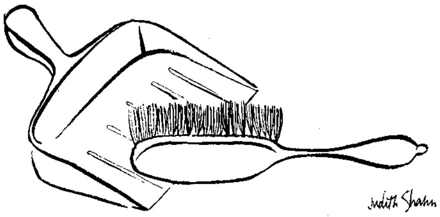
Then you will say, *I should have known.*
It was there all along
and never even concealed,
like the story of the letter
overlooked by the thief because
it had not been hidden.
That's the trick, of course.

You don't need me.

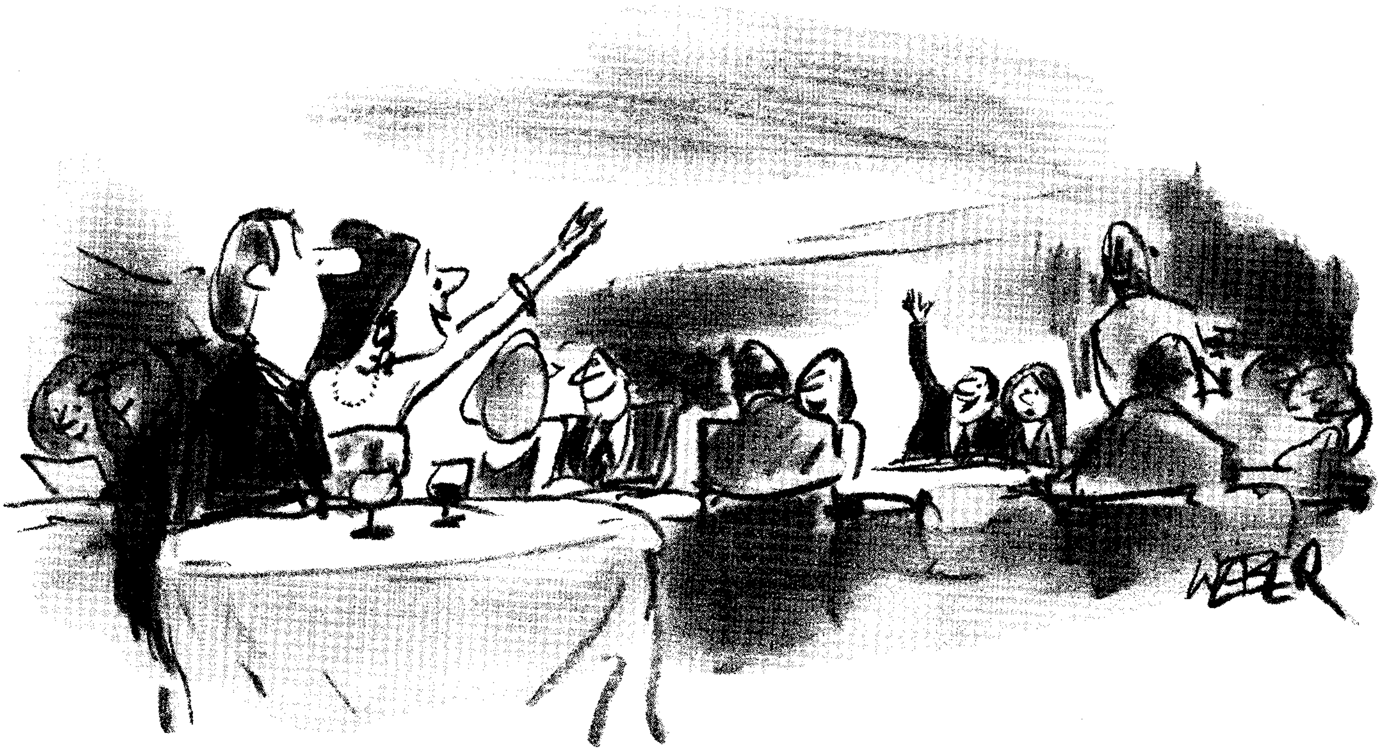
—LAWRENCE RAAB

• •

THE nurses had little to do, for the battle had not started, and soon there was a free exchange with the burial detail, and swimming and field-day games. They took walks into the forest, where they saw deer and herons, where everything was hot and nature was fast music moving to excite them. Jack took up with a French-Canadian nurse named Montay, who swam with him and told him that the herons in the small lake were not loons. He hardly knew her, for she and he shared a gloss as if in a dream, something they didn't mind at all, because they could dream breakers out in the field—so unreal was his life, the life of a conscripted soldier in an enormous field where the men were served blackberry pies and sunburned nurses glided across in evening to sit by the fires and sit by the men they found, who found them, too.



One day, a doctor walked across the field to speak with the tall lieutenant. In his clean white tunic, the doctor pointed to the small field and indicated how he wanted the graves. He wanted five pits: thirty feet long, ten feet wide, and eight feet deep. He advised him to start right away, because he had heard that the offensive was due to



"It's my Donald. We have an open marriage."

• •

begin any time. Since they faced a well-fortified enemy it was necessary to prepare for heavy casualties. The graves would take three hundred—good enough for the first few days, at least. Quickly they began to dig, ten to a grave, and the lieutenant did not supervise but removed his tunic and worked beside the men. Nor was there any military discipline, for they thought of themselves as gravediggers, and what a world it would be if gravediggers were disciplined. Soldiering for them was already dead and worn. They looked fine, though, in striped military pants with suspenders hanging down their thighs. It took them two days of digging in silence to finish, for in some places the ground was hard.

Then a messenger galloped into the dressing station and fires were lit in preparation for the wounded, who arrived within a few hours. During the first night, Jack lay on his blanket and watched the fires and lanterns across the field. Ambulances came often, shining their lights on the tents. There were many fires; it became hot in the nights, and he wondered if Nurse Montay, whom he hardly knew and whom he missed though she was just on the other side of the enamelled green, was sweating by the night fires as she worked.

In the daytime the first dead were brought on hideous blood-soaked stretchers. The men were white, and Jack lowered them without shrouds into the graves. At night, he stared at the fires and then at the great overflowing masses of high white stars above him in untangled black. They trailed the sky and brought morning. He made more graves, did not bother to wash, and found that his clothes were filthy. Every day the ambulances became more numerous. The battle had swung their way. It was hot, and it got hotter, and they had no beer.

On their last evening there, when graves covered the small clearing, as if in a dream a nurse rode up on a sweaty brown mare. The mare's saddle and blanket were soaked into blackness, and the nurse was covered with layers of mud and dust which made her clothes and face the telling pea-green color of an army road. Her white uniform and its blue, chevron-shaped, gently falling collar were splattered up to her hair, which was golden and had retained its sheen. The gravediggers gathered around her; one held the bridle of her horse and comforted it, for it was in profound exhaustion. The silent men could see that she was selfless, that she had been battered, and that she had come from the front, where they knew the machines were working which sent them their dead. She had retained her beauty though she was gray and colorless but for her hair, and her mouth was especially exquisite and her teeth white. It was painful pleasure to watch her speak.

"Is there anything we can do?" said Jack after a long silence, and they all waited for her answer.

"Yes," she said, "yes . . ."

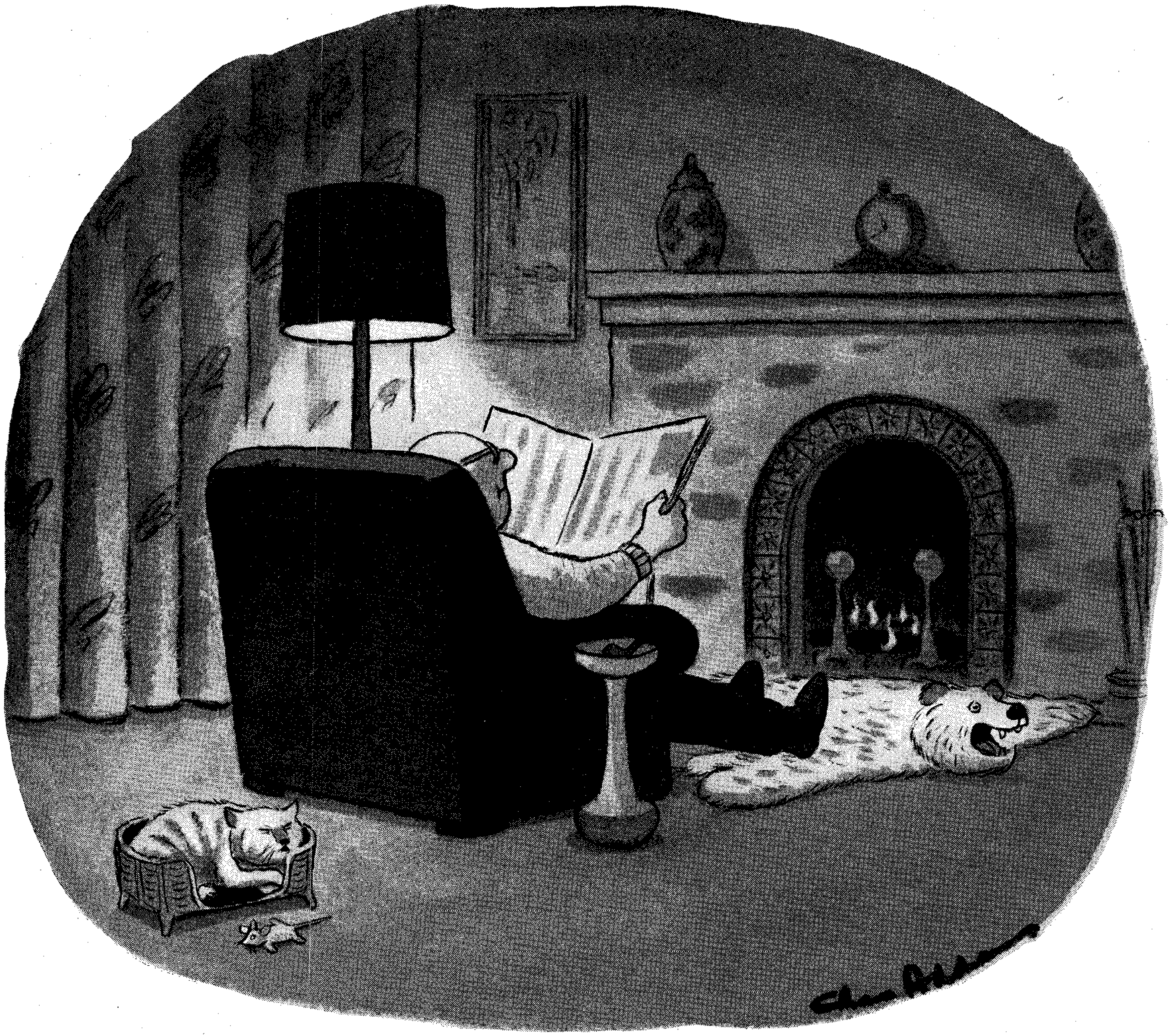
"Tell us," said another soldier.

"I am looking for my husband. He was on the line, and then he was wounded and they brought him to my dressing station. He had influenza as well. I was gone for just a little while, but when I returned his bed was empty. I was wondering," she said, "I was wondering . . ." And then she cast her eyes level to the acre of buried dead and stared for a long time, a long, long time, during which there was silence and they could hear the steady blows of an axe across the field. Fires burned to her left and to her right; the horse was no longer winded, and she herself seemed to sit straight as an officer.

One of the men took off his hat, and, gesturing toward the graves, looked downward as if in shame and said, "These are mass graves, Ma'am."

And as if they had never existed she pulled her horse around, spurred her, and went out to the road. The men remembered only that she had been high above them and that her expression had been hard.

THE following morning, when they had buried more than a thousand men, the cook announced that his



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blackberry wine, although sweet and young, was ready to drink. It was very intoxicating. Jack had learned to distinguish the men he buried. Some he could see were killed by machine-gun fire, some by shrapnel, some by disease. Some were officers, some had been dead a long time, some looked like people he knew, and some even looked like himself.

They drank wine because there was no breakfast, and they became extremely drunk. A dead soldier in blue and red was entrusted to Jack, who began to talk to him. He spoke to him as if he were alive, and as if the body were a drunken friend he carried him to a grave and dumped him in, saying, "In you go."

Digging was not so easy with the wine, but he worked hard, smashing his shovel fiercely and ineffectively at the ground by the field's edge, where there were rocks, since it had gone unplowed in peacetime. Every few minutes, the cook came around with a huge bottle and poured wine into the men and the graves.

As they were covering the last grave, and reluctant to start another, they noticed that in the other field the white tents were folding. An endless line of ambulances came to take away the wounded. In less than an hour everyone from the north side of the field was gone. There was no smoke—no fires either. The gravediggers were astonished. They did not fear that the enemy would close in, because they had heard that he had been defeated. They had won.

In their drunkenness they could think of nothing to do but pat down the earth of the twelve raised mounds in the small field. They packed it down with their feet after they had finished the last of the wine. They went back and forth over the red clay until silver clouds of dust arose in the sun and the sun had sunk low and become all red. The wine was gone, and so were the nurses; the graves were packed down. Some soldiers went to bathe in the stream and wash their clothes. Some, like Jack, went to different parts of the field, where in the smoky red evening of what had been a clear yellow day they threw themselves down on the grass and awakened much later to see no fires, no lanterns, but only the high indifferent stars.

—MARK HELPRIN

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Other fuel-saving possibilities included in the report were:
—A mandatory standard for 20-miles-per-gallon automobile performance.
—A 25 per cent tax credit for insulting existing homes.—*Rome (Italy) Daily American.*

That's a bit steep. A lot of homes get insulted for nothing.

LOOK FOR THE RUSTY LINING

My grandfather's hobby was worrying, and although hobbies are not usually thought of as being inheritable, I am a talented worrier, too. My grandfather's glum genes, which skipped my merry father, have reflowered in me as a major, all-purpose anxiety. A few weeks ago, for example, I learned that collapsing stars called black holes may soon suck up all the matter in the universe. Because I read this in *Vogue*, I hoped at first that the black holes were some kind of fad—a celestial pop event like Kohoutek or UFOs—but then I saw that the author of the article had been twice a visiting Member at the Institute for Advanced Study, in Princeton, and I knew that another crisis was at hand. Ominously, the Institute is just down the street from where I do *my* worrying.

The end of the universe should have been a splendid challenge for a gifted worrier like me, but mostly it upset me in a new and worrisome way, because it made me realize that I was spread too thin. When I found the black-hole story, I hadn't nearly come to the end of an earlier wonderful worry of mine about the polar ice cap melting and raising the level of the Atlantic Ocean enough to submerge the entire East Coast. I had been thinking of moving my family to Saskatchewan, but now that I was falling behind in my worrying, I had to worry if Saskatchewan might be tastier for a black hole than Princeton. On the other hand, Princeton was closer to those African killer bees that have been inexorably moving north from Brazil—the ones that made me decide not to visit Central America last winter. The bees are getting very close to Central America, and Panama may be the only place where there is a chance to turn them back. Of course, even if it had only butterflies, Panama would still be a worrisome vacation spot for me, because it is said to be riddled with as much anti-American feeling as Boston.

In these terrible days, I often think of my grandfather, who was a nervous wreck in a simpler and happier time. His worries were transient and nicely manageable: When would Mel Ott start hitting again? When would Eleanor Roosevelt collapse from too much travelling around? When would the Third Avenue "L" rust away? I miss him, but he is lucky not to be alive and worrying today. I don't think he could have handled all the terrors that keep testing my sanity; he might even have surrendered and become an optimist, thus forfeiting the hobby he loved.

He was my inspiration when I was a boy—a worrier to look up to. He used to visit me in my room, where he would examine my homework and then shake his head and say, "You'll never get through medical school with spelling like this."

"But these are brand-new words," I would tell him in a worried way. "Spelling is harder this year than it was in the second grade."

He would sigh and say, "I don't know. I'm not even sure you should be a doctor at all. I just read that they have the highest rate for dropping dead."

My grandfather's quaint worries about me and Mel Ott and Eleanor Roosevelt are enough to make a contemporary worrier weep with envy. I wonder what he would have done if he had read a recent prediction by Gunnar Myrdal that the American economy could utterly collapse within five years—just before the Eastern tidal wave but shortly after the arrival of the bees. Probably he would have adopted something like my own advanced worrying posture and learned to make room for each new worry by letting it trump one of the old ones. For example, when I read about the inundation of the East I forgot about my overdue Bloomingdale's bill; when I read Gunnar Myrdal's warning I decided to stop worrying about what would happen if Connecticut ever ran out of antiques. When I heard about the bees I eased off my worry about a root canal of mine and let the Panama Canal replace it on the Top Twenty.

What a list! Something old and something new, something cosmic yet something trivial too, for the creative worrier must forever blend the pedestrian with the immemorial. If the sun burns out, will the Mets be able to play their entire schedule at night? If cryogenically frozen human beings are ever revived, will they have to re-register to vote? And if the little toe disappears, will field goals play a smaller part in the National Football League?

Actually, I've never had a worry as worrisome as the universe-destroying black holes. I mean, the universe is where I do all my worrying, and if it suddenly disappears I may not be able to relocate. My only hope comes from a first principle of worry that I have learned in a lifetime of anxiety; i.e., some of the biggest problems are half of a self-cancelling pair. A nice example is that dreaded polar ice cap, which some scientists say isn't starting to melt at all but instead will shortly begin to enlarge rapidly, giving birth to a new ice age that soon will cover the entire United States. I worried about this ice layer from last February 9th until about Labor Day, by which time my worry about the price of bottom round had reduced it to the size of a rink. Lately, however, I have turned my mind back to the ice again, and I have been worrying about the fact that you cannot have ice that is growing and melting at the same time. One of these terrors is a dud, and the job of the dedicated worrier is to find out which one it is.

Applying this principle to the black holes, I wonder if there may not be some white holes in space as well—pretty, glowing things that won't digest a universe but may prefer to spit it out again. All I need is a new flash from the Institute about one of these, and then perhaps I will be able to start worrying about chinch bugs and the male menopause and all the other gentle terrors my grandfather could endorse.

Is that the right way to spell "chinch bugs"? —Ralph Schoenstein

PASSAGE TO ARARAT

I—THE FACE IN THE WINDOW

AT a particular time in my life, I set out on a voyage to discover for myself what it is to be Armenian. For although I myself am Armenian, or part Armenian, until then I knew nothing about either Armenians or Armenia. That is, almost nothing. My father had been Armenian—a child born of Armenian parents—but he had been brought up in England and educated in English schools. His citizenship had been English and, later, American. More to the point, he seemed to have virtually no connection with Armenia. At home, he never spoke the language. He rarely talked about Armenia. Professionally, he was a writer of romantic novels that were set for the most part in English society, and with hardly more than one or two exceptions he never wrote about Armenia—or Armenians. The exceptions were mainly deprecatory or amusing. One of his lines went "Now who would claim he was an Armenian if he was not?" Indeed, at the age of twenty-one he had changed his name from Dikran Kouyoumjian to Michael Arlen.

My mother (who was American and Greek) sometimes called my father Dikran in private, and this was the only way I knew as a child that he was something other than—or in addition to—English. "It's an Armenian name," she explained to me one long-ago afternoon. For a while, I thought this referred to the kind of name—a private name. I understood that some of my far-off uncles were called Kouyoumjian—an odd and difficult word for a child to scrawl on a thank-you letter. But my father, while he was well disposed toward the uncles, evidently detached himself from the name. Reluctantly, and usually with a grimace, he would tell me again how to spell it. "It's ridiculous and unpronounceable," he once said, and I had reason to agree. For the most part, my father's Armenianness was a hazy and remote matter that rarely intruded into family conversation: a youthful stage of his life that he had apparently long since passed through—had passed through successfully, as if with a school degree—and now there was clearly no point in talking further about it.

It was at an English boarding school, when I was nine, that I first realized that I was myself in any way Armenian—or, at least, half Armenian. Before the Second World War, we lived in Europe—English expatriates in the South of France. But if in those days I thought at all about identity I thought that I was English. *We* were English. We spoke English. We travelled on English passports.

At school, I was assigned to room with a cheerful, towheaded Scottish boy, MacGregor.

"Are you French, or what?" MacGregor asked me one day.

"Of course I'm not French," I said.

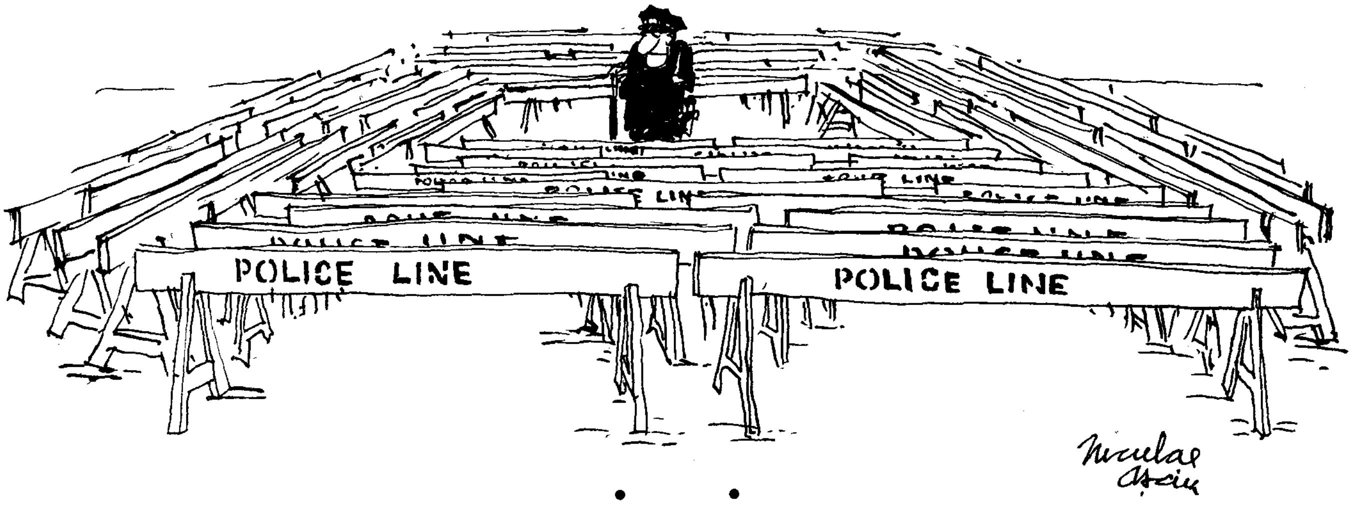
"You have to be French. You live in France."

"I'm English," I said.

"You *can't* be English!" said MacGregor.

The headmaster's wife helped set us straight. We sat at her table in the school dining room—a chill and drafty chamber where ancient uniformed waitresses clattered in with trays of dry toast and sardines, or sometimes baked beans, and on Sundays with silver platters holding pieces of bread covered with gravy. The headmaster's wife was a lady of cultured interests, who was active in the local theatre group, and who often discoursed to us on the large life that she glimpsed through avid reading of the London magazines and sometimes through abrupt, disastrous excursions to audition for historical pageants in the county seat. On this occasion, she announced that she had read somewhere that my father had recently published a new book. I never had much to say to such announcements. I knew that my father "wrote books" in his office, but writing in general, and his in particular, was another subject on which very little family conversation existed or was encouraged. She had not read any of his other novels, she continued, but she was sure they were very interesting. Wasn't "The Green Hat" the famous one? She had heard many good things about it. It must be fascinating, she

"Bon soir, Giscard."



said, to have a father who was a well-known writer. Did I, too, speak Armenian?

This last question took me by surprise. "No, I don't speak Armenian," I said. I think I added, "I've never heard anyone speak Armenian"—which was true.

"But I know I read somewhere that your father was Armenian," she said, with a bright smile. "I thought all Armenians spoke Armenian."

Later, in our small room, MacGregor glanced up from the comic he was reading. "*Har-meenian?*" he said. "What kind of sports do they play there?"

"I don't know," I said. "I've never been there. Probably the same sports as here."

"Not cricket," said MacGregor.

"Yes, cricket," I said. "Anyway, I'm English."

"You can't be *English,*" said MacGregor.

At midterm, my father came alone to visit me, arriving in a chauffeur-driven car and carrying a box of chocolates. For the first time in my life, I thought him strange—almost a stranger. I remember looking at him surreptitiously, sneaking glances at his face—looking for what? I don't know. I wanted him to tell me that we were really English, but I didn't know how to ask.

Months later, home on vacation, I asked my mother instead. "Are we Armenian?" I felt that it was a daring question.

"Of course not," she replied, her tone kindly but brisk. "Your father's family have Armenian blood, but he is English and so are you." She showed me his passport.

As time went by, I went to other schools. In fact, as a result of the war, we moved to America, and I became more and more American, finally, at twenty-one, becoming an American citizen. I felt generally American, or perhaps for a while Anglo-American, but, clearly, there was also something missing. Something missing or added. I became conscious of being accompanied by a kind of shadow of "being Armenian," which other people sometimes noticed, or casually commented on, but which my father had said, in effect, did not exist. And so I, too, said that it did not exist.

I remember, as an older boy at school in New Hampshire, watching terrified from a fire escape while a gang of sixteen-year-olds taunted and pushed about one of their classmates, a sallow, spidery boy called Gordon, who was supposedly Jewish. What was I so terrified of, I've later wondered—for it is not an enhancing memory. I think probably this: I had gradually become aware that to be Jewish in certain Anglo-Saxon milieus was to be "different"—that is, to be alien and unprotected—and I knew that I, too, was "different," although I was somewhat protected by the camouflage of an accepted Anglo-American manner. But I felt that it was no more than a camouflage and might disappear any day. I know that as I looked down from that fire escape at poor Gordon, I thought, There but for *them* go *we.* Who were *we*? The truth is that for most of my growing up, and for much of my life, I didn't try very hard to find out. There seemed to be something slightly dangerous or second-rate in being Armenian; otherwise, my father would not have been so determined to move beyond it. And so I took the hint and followed him. Armenians were somebody else.

I remember also, years ago, in New York, around the time of an expected visit from my Uncle Krikor, who lived in Argentina, my father angrily brandishing some recent communication from Buenos Aires—probably a change in plans. "Why can't these Armenians ever do things simply?" he said. And "Now, isn't this just like an Armenian!" Evidently, Uncle Krikor was "just like an Armenian;" my father was something different. And, in fact, when Krikor finally arrived (a short, wiry man, with a definite nose and a face tanned by the Argentine sun) I felt him to be different from my father—darker, somehow more "Eastern"—although actually the two men were of the same size and build, had similar features (except for the Argentine suntan), and spoke impeccable English. At one point, Krikor addressed a few words to me in Armenian, which I naturally couldn't reply to. "Why, you haven't taught the boy any Armenian!" said Krikor, in genial reproof. We were having dinner in Krikor's hotel.

My father in those days had a carefully trimmed mustache and wore a flower in his jacket. "Well, it's an impossible language," he said, scowling.

Krikor smiled good-naturedly. "Ah, Dikran," he said. He was the elder brother.

In all my life, I never heard my father speak a single word of Armenian, unless one counts the occasional times we went to an Armenian restaurant and he would read, with a certain offhand professionalism, from the exotic menu, with its "kebab"s and "dolma"s, which, I later found out, were mainly Turkish. On the whole, I met few Armenians in his company, and most of these I thought of as being associated with a particular Armenian restaurant in New York, which we went to *en famille* perhaps once or twice a year. It was called the Golden Horn and was a small place in the West Fifties. Its proprietor was a large, warm-hearted man—Aram Salisian, a former wrestler, as wide as he was tall, with immense, gnarled hands and a square, rough-hewn, kind face, which invariably seemed to be smiling. When we entered, he always embraced my father; I think he was just about the only man I ever saw do so. He bowed to the rest of us. He told me that someday he would teach me how to wrestle.

I liked the Golden Horn, because it was a nice place and because as a family we were generally happy there. I also had a special, secret feeling about it—and still have to this day, although the restaurant itself has disappeared—for it was the only region or territory in which I can recall my father's being at ease with his Armenian identity, even halfway accepting it. "So-and-So was here the other day," I can remember Salisian saying, stopping by our table, rattling off an Armenian name.

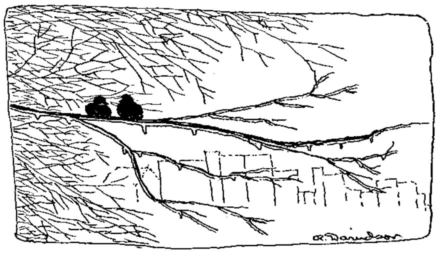
"Is that so?" I can hear my father's voice reply. "Well, how is he? Say hello to him from me."

Say hello to him from me. Not what one might describe as reckless bonhomie, but in those rare and periodic moments I believe he showed more affection for his Armenian background—our Armenian background—than most other times that I can remember. Now and then, other guests in the restaurant, or at the bar, would come over to chat for a few minutes. Talk of families, of sons and daughters in school. George, the bartender, I remember, had a son studying with Rudolf Serkin at the Curtis Institute of Music, who later became the pianist Eugene Istomin.

It was a strange and friendly time—strange because the men and women there for the most part looked to me so different, as if they were from another country, and yet for a moment we were part of them, their group, whatever *they* might be. I had a sense of "Armenia" as a fragile network of restaurants inhabited by people who seemed to live elsewhere—in somebody else's country. All that seemed real to me was the affection, the mysterious bond. On the walls of the restaurant, I remember, there were photographs of various Armenians who had "made good." One of them was a picture of my father with William Saroyan, the Armenian-American writer from California, whose plays had been appearing on Broadway and winning prizes. In the photograph, the two men were seated at a table with drinks in front of them, smoking cigarettes, staring rather glassily into the flashbulb—the usual night-club snapshot. It seemed to me a romantic and heroic moment: my father together with Mr. Saroyan. My eyes always turned to it—that glimpse of an Armenian comradeship.

But then after dinner we all walked out of the Golden Horn, saying goodbye to Mr. Salisian, leaving Aram Salisian and his world behind—and were back in our own world. On a few occasions, perhaps encouraged by our moments at the restaurant, I later questioned my father about Armenia, but I tried this rarely, because he so visibly wished not to be connected with the subject—in fact, brushed off such simple questions as I might have put—and because, indeed, I had no strong wish to be connected with it myself. Once, I remember, I asked him to come to the phone to take a call from a Mr. Hagopian, an Armenian professor who wished to discuss a literary project. "Tell him I'm out," my father said coldly. Afterward, I asked him why, for Hagopian and he had clearly never met. "He'll only want to talk about Armenian problems," my father said. "He'll go on for hours. They end up boring you to death." Later, more casually, he said, "They're a sweet people, but you can't let them get too close."

For the most part, I was content to leave things as they were. I was only slightly curious about my Armenian background—or so I thought, although, if I had understood how to acknowledge such matters, I might have known that I was haunted by it. Mostly, I was afraid of it. (What *were* "Armenian problems"? I supposed they must have to do with "Turkish massacres" and "starving Armenians," and such—distant and repellent events that I had vaguely heard about and that obviously had little or nothing to do with us.) What was I afraid of? It's difficult to remember now. Probably of being exposed in some way, or pulled down by the connection: that association of "difference," one's own "difference," with something deeply pejorative, with sin. I can't say that I felt sinful in any explicit sense, but I felt somehow marked—even to the extent, for much of my life, of considering myself unnaturally dark, so that a few years ago I was astonished to hear a skin doctor describe my skin as "light." And in the end (and perhaps in the beginning, too) I came to hate my father for my fear. It was not the only emotion I felt toward him, for I loved him, too. He was seldom an emotionally expressive man, I knew, but he was kind to me. He was my father. Also, I was afraid of him. Something always lay between us—something unspoken and (it seemed) unreachable. We were strangers.



WHEN my father died, nineteen years ago, I felt we were no closer. Even as on his deathbed he talked with me amiably and we held each other's hands. Even as, later, I wrote about him—for I myself had become a writer, although not a novelist, and tried to make a kind of contact with him, and with my mother, by writing about their life together and his career. As I remember, his funeral service was held in a Greek Orthodox church (my mother's church), rather than in an Armenian church. "All his life, he wanted to be free of the Armenians," my mother said. I missed him, although it was a relief to me in some ways that he was gone. Absent. In truth, I dreamed about him often, usually in the same scenario, or in dreams with the same feel to them: a feeling of distance between us. Sometimes he called to me and I couldn't hear what he was saying. Sometimes he merely stood apart—a solitary and somehow disapproving figure. We were still strangers.

By this time, I had turned forty. My mother was dead, too. My own identity as an American seemed to me fairly definite—at least on the surface. I had an American wife and American children—a satisfactory American career and life. Then, one day, out of the blue, I was asked by an Armenian group in New York to come down and give a talk about writing. I was surprised and flattered by the invitation—for my lecture services were not in great demand—and said yes.

I can remember the evening vividly. The talk was given in an auditorium of the Armenian Cathedral, on Second Avenue—a place I had never before visited. The audience sat before me on little chairs—middle-aged Armenian men and women, for the most part, the men generally stocky, the women wearing old-fashioned flowered dresses. What I said was undistinguished, but all of a sudden I myself felt greatly moved. I remember standing at the lectern gazing into the rows of clearly Armenian faces—more Armenians than I had ever before seen together—and experiencing an extraordinary pull. My eyes told me that these people were different from me, but I knew that they were not so different. I didn't know what else I knew.

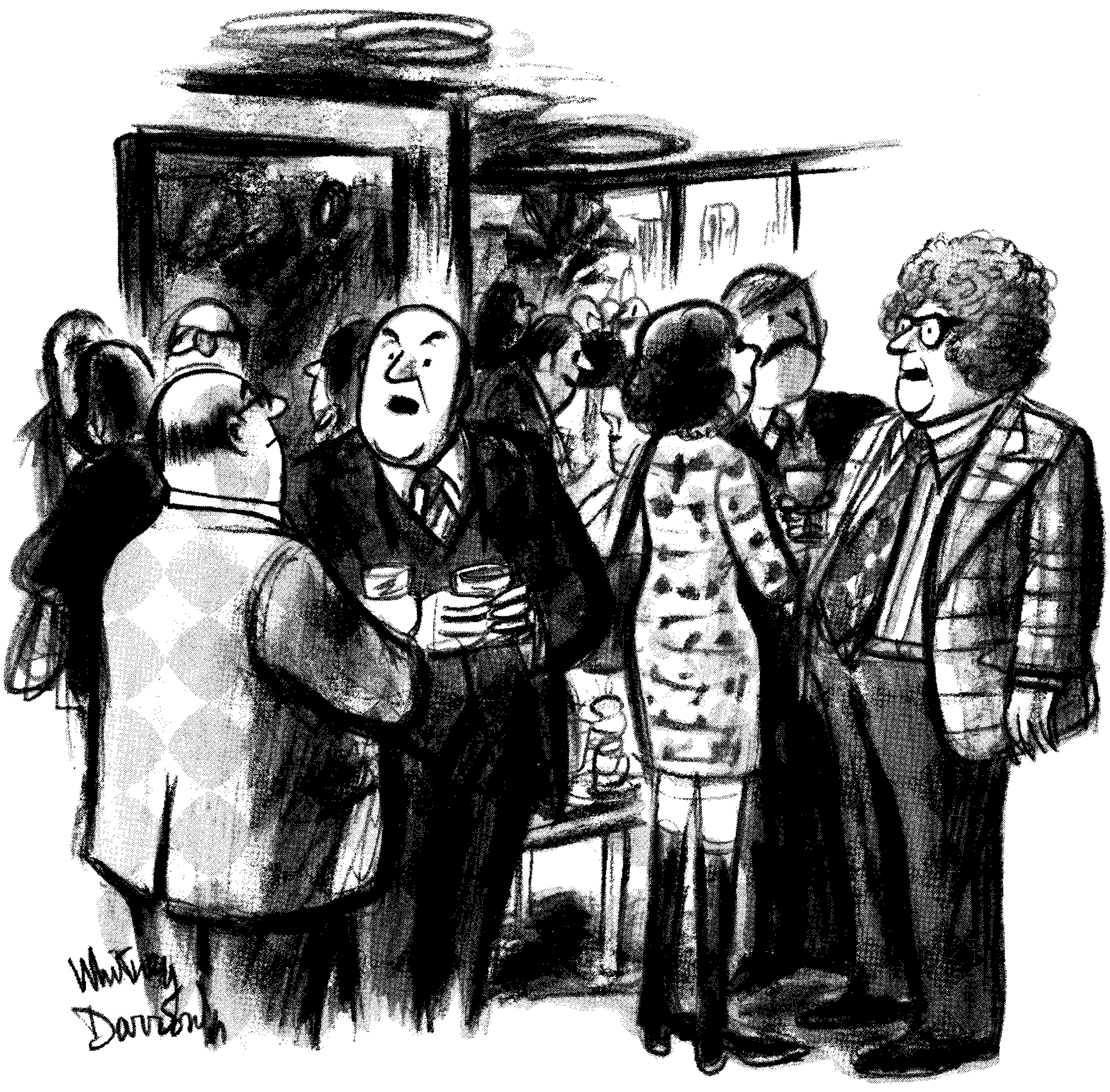
Afterward, an old gentleman with thick white hair came up to me. "An interesting talk," he said. "Although you didn't mention any Armenian writers. It's too bad we never saw your father here."

"I don't think he thought of himself as Armenian," I said. And as soon as I had said it I realized that it was untrue.

"Of course he was Armenian," said the old man. "You are Armenian. It is not such a strange thing to be Armenian. Come, have some coffee."

I think I thought something like You can go forward here, or stay where you are. And so I went with him and had some coffee.

Such small beginnings. That evening, for the first time, I met Armenians on my own. Armenian women who laughed and asked too many questions. Thick-chested men who seemed always to have their arms around each other. Too many cups of coffee and small, sweet cakes. I was *there*—wherever *there* was. It was an uncertain beachhead, for I kept fighting off the desire to bolt. Never let them get too close! But I also knew that a corner of some missing piece had briefly become visible.



"That's another thing about knee-jerk liberals. They always manage to keep their hair."

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As I finally made my way toward the door, a voice called out, "You will come back!" I couldn't tell whether it was a statement or a question.

"I will," I said.

The journey had begun.

MY wife said, "Did you know that Mt. Ararat was in Armenia?" She had been reading one of my new Armenian books.

I said I knew.

"Do you suppose Noah was an Armenian?"

I said I didn't think it worked that way.

Later, she said, "Tell me about the kings of Nairi."

"I don't know about them," I said.

"It says here they were your ancestors. It says, 'Many years ago, the land of Armenia was ruled over by the kings of Nairi.' "

IT is possible to learn nearly anything from books, except, perhaps, about the kings of Nairi. Kings, indeed! Such roughnecks as inhabited the world then! We are talking of three thousand years ago—maybe more—when the fierce and martial Assyrians clanked about Asia Minor. Five thousand years ago, when civilized life was well under way in Egypt, Babylon, and Sumer, it had also begun to appear—or, at least, leave records of itself—in certain valleys of the vast mountain plateau that stretches from the Russian Caucasus southward between the Black and Caspian Seas and into what is now eastern Turkey. Even then, this was a land of farms and vineyards and large mineral deposits: a beautiful, remote terrain of fertile valleys and high mountain peaks, all of it, even the flat parts, elevated—much like the American West—with the average height around six thousand feet above sea level. For thousands of years, primitive peoples had lived in the valleys below the great mountains. There they had begun to tend wild vines—the vines that most likely seeded the vines of Babylon and Egypt. They had mined for tin and copper, producing bronze for the Bronze Age and metalwork for Ur of the Chaldees. They had made pottery and evolved striking geometric pottery designs, which showed up as far away as ancient Palestine and Syria. These people were a multitude of tribes, whose stock was mainly Hurrian and Hittite. Many tribes and many kings: the kings of Nairi. In fact, "Nairi" is a word that comes to us from Assyrian records, and it does not mean very much anymore. It is only a word, with perhaps rather a sweet sound to it. "Twenty-three kings of the land of Nairi ordered their chariots and warriors to assemble and rose against me for war and battle," wrote a scribe of the Assyrian King Tiglath-pileser I, himself a redoubtable roughneck.

But eventually out of Nairi came the kingdom of Urartu. Now, there is a word without any sweet sound to it. Urartu . . . Ararat. Mt. Ararat, of the Genesis ark story. Later—around 600 B.C.—the Book of Jeremiah speaks of the kingdom of Ararat, as the prophet inveighs against wicked Babylon: "Set ye up a standard in the land, blow the trumpet among the nations against her, call together against her the kingdoms of Ararat, Minni, and Ashchenaz." The Urartians built towns and fortresses. They dug irrigation ditches and constructed large aqueducts. They traded with the Mediterranean communities; not only that, they bestrode one of the great natural trade routes of the world—through the mountain passes of what came to be called the Armenian highlands. The Urartians produced pottery and war chariots and armor. They borrowed cuneiform from the Assyrians, but they evolved their own speech, a descendant of the Hurrian language, which itself was unlike anything else: one of those odd languages that developed (in the remoteness of the mountains) independently of the main language systems.

The growth of Urartu threatened the Assyrians, and so the Assyrians made war on the kingdom—a difficult and essentially unrewarding occupation for the Assyrians, who year after year were compelled to march their army northward great distances into the inhospitable mountains. There is a pair of huge bronze gates now in the British Museum—carted off from an Assyrian city by some enterprising archeologist—which depict the campaigns of King Shalmaneser III against Aramu, King of Urartu. Since this was Shalmaneser's record of the event, the Assyrians are shown to be ahead, at least to the extent of pictographs displaying burning fortresses and Urartians impaled on stakes. For the most part, the Assyrians and the Urartians fought each other, off and on, for nearly three hundred years—until both states were weakened to the point of extinction. The Assyrians probably went down first, being toppled (shortly before Jeremiah's invocation) by the Medes, and by the "Ashchenaz," who were a wave of one of the first big nomad invasions—that of the vast Asiatic tribe known to later Westerners as the Scythians, and to the Chinese as the Sai-Wang. A few years later, the kingdom of Urartu—itself beset by Medes and Scythians—started to fall apart, too, disintegrating into separate tribes, and soon ceased to exist as a nation.

Some of the tribes that had been part of Urartu remained, and in this war-torn area two new groups also made their presence felt. The smaller of these was the Armen, or Armeni, which, according to Herodotus, had migrated to the area by way of Thrace and Phrygia. The larger, and more advanced, tribe was the Hayasa, which had once been part of an ancient Hittite federation in Asia Minor. This, then, was the point at which the Armenians appeared in history—from a mingling of the Hayasa, the Armen, and the remains of the tribes of Urartu. In fact, traditionally—in their own language—the Armenians refer to themselves as Hai and to their country as Hayastan. According to ancient Armenian legend, Haik, a descendant of Japheth (one of Noah's three sons), rebelled against the Assyrian tyrant Belus some time after the destruction of the Tower of Babel and fled with his family "north to the land of Ararat." Belus went after him, "gathering a great army," and a mighty battle was fought. Haik killed Belus with a lucky arrow, and where Belus died Haik built a village, which he "caused to be named after himself." So much for legends.

The first appearance of the name Armenia is probably in an inscription set up about 520 B.C. by Darius the Great, of Achaemenid Persia, who, on a rock face about five hundred feet above the ancient road from Ecbatana to Babylon, let the world know some of the difficulties he had run into after seizing the Persian throne:

> Says Darius the King: While I was at Babylon, these nations revolted against me; namely, Persia, Susa, Media, Assyria, Arminaiya, Parthia, Margiana, Sattagidia, and Sacia.
>
> Says Darius the King: Then Dadarses by name, an Arminaiyan, one of my servants, him I sent to Arminaiya.
>
> I said unto him: Greetings to thee. If a rebel state should not obey me, smite it. Then Dadarses marched. When he reached Arminaiya, the rebels came before him, arraying their battle. Zuzza by name, a village of Arminaiya, there they engaged. The God Ahuramazda brought help to me. My forces entirely defeated the rebel army.

There is a pictograph accompanying the cuneiform: Darius, the stern teacher, stands beside his throne; the nine rebel leaders are ranged before him with ropes around their necks. Further on in the text, there is a reference to "Aracus the Arminaiyan," who is mentioned as "usurper" of no less a place than Babylon itself. "He threw Babylon into revolt," says the Great King crossly, adding, "For which he was punished." One can imagine. Here, then, were the Armenians. Mountain people. Pupils before a stern teacher. They had fought off the Assyrians, and survived the Scythians and Medes. The Persians demanded ten thousand horses a year as tribute. Cavalry was to be the weapon of the future.

I wondered what to make of these my forebears, for it was hard not to have some kind of thought about them, usually self-serving. Were they noble or ignoble? Winners or losers? I thought, What kind of crazy notion was that: Were the kings of Nairi winners or losers? It was all so far away and out of focus. My books showed hazy photographs of excavated jars and helmets from Urartu—immense earthen jars and strange, pointy helmets. Nairi was a word, Hayasa but a shadow. The Great King Darius (who employed his own artist) came through, somehow, more clearly: an unusually large man for his time, nearly six feet tall, with thick arms and a fiercely staring eye. But it was difficult to glimpse the Armenians: Dadarses, Aracus, and all the rest. Had

they always been part of someone else's story? They seemed to swim beneath the surface, far away in eddies of time.

ONE afternoon, I went to have tea with the white-haired old gentleman I had met at the church. It was in his apartment, on Thirty-third Street near First Avenue—not a fashionable address at first glance. One of those silent streets, with unkempt children fighting noiselessly on the sidewalk, and the dun-colored buildings waiting patiently to be torn down. Fortunately, it was not tea but brandy. We sat in the dark sitting room and discussed the condition of the city, the matter of children, and Armenian affairs. It was a soft time of day. The old gentleman spoke about Armenian music—not the fancy kind that they played in the church but what they played in "the old country." Had I ever heard the sound of the *doudek*? It was a beautiful sound, he said. He got up and went into the next room and came back with a small case. It contained a kind of flute, or reed. "It is best when two people play," he said. "Two *doudeks*. One of them holds a single note. The other plays the song. The song always gets the applause. But to hold the single note is very hard. There is a technique for it."

We sipped at the dark brandy. There were Oriental rugs on the floor. Tinted photographs of red-lipped children on the mantelpiece. A door opened quietly (a door from the outside? from a back room?), and another man entered. He was a cousin, a frail, angular man in his late sixties. He sat beside me on the faded plum-colored couch. The sunlight grew dim outside the windows. We talked some more about music, and about my father.

"Did he enjoy Armenian music?" asked the old gentleman.

"He never listened much to music," I said.

The cousin placed a hand on my arm in a feathery grip and began to talk in an intense, low voice about his family's experiences with the Turks. He described the killing of his father and his elder brother. He described the flight of his mother and his two sisters, one of whom was captured and never heard from again. "I can imagine what happened to her," he said. "The Turks were *fiends*. They knew only how to kill. We Armenians had done nothing to them. Nothing! We were simple, God-fearing people who asked only to be left to our ways. The Turks brutalized us and raped our women." He began to weep.

The old gentleman nodded soberly from across the room. He had the *doudek* on his lap. Everything inside the room was still, and the air felt thick. There were little boxes on every table, every surface. Through the open window came the sound of distant traffic. Buses. A taxi horn. The man on the couch began to speak again, this time more softly—in a kind of croon—about his boyhood, long ago. A village somewhere, the name of it unintelligible. A Turkish village? An Armenian village? He talked of running, fleeing, as a boy, across the desert. Of hiding in a cave for days. There were dead bodies in the cave. A camel driver befriended him and hid him for three weeks—or months. The story was true, I knew—a true and moving story, and one so far beyond my own experience. But I found I wished his arm away from mine, wished away his frail hand, his tears. "My father had committed no crime—can you believe it? He had done nothing wrong." I could believe it. But I wished to be away, and out in the busy street.

Later, I thought, This cannot be Armenia, this cannot be what it is. Tears. Stories of evil times. Dark interiors and the croon of old men. "My father had committed no crime." But he was killed, wasn't he, and his brothers were killed, and his sisters were destroyed, and this old man—this boy—had been made to run and hide and to become small in his fear. What kind of son was that? What kind of father?

I SOMETIMES wondered how I could learn anything about Armenians, or my father—or, indeed, myself—if I could not sit still with them.

Meanwhile, my wife annoyed me by making lists of "famous Armenians": Rouben Mamoulian, the movie director; Aram Khatchaturian, the composer; Garo Yepremian, the football player; Lucine Amara, the opera star. Did I know that the television actor Mike Connors was an Armenian (né Ohanian)? Did I know that Arlene Francis (née Kazanjian) was an Armenian? Kirk Kerkorian? Charles Aznavour (Aznourian)? Did I know that the mayor of Waukegan was named Sabonjian?

"Stop it," I said. I knew she was

trying to be helpful, but it irritated me. It was like making a list of "famous graduates" of a small, out-of-the-way college. Also, it was such an *Armenian* thing to do. I was in an irritable frame of mind. This was partly because it shamed me that I had been so put off by the two old cousins—particularly by the cousin who spoke about the Turks. The sturdy old fellow with the *doudek* I had liked and felt at ease with, but the one who lamented the destruction of his family by the Turks had put a desire for flight in my bones. I knew that it was wrong of me. I knew that he, of all people, required my sympathy. But I had found it almost physically impossible to keep my arm under his hand, and myself seated beside him listening to his voice.

IN THE HOSPITAL

Night breaths, short ones
from the garden, soft gasps
of snapdragon. Winter
reminds me of flowers.
Breath, where are you travelling?
You are not a caretaker,
but an illegible flower.
Winter reminds me of flowers.
Breath, the follower of air.

Night. Snow.

You forgot geriatrics,
anesthetic pillows,
taking back the seagull,
the spiritual moments of air.
Breath was what you lost
of her, that last moment.

Her love returns to you,
moment by moment, in the oval
messages of snow, in the oval
lips of cups. The curtains
are a message of her veil,
the glass the thin wall
of her clothes, the drawers
like the lives who used her cradle.

I look out my window
at the bent man and his
frosty plumes of breath
which explain a wealth of sight
within his dark coat, within
his cold shoes and questionable
books. I look at your tears,
the white cinders of snow
that the earth is carrying.

At this moment the reason
for your breath is given, the reason being
truce between bones
and the skin of your hands,
the truce of these dark trees
on the clean sheets of snow.

A thought at a time, a world
at a time, like the sky
without another meaning, no matter
how you look, no matter how
you lower your eyes
from its opening heart of color,
an answer to an answer to a prayer.

Mother, I speak softly,
and father does not hear.
The times he has cupped his hand
and shaken his paper
are a welcome from your mother,
who now sends me running and grasping
through the invisible cells, into mysteries
of shapes and existence, our lives
tumbled into us like a cord of firewood
burning, the pain forgetfulness,
the message a puzzle like one of the cups—
Made in Occupied Japan.

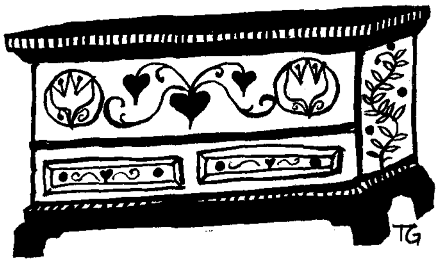
I have been embarrassed by the testimony
of the tongues, changed roads, habits,
of the moment of prayer
for the opening of my heart,
the pain and swelling.
Didn't I always understand
the snow and the laughter, the bay leaves
of the cupboards resting in the snow?

—LAURA JENSEN

• •

What had been so hard about it? At first, I thought that I had been too repelled by his tale of misery—that the details of his tragedy, as of a friend's car accident or operation, had been too rich to stomach. But as soon as I thought this I knew that it was not so. I had never been squeamish about such things, and certainly not as a result of an old man's lamentations. I realized that, instead, I was still possessed by a kind of fear. For later, walking hurriedly away from that apartment on Thirty-third Street, I had said to myself, "I know that somewhere there exists a different type of Armenian, a prosperous, vigorous, robust type of Armenian, who does not live in dark rooms and weep about the past." I had even formed the phrase "prosperous, vigorous, robust" in my mind. And afterward, when I remembered the phrase, it embarrassed me, for the feelings I seemed to express within my head were so unaccepting that I doubted whether I could ever get close to Armenians. The old cousin's words continued to stick in my mind. "My father had committed no crime . . . had done nothing wrong," he had said, and he had added, "Yet the Turks destroyed us!" As I thought about it, there seemed to be something terrible buried in that admission, although whether the negative electrical charge I felt lay in the statement or in me I couldn't tell. Only that I hated it.

Around this time, I went to a different kind of Armenian event: a concert at the Armenian Cathedral—a recital at which perhaps a half-dozen Armenian musicians performed on the piano and the violin and the cello. The musicians all seemed serious and quite youthful, and the music was good. The audience was very dressy, and I was immediately conscious of being in the presence of many prosperous and vigorous (and doubtless robust) Armenians. Indeed, some of them barely seemed Armenian—except, of course, that they were irrevocably Armenian. During the intermission, I had a drink with two brothers, both in their forties, who apparently owned a large amount of property somewhere in New Jersey and were about to erect a "total-living complex" for thousands of families. Both men had wonderful mustaches and thick, heavy faces, and odd, flouncy-frilly blue shirts. They spoke in a kind of duet about property values and interest rates—serious men with booming laughs, if such a thing is possible. "Were these the kings of Nairi?" I asked myself.



After the concert, a number of us went to the apartment of another man, called Bud—also Armenian. It was a fine apartment uptown in the East Seventies, with a view of Central Park. The rooms were carefully strewn with a variety of Chinese objects—vases, screens, and such. There were several drawings by Rodin and Braque and others hanging in the foyer, which had an imitation-marble floor. We sat in a row on a large leather sofa, or else stood by the large windows and looked down upon the lamplit park. Our host's wife, a handsome Armenian woman wearing mandarin pajamas, brought around liqueurs.

"How does your name happen to be Bud?" I asked the host, for I was interested in the provenance of names.

"Actually, my real name is Yeprad, which means Euphrates," he said, "but everyone calls me Bud."

We all trooped in to see the new glass table in the dining room, which had been mounted on a piece of driftwood brought back from the Bahamas.

"How is business?" I asked Bud, for it certainly seemed to be good.

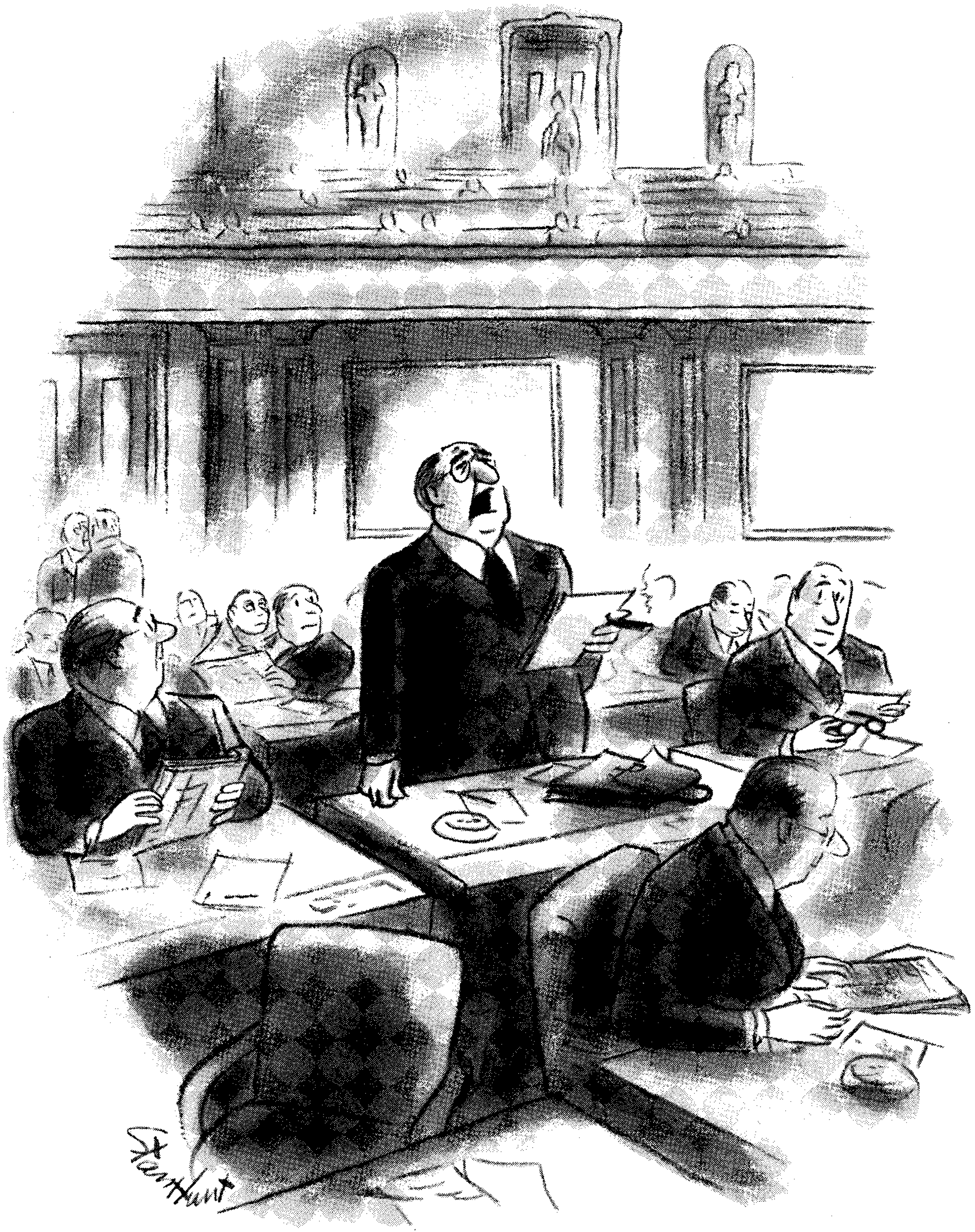
"It's very good," he said. "I deal mainly in copper, and, as you know, the price of copper is up."

We shuffled along quietly on thick carpets. A large hanging carpet with a lion design had been recently brought back from Ethiopia. Several of the guests were drinking Japanese beer.

"Would you like to see a painting I have of Mt. Ararat?" asked Bud.

I said I would.

We went into a small room off the kitchen—a maid's room that had been converted into a utility room but seemed to be rarely used. A pile of women's dresses was on a narrow bed. A sewing machine stood open on a table. On the far wall, between a watercolor of some sailboats and a child's drawing of a horse, there hung an oil painting of Mt. Ararat. It was executed, on the whole, in a modernist fashion: the mountain was a deep red, the sky was a shade of yellow; in fact, it looked rather Polynesian. We stood together admiring the painting.



"And may I say, Mr. Speaker, at the risk of seeming to appear partisan . . ."

"The truth is I am not very active in Armenian matters," said Bud. "That is, I am not as active as I should be."

I said, "I saw in the concert program that you're on numerous Armenian boards. Also, you were at the concert."

"Yes, I know," he said. "But I am not involved the way my parents were."

It was a thoughtful moment. I did not know what else to say.

"But look here," said Bud, brightening. "I have some Armenian books." He bent down beside a small bookcase in a corner containing a variety of books, many of which were paperback or Modern Library editions and looked as if they might have been bought at college. He held up three larger volumes, two of which I recognized, for I had recently purchased them myself: a standard Armenian history text, and an account of the Turkish massacres entitled "Armenia: The Case for a Forgotten Genocide." The third was a travel book.

"Have you read this one?" I asked, pointing to the book about the massacres. I had opened it a few days earlier and, strangely repelled and fascinated by the photographs, had soon put it down.

Bud examined the outside of the book cautiously. "No, I've read enough about the Turks," he said. "I'm not interested anymore in that business with the Turks."

One of the New Jersey real-estate brothers came into the room and caught sight of the book we were examining—or, rather, not examining. "What's this?" he said sternly, but with the same booming effect. "What do you read this for? Haven't you read enough of such things?" He seemed to be laughing and scowling at the same time.

"Yes, it's all ancient history," said Bud.

"We're Americans," said the man

from New Jersey. "I was in the war."

"Aram was in Korea," Bud told me. "Did you know there were Turks on our side in Korea?"

"I have no quarrel with the Turks," said the New Jersey American called Aram. "The Turks are my brothers. I embrace the Turks!" He looked at me. "Are not all men my brothers?"

"Yes, they are," I said.

He put his arm around my shoulder. "I tell you, there is no point in raking over the past."

Later, back in the living room, I asked Bud where his parents had come from.

"Fresno, California," he said. "The San Joaquin Valley. There were many Armenians there, did you know? They came from the old country." He sighed. "It's beautiful in that valley. But I have not been back there in a long time. Many years."

"Where in the old country?" I asked.

Bud looked vague, almost amused. "Oh, it was one of those small villages in the mountains," he said.

Just then, his wife, the handsome woman in the Chinese pajamas, paused on her way through the room. She glanced at her husband with a small smile—a passing look that seemed to come from somewhere else—and for a second even her chinoiserie appeared to vanish or recede. "But, Yep," she said (it must have been short for Yeprad), "you know it was Mirash, about twenty miles from Bitlis."

"That's it," said Bud briskly. "Near Bitlis. In the old country." He got to his feet—a short, energetic man in his early fifties, with only slightly graying hair and a fine suntan. He grinned. He was clearly a hospitable man. "Come on, let's feed the tropical fish," he said.

I KNEW I should begin to read some of the "difficult" books about the Armenians—namely, the post-First World War literature on the massacres—but I found it hard to do so. It wasn't a *simple* reaction—that of not wanting to read about dreadful things, or not wanting to read about Armenians' being mistreated. At least, I told myself it wasn't that, for I felt that by then I had surely read of enough atrocities (as had most citizens of this century), enough "case histories" of pain administered and people broken—in this fashion or in that fashion, in this country or in that country—so that there could be little reason now for me suddenly to be unable to confront what the Turks had once done to the Armenians. Still, there was something about these books—buried within these stories—that bothered me inside where I had not been bothered before: something more complicated than moral nausea, more troubling than a voyeuristic shudder.

"Now you're talking!"

Now and then, in the evening, my wife would peer into one of my Armenian books and call out to me across the room, "My God! You won't believe how awful it was!" Then she would show me, or leave for me to read, an account of one or another dreadful happening. I remember one such passage in particular. It was an account of an Armenian priest and two Armenian schoolteachers who had been seized in their village by the Turks in 1915. The Turkish gendarmes had handed the Armenians over to a Turkish mob. The priest had been tied to a chair, and then the hair on his head and the hair of his beard had been pulled out. Then his ears had been sliced off. Then his nose. Then his eyes had been gouged out. Nails had been driven into the schoolteachers' hands and feet, as on a crucifix, and then into their heads. The account described the "hideous anguish" and "unholy screams" of the victims. As I read, I could feel my stomach churn at the physical aspect of the atrocities. But I felt something else churning inside me as well. For there seemed to be a voice behind that terrible tale which I could abide even less than the event described. Was it the voice of "hideous anguish" and "unholy screams"? Was it a more general and pervasive voice—a voice that seemed to run as an undercurrent through much of the writing about these massacres? It was hard to tell, but it made me want to weep and also to throw the book aside, away.

I remember that my wife asked me afterward, "Wasn't it terrible what they did?"

And I felt so angry that I could hardly speak.

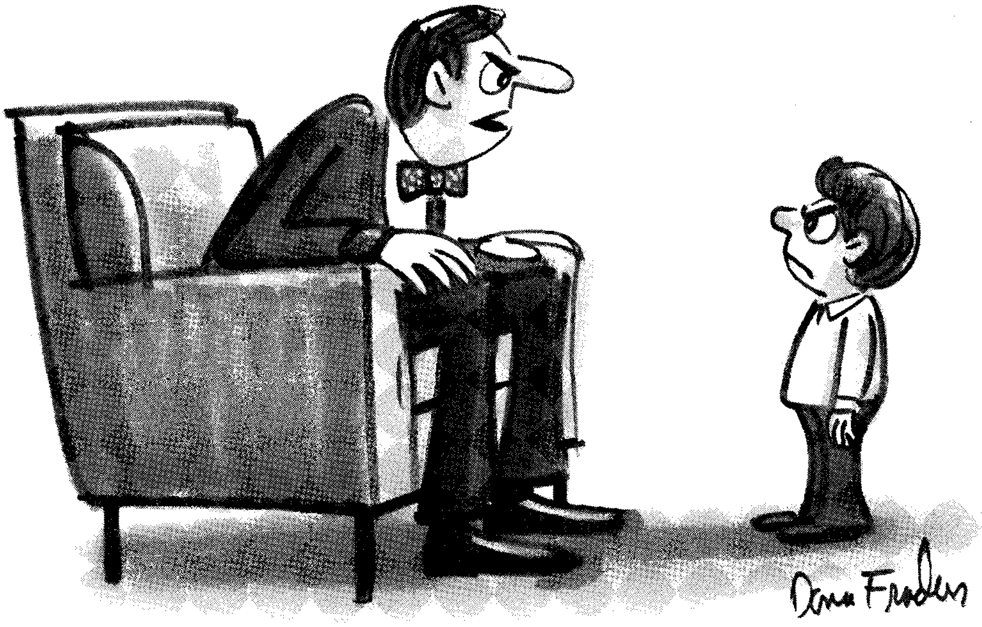
She saw my mood and quickly said, "Oh, I'm so sorry. Of course, they're your people."

But inside me I knew I was not angry then at the Turks—not mainly so—or, certainly, at her. I was angry at something else. But at what? It was a mystery.

AND so I continued to read about the Armenian past—the faraway, historical past.

For example, Xenophon's "Anabasis," which I had read thirty years before in school without noticing that much of the retreat of the Ten Thousand took place through the Armenian high country.

"They formed up together about midday and marched through Armenia [wrote Xenophon], all plain and little smooth hills. . . . This district was called Southern Armenia. The Lieutenant Governor was named Tiribazos



“I’m asking you nicely, but I’m not ruling out the use of force!”

[an Armenian, who was the King of Persia’s friend] and it was his right to mount the King on horseback when he was present. . . .

“A north wind blew in their faces, parching everything and freezing the men. . . . The snow was one fathom deep, so that many animals and slaves were lost, and soldiers too, numbering about thirty. . . .

“Xenophon . . . begged them with prayer and entreaties not to fall behind . . . but they asked him to cut their throats, march they could not. . . . It was dark now and the enemy were following in confusion and quarrelling over what they had. Then the rear guard [of the Hellenes] shouted as loudly as they might and banged spears against their shields.”

After dodging Tiribazos and his men, the Greeks finally descended into a warmer valley, filled with friendly Armenian villages.

“The people never let them go without offering them a feast. Everywhere on the same table there were piles of lamb, kid, pork, veal, fowl, with all manner of cakes, both wheaten and barley. . . . They found Cheirisophos and his men in their quarters, garlanded with crowns of straw and served by Armenian boys in their native costume. [Cheirisophos and Xenophon] together asked the headman, through the interpreter, who spoke Persian, which country this was. He said, The land of Armenia. They asked him for whom he was breeding the colts. He replied, They are tribute for the king. The neighboring country, he said, was the land of the Chalybeans, and pointed where the road lay.”

There was something very moving in that ancient and human narrative, with its account of the dreadful march through the mountains. Tough Greek veterans, in their desert sandals, begging their commander to slit their throats in the snow! And on the rocks behind them and above them the Armenians following, a bit like Indians. Then, down in the valley, the Greeks and the Armenians had briefly come together. Sea people, inheritors of Crete, exchanging wary toasts with mountain people, inheritors of Urartu. “Cheirisophos and his men . . . garlanded with crowns of straw.” Such brutal, fairy-tale times!

It seemed to me wonderful that the Armenians, *we* Armenians, should have such an ancient and textured history. Not always a glorious and victorious one, mind you. That was too much to expect of a small nation placed by God and geography on the outskirts of the world’s great central empires. But clearly the Armenians had not been entirely *ignored* by large events or important empires. First, the Persians, with their ponderous palaces and their almighty god, Ahura Mazda. Compared to other nations then, Armenia was a territory of substantial size. Not only that—it was a strategic terrain, for the Armenian plateau took the shape of a kind of citadel; topographically, Armenia looked down upon the great and busy nations of the lowlands. The Persians left a local man in charge of this northern province—usually a powerful Armenian chief or landowner, whom they called governor or sometimes prince—and, for the most part, kept their distance, except for putting down an occasional rebellion or engaging in a religious persecution or two. And except for the horses.

In the time of Xerxes, as many as twenty-five thousand horses were sent down from Armenia to Persia every year, and in later periods the number doubled and redoubled. Twenty-five thousand horses—a considerable herd. The Armenian plateau, it turned out (in another odd parallel with the American West), was an unusually fine place to raise good horses, for the short, stubby, seemingly dry grasses were immensely rich in protein, and the high-altitude air produced a type of animal possessing exceptional speed and stamina—ideal for cavalry. Imagine a “drive” of twenty-five thousand yearlings from Armenia five hundred miles to Ecbatana!

These early Persians had such great dreams of a coherent empire. They dreamed of cavalry, the unbeatable war machine, before anyone had invented stirrups. They dreamed of a trade-and-communications network before anyone had much to trade or communicate, and so built roads westward across Asia Minor and north into Armenia. Old Darius himself always kept an eye to the north, and toward the end of his long reign—he was then an aging Persian autocrat tinkering with early, erratic notions of religious freedom as well as with early concepts of highway design—dispatched a military expedition into Armenia, through Armenia, through the Caucasus, and out into the Eurasian steppe, where, finding nothing, it eventually turned back. What were they looking for, these Persians standing around in the middle of the deserted Ukraine at the start of the fifth century B.C.? Darius never said.

The Persians had noticed Armenia because of its strategic position as a defense against the Scythians and because of its horses. The Greeks soon noticed it for the same reasons, and because of trade, since a natural passageway existed through the valleys and icy mountains of Armenia which connected the Eastern world with the Mediterranean and Greek world. The Urartians had sensed the possibilities of this northern route. The Persians had kept their eyes on it, though they were more interested in tribute than in commerce. Now came the enterprising Greeks. Greek trading settlements and Greek culture spread all across eastern Asia Minor and, according to Pliny, “right up to the borders of mountainous Armenia.” The Seleucid governor Pa-

"Parker, you have exhausted my reservoir of good will."

trocles travelled in person to Armenia, with a corps of engineers, to see if a canal could be dug to link the Black Sea with the Caspian Sea, three hundred miles away. He decided that it couldn't.

After the Greeks came the Romans. For the most part, the Greeks, like the Persians, had let the Armenians pretty much rule themselves. Now, with the rise of Rome, as the competing powers pushed and shoved each other across Asia Minor, the Armenians declared themselves independent, grabbed off some land from the long-downtrodden Medes, and announced that their princes were now kings. One of the first of these, King Artaxias I, determined to erect a proper capital, which he called Artaxata—"the joy of Artaxias." It was laid out on the great green plain of Ararat by no less a surprise city planner than the retired Carthaginian general Hannibal. Plutarch wrote some years afterward, "Hannibal the Carthaginian, after the defeat of Antiochus by the Romans, coming to Artaxias, King of Armenia . . . observing the great natural capacities and pleasantness of the site, then lying unoccupied and neglected, drew a model of a city for it. . . . At which the King, being pleased, and desiring him to oversee the work, erected a large and stately city." Juvenal, the Roman satirist, later spoke of "the dissident morals of Artaxata," which is an odd and interesting thought.

For a while, the Romans and the Armenians maintained a distant, amicable—or, at least, standoffish—relationship, but it wasn't likely that the Romans would ignore forever the strange lights of Artaxata winking away into the darkness on the periphery of the civilized world. For one thing, by the first century B.C. the Romans had become engaged in what would be one of history's most endless and pointless rivalries—that with Parthia, an Iranian federation, which had replaced the Achaemenid empire—and were therefore continually made aware of the strategic factor of Armenia. For another, the Romans, ever businesslike, were attracted to the possibilities of East-West trade, and, what with southeastern Asia Minor generally in turmoil, they became increasingly interested in the Armenian trade route. At one point, the Roman Senate sent the great general Pompey off to Armenia to chart a better passageway to India. Pompey travelled around Armenia and the Caucasus for a while, presumably trying to imagine a Roman thoroughfare through the Hindu Kush, and then recommended much the same route that already existed—except for the addition of a road to Trebizond (where Xenophon and his men had reached the sea), which was later built by Roman engineers. Like it or not, the Armenians were getting—or finding themselves—*involved*.

There is also the story of Tigran II of Armenia, known to Armenians as Tigran the Great. Tigran was a descendant of King Artaxias and became king of Armenia in 95 B.C., at a time when Rome was occupied elsewhere. He succeeded his father, Artavazd I, after paying a ransom of "seventy valleys" to the powerful Parthians, who had held him as a hostage for several years. Then Tigran murdered a neighboring Armenian prince and took over his territory. He next made an alliance with Mithridates, a warrior king who ruled the nearby country of Pontus, and married Mithridates' daughter Cleopatra (a different Cleopatra). In the name of his father-in-law, Tigran invaded the sizable kingdom of Cappadocia. The Roman general Sulla was called in and threw him out, but Tigran nevertheless went on to invade Parthia, where he got back his seventy valleys, and overran four Parthian vassal states. Having avenged himself against his former captors, he marched his army as far as the kingdom of Cilicia, which bordered the Mediterranean. He advanced into Syria and was presented with the Seleucid crown. Finally, he invaded Cappadocia again, this time successfully. By the year 70 B.C., Tigran of Armenia was the most powerful ruler in western Asia. The "Armenian empire" extended from the Ararat Valley, in the north, to the Mediterranean, in the south, and as far as Tyre, on the formerly Phoenician coast. Tigran called himself "King of Kings" and decreed that a new and greater Armenian capital should be built near the headwaters of the river Tigris, in central Asia Minor. Ah, Tigran! What a ferocious and unlovely old roughneck he must have been! Nor were his imperial pretensions without a certain dreadful style. It was his ambition to Hellenize his rougher countrymen, by colonizing the wild mountain lands of Armenia with settlements of cultivated Greeks. Alas, few cultivated Greeks wished to move into the mountains of Armenia—not even to Tigranocerta, the fine new city that Tigran was building on their

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Adria Miner on the Miners' third visit to Bermuda.

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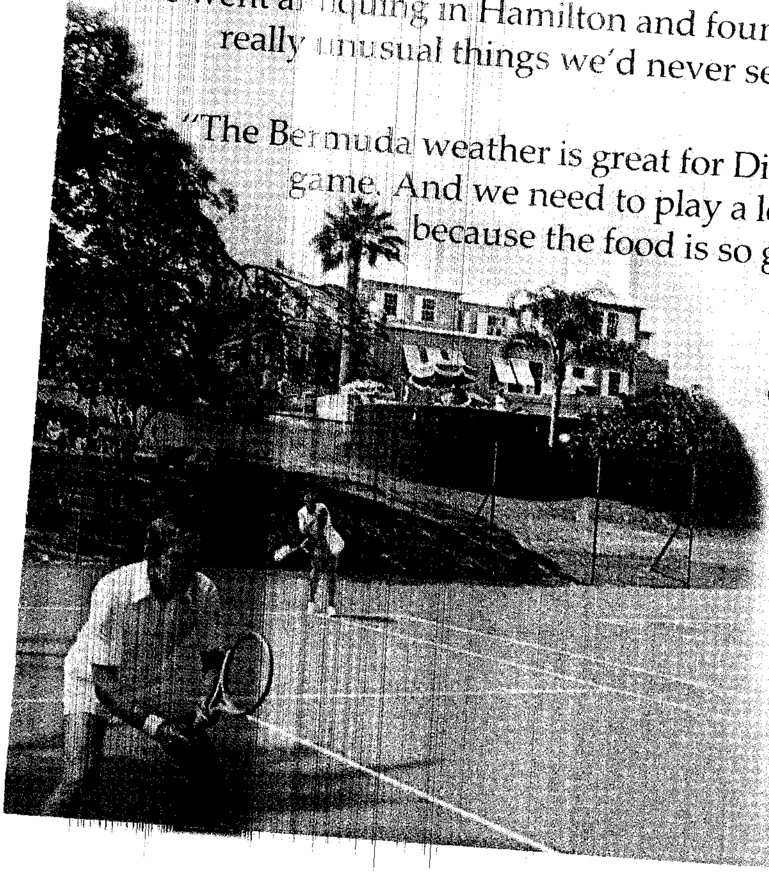

"We like to play darts after dinner and then just sit on the verandah and talk. Or maybe just listen to those tree frogs."

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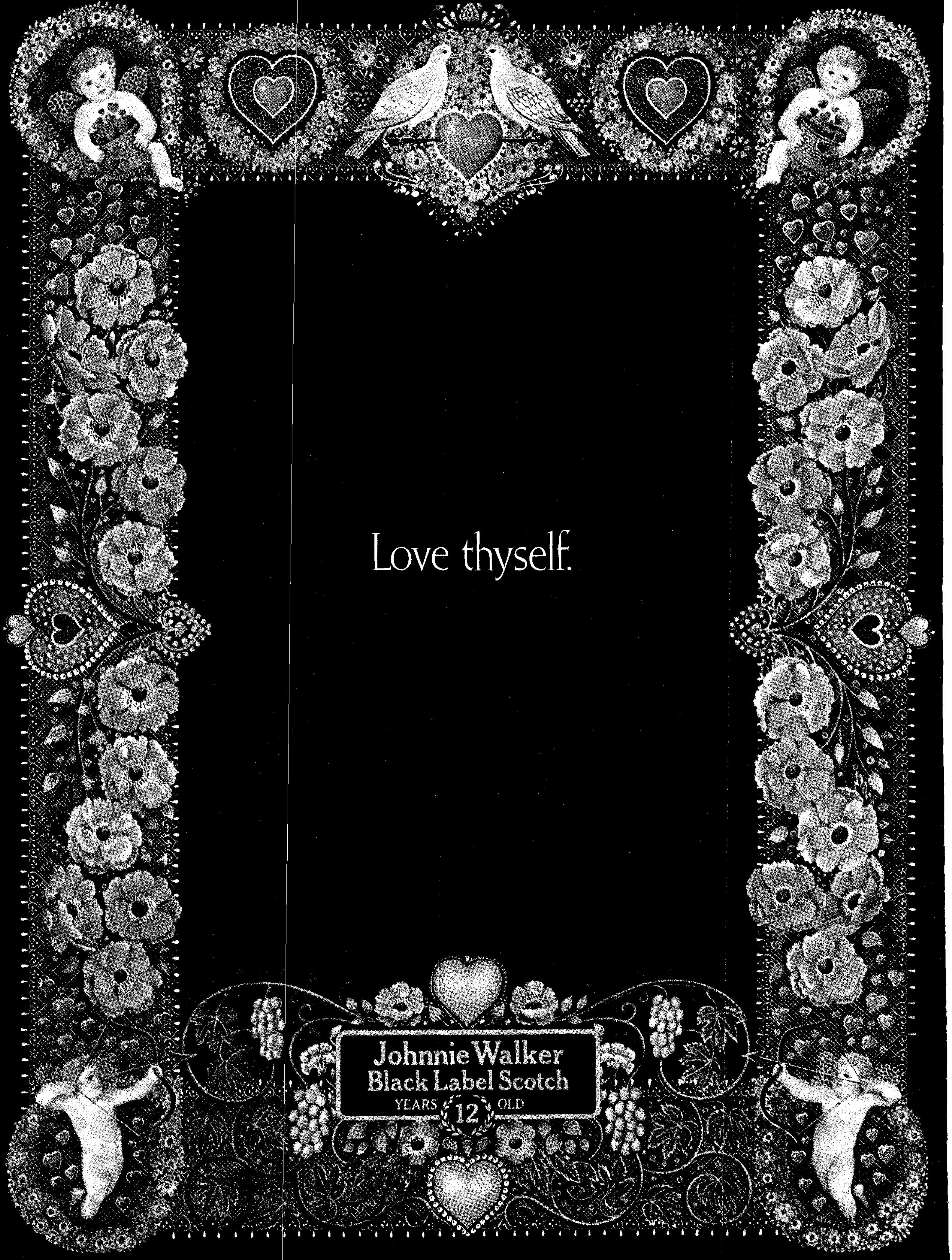
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southern edge. Tigran marched them there anyway: about three hundred thousand Greek prisoners from Cappadocia and Cilicia packed overland to the still building capital. A few came willingly: Amphicrates, an Athenian writer; also Metrodorus of Scepsis, who became a kind of resident historian to the monarch. The Roman writer Appian described Tigranocerta as "surrounded by a wall fifty cubits high, the base of which was full of stables," and he noted, "In the suburbs he built a palace and laid out large parks, hunting grounds, and lakes." A band of Greek actors (they were also prisoners) was in residence, preparing an entertainment for the inauguration of a new theatre. Unfortunately, just before that happy event the Romans arrived. The Greek geographer Strabo wrote, "Lucullus, who had waged war against Mithridates, arrived before Tigran had completed his undertaking, and not only dismissed the inhabitants to their several homelands but also attacked and utterly demolished the city, which was still only half finished, leaving a small village in its place."

Poor Tigran! But he did not give up so easily. He and Mithridates tried to drive off the Romans. When that didn't work, he seems to have turned on his father-in-law and erstwhile ally and tried to have him murdered. Finally, a unique combination of Romans and Parthians kept Tigran quiet enough to surrender to Pompey, who had taken over from Lucullus. According to Plutarch, the Roman general received Tigran graciously, and allowed him to keep what little kingdom he had left, asking only that he pay a "fine" of six thousand talents. Then the old king went back north to Armenia—the original, unexpanded, unimperial Armenia—where he ruled for ten more years as a sort of vassal of the Romans, and in 55 B.C., at the age of eighty-five and dotty, he died in his sleep in Artaxata. Doubtless the quiet sleep of ferocious old men.

Tigran, our national hero! Tigran the Great! Presumably every nation must have its own Napoleon—one of those fascinating egomaniacs, with their *gloire*, and *Blitzkrieg* empires, and dead bodies all the way back from Moscow or Cappadocia—and perhaps it is better to have one fading in the scrapbook from two thousand years ago than pinkly smiling from the turret of a tank. I think with surprise, My father's name was Tigran—for surely that is a transliteration of Dikran, his first name and a common name among Armenians. Tigran smiling from the turret of a tank! Tigran among the nightingales! Ah, but I feel there was something about that old Tigran—perhaps such *ungentleness*.

FRESNO, CALIFORNIA: "*Fresno*" is a Spanish word meaning "ash." There are still some ash trees here, scattered far out of town, but the Spanish influence, as they call it, is pretty well gone by now, unless you count the roadside Margarita places and Taco Pete's. The Armenian presence is a little more visible, but not much. There are two Armenian churches. An Armenian bakery. Two or three Armenian restaurants. There used to be an Armenian community—"Armenian Town"—but it has largely disappeared, torn up to make way for the new expressway and the shopping center. There is a Basque presence, also an Italian presence, and a Japanese presence, but mainly a Wasp presence, for this is a California town, a micro-city. "Fresno: Pop. 180,000," say the big green signs. What is going on here is agribusiness, which means the great earth factory of the San Joaquin Valley: untold acres of farmland, fruitland, vineland. Trees and vines and pastureland extending for miles between the invisible Pacific and the dimly visible Sierra: snowcapped blue mountains seen through a bluish haze. Over by the coast is Monterey—John Steinbeck's Cannery Row and Tortilla Flat. Here was William Saroyan's hot, flat valley filled with fruit and crops and poverty and life. "A man could walk four or five miles in any direction from the heart of our city and see our streets dwindle to land and weeds," Saroyan wrote in the nineteen-thirties. "In many places the land would be vineyard and orchard land, but in most places it would be desert land and the weeds would be the strong dry weeds of deserts. . . . Our trees were not yet tall enough to make much shade, and we had planted a number of kinds of trees we ought not to have planted because they were of weak stuff and would never live a century, but we had made a pretty good beginning. Our cemeteries were few and the graves in them were few. We had buried no great men because we hadn't had time to produce any great men, we had been too busy trying to get water into the desert." I don't know what I expected it to be like now. I know not like that, because nothing is like that anymore—certainly not in California. I think I expected to see Armenian faces at the airport or on the street. I think I expected to walk off the plane and see Armenians hanging around the car-rental counters, behind the car-rental counters. Armenians—for it was our town, wasn't it?

I stood one afternoon in a field on the outskirts of the city and looked at the fruit trees, which were bare in the March wind, and looked at the grapevines, which were also bare—brown tendrils close to the brown soil, stretching out to the horizon as far as the eye could see. The man who owned the field was an Armenian named Gadalian. He had thick, graying hair and a wide, leathery face and thick hands. He was about fifty years old, but an outdoor fifty—square shoulders and a large, tough belly. He was worrying about frost. "The frost is strange here," he said. "It comes in waves across the valley. In one place there may be frost, but on the farm across the road there may be no frost. Look at this." He held up a grapevine that had been bent or broken around another vine. "Nobody knows how to work the vines anymore," he said. It was a modest farm, about eighty acres. There was a comfortable small farmhouse on the edge of the property, just off the dirt road, with grapefruit trees in the front and a kennel for two or three large dogs in the back. We were standing next to a ramshackle old house or hut of dark redwood, weathered by rain and sun—a place for tools and empty boxes. "My father lived here," said Gadalian, pointing inside. "This is where we grew up. He was a good man, my father. He worked very hard."

"My father committed no crime." The bare trees stretch out everywhere. Bare branches against the metallic gray sky. Plums. Peaches. Apples. Grapefruit. Grapes. Fertility. The bluish mountains swim in haze against the sky.

"Did you know the Armenians brought the melons to California?" said Gadalian. "The melon they call the Persian melon. The casaba melon, whose seeds come from Kasaba, in Turkey. Most of the melons in this valley were grown by Arakelian. They called old Arakelian the Melon King."

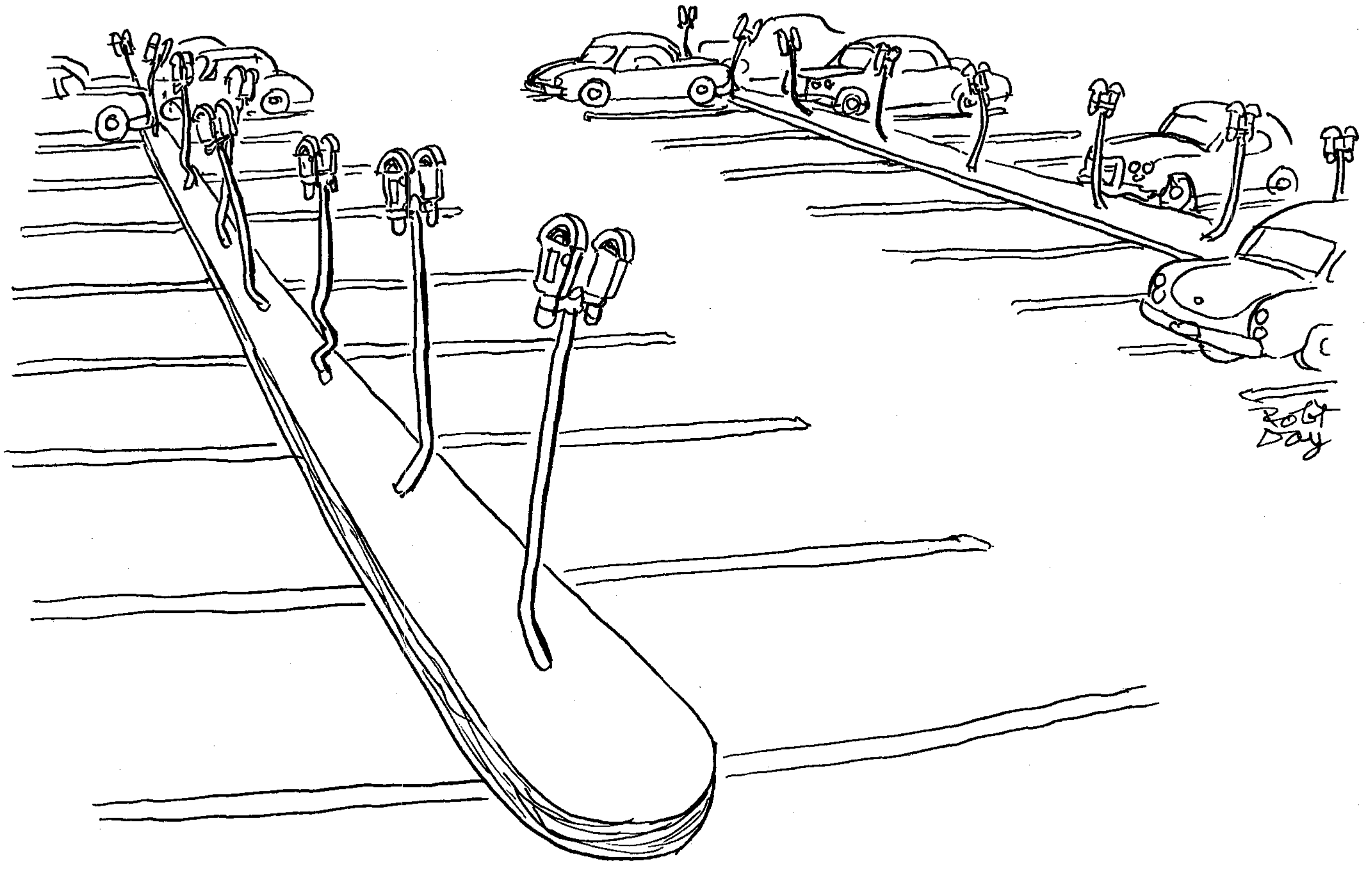
"Where is he?" I asked.

"He is dead, I think. Anyway, his sons have moved to Los Angeles."

"Are there many Armenians here?" I asked.

"There are some," he said. "There are not too many anymore."

We stood beside stacks of empty



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raisin crates. Old boxes, weathered like the hut.

"Look at this one," said Gadalian, pointing to a box so old that its sides had started to split apart. "This one goes back to my father's time. Look at the way they made the corners."

"How is it your father came here?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Gadalian. Then "I think he and my mother came from the old country around 1900, some time like that. For a while, they were in the East, around Worcester, Massachusetts. They worked in the shoe factories. There were a number of Armenians who worked in the shoe factories. Then they heard about California, where they could grow things."

"Was your father happy here?" I asked.

Gadalian seemed puzzled. "I don't know," he said. "It is hard to tell if a father is happy." Then "He worked very hard. I remember that."

Little farms scattered around the great valley. These were some of the names on mailboxes: Pirogian, Kavanessian, Agajanian. A sign on an abandoned warehouse: "SIMOJIAN RAISINS, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD." I thought of Bud and his tropical fish in New York. I thought of my father, who had journeyed to Hollywood a number of times in his career but never to Fresno. What was here in Fresno? What had been here?

I thought of the simple warmth of a Saroyan story: "Walking along Alvin Street he felt glad to be home again. Everything was fine, common and good, the smell of earth, cooking suppers, smoke, the rich summer air of the valley full of plant growth, grapes growing, peaches ripening, and the oleander bush swooning with sweetness, the same as ever. . . . This valley, *he thought, all this country* between the mountains, is mine, home to me, the place I dream about, and everything is the same."

I thought, too, of what a friend of Gadalian's had said when I asked him where most of the Armenians in Fresno lived.

"Oh, now they can live anywhere," he said.

"What do you mean, anywhere?"

"There are no more restrictions," he said. "Before, it wasn't always so easy. Of course, you have to understand that a lot of the first Armenians here were country people. Farmers. Rough people." He smiled. He had enormous hands, fingers as thick as roots, palms caked with dirt. "They took away the restrictions at the end of the war," he said. And "This valley is my home. It's the place I dream about." Sometimes the dreams of people make one gasp.

And now William Saroyan himself, standing in the lobby of the Fresno Hilton. William Saroyan at sixty-six. The hair thick but graying. A burly man. Stocky. A fine mustache. Also large hands. A laugh. Good eyes, a good face.

"I was out in the country," I said.

"It's beautiful, isn't it? You should come back in the summer," said Saroyan. "Of course, it is terrible in the summer. You sweat all day long. But then everybody is busy."

We drove through side streets, past the sterile glass office buildings of the new downtown, past the immense modern convention center. "Everything has changed," said Saroyan. "But of course it has changed. Look at that shopping center. Nobody comes to it. Do you see that street? I used to deliver papers up and down that street. It was a good job, too. The paper was called the Fresno *Republican*, and it was edited and published by Mr. Chester Rowell. Both are gone now, but there is a statue of the paper's founder in Courthouse Square."

We drove under a viaduct over which the new expressway was being built. The land ahead of us was mostly desolate from the bulldozers, but here and there a few small frame houses remained. "I'd show you where I grew up, but they tore that down, too," said Saroyan. "I hope for their sake more people use the new expressway than use the shopping center."

"There don't seem to be very many Armenians around," I said.

"There are still a few," said Saroyan. "Maybe ten thousand in the valley. But the town has grown, and the Armenians sold their land and moved to the cities."

"What about you?" I asked.

"I got tired of knocking around too much. One day, I decided to come back. Once you like a place, you always like it."

We drove away from the little streets and little houses, and out past the familiar landmarks of modern California: the endless strip of car lots and Mexican restaurants and bowling alleys and garden-supply stores and farm-hardware warehouses and motels with banquet and convention facilities.

I thought of a story of Saroyan's that I'd read long ago, which began, "I don't suppose you ever saw a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound Filipino." It's hard to forget a story that begins that way. I had read that story in school, when my favorite writers were Ernest Hemingway, Robert Benchley, and William Saroyan: Hemingway because he was so sexy with those sleeping bags; Benchley because he was so funny; and Saroyan because nobody could write to a person (me) the way that William Saroyan wrote.

There was another story, which I'd read on the plane to California—a story called "Five Ripe Pears." It began like this: "If old man Pollard is still alive I hope he reads this because I want him to know I am not a thief and never have been. Instead of making up a lie, which I could have done, I told the truth, and got a licking. I don't care about the licking because I got a lot of them in grammar school. . . . The licking Mr. Pollard gave me I didn't deserve, and I hope he reads this because I am going to tell him why. I couldn't tell him that day because I didn't know how to explain what I knew. . . . It was about spring pears." It was not an important story, but it was a lovely story—a story with a voice. It made one think with a kind of pleasure that J. D. Salinger must have heard that voice, and Richard Brautigan, and Jack Kerouac, and all those writers of the personal sound, the flower-writers, the writers of our modern Era of Feeling.

"I'm glad you decided to find out about Armenians," said Saroyan. "They're a crazy people, you know. Or sometimes they seem that way. But they're a very simple people."

We drove on awhile. Saroyan talked about his children—a daughter in New York, a son in San Francisco. Family talk. He asked me about my wife and children, about my sister, about my work. I felt something surprisingly paternal in his voice. It was a strange, deep feeling, as if we had known each other all along, when in fact I had met Saroyan only once before, briefly, a few years ago in New York, and had called him in Fresno only a week earlier to arrange the meeting.

We stopped to have dinner at a roadside restaurant, a roadside Armenian restaurant called Stanley's. A nice place, too, with bright lights and the ubiquitous Olde Steake House furniture and a photograph of Mt. Ararat behind the cashier's desk.

"Sometime I hope you'll meet my Uncle Aram," said Saroyan. "He's eighty-two now, and a fine man. I've written a lot of stories about Aram. People would ask me, 'Are they true stories?' I'd always reply, 'Of course not. I am a writer. I make things up. I embellish.' But it's been hard to embellish Aram."

Saroyan began to tell some stories about his Uncle Aram in a fine, resonant voice. The waiter brought some Armenian bread and a bottle of wine, then shish kebab. Saroyan laughed as he spoke. I looked at him and thought, My father was sixty when he died; he would be seventy-nine now. I thought of my father's frailness, his thin elegance; it seemed like such a different presence.

"You know, your father was a fine man," Saroyan said, as if he were reading my mind.

"Did you think of him as an Armenian?" I asked.

"Of course I did," said Saroyan. "An Armenian can never not be an Armenian. But your father went about it differently. I think he had other things on his mind."

"What kind of things?"

"I don't know," said Saroyan. "The truth is, I didn't see him often. We were different. But we were also close. I can't quite explain it. I remember the first time I met him. It was just after the war. I heard he was in New York, and I was passing through, and so I telephoned. We met at some hotel—the Hampshire House, or maybe the Pierre. I remember how we embraced; that is what I remember. Another time, this was a few years later, we had dinner at that restaurant—did you ever go?—the Golden Horn, and afterward we went back to where I was living. I had an apartment that winter on Central Park West. We talked about writing and families, I remember. Your father was about to start another book; at least, that is what he said, although I guess he never finished it. But it was a close time. I remember him standing in the corridor and looking in on our children, who were sleeping. The children were very young and they kept stirring in their sleep, and your father kept saying 'Shhh,' the way fathers do."

I thought of that photograph in the Golden Horn. The two comrades, the two Armenian writers—both of them in fact then passing the peak of their fame, my father putting on a graceful front of having "retired," Saroyan both more and less fortunate in not being able to retire but, instead, turning out a stream of novels and plays that critics were beginning to say did not compare to the early work.

A waitress came over to Saroyan with a menu she wished him to autograph. Saroyan signed it with a flourish and then asked her to sign one for him.

"I will tell you," Saroyan said to me. "If you want to know about Armenians, then you must go to Armenia, or what remains of it. You must go to Erevan—in Soviet Armenia."

"Have you been there?" I asked.

"Yes, I've been there. I went there the first time I earned any money. This was in 1935, and it wasn't much money, either. I went to New York and took one of those beautiful ships they had then. The Berengaria. I went to Europe and then to Soviet Armenia. They didn't have much in Armenia in those days, but it was a trip I had to make. I went back once again, in 1960."

"What did you find out when you went there?" I asked.

"I found out that there was an Armenia," said Saroyan. "Of course, it isn't what it used to be, but it exists; it is something."

We went back to Saroyan's house: a small green house on one of the new streets—a modest house, on a street lined with perhaps a hundred similar

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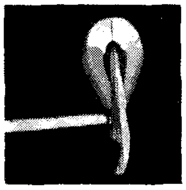

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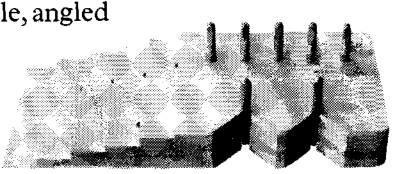

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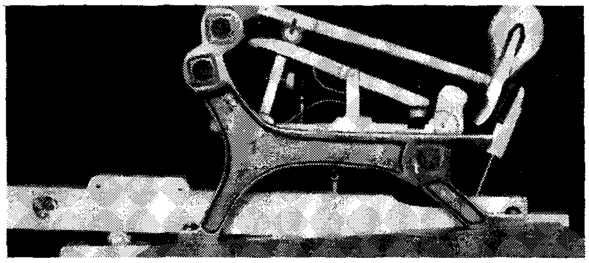

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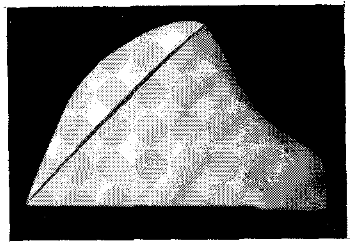

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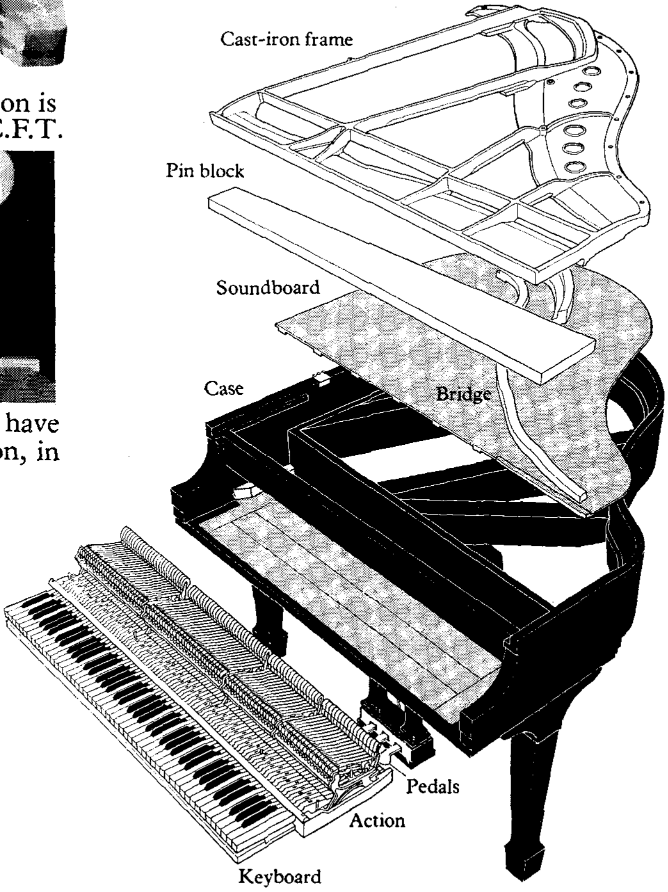

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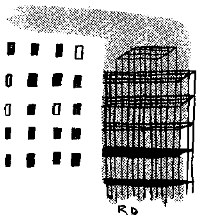
houses. Inside, there was an extraordinary jumble of objects: not so much a disorder as a plenitude of things—books, and cartons, and suitcases, and boxes of this and that. In a large room off the kitchen, a tiny portable typewriter stood in the middle of a table piled with books and paper and manuscript. "I've always worked, and so I work now," said Saroyan. "Besides, I have to live."

"What are you writing?" I asked.

"I mostly write plays now. Sometimes people want to produce them, sometimes they do not. But that is what I do. Besides, my writing is better than my painting." He pointed to innumerable bright-colored abstract designs that had been pinned or Scotch-taped to the walls. Then he bent down in front of a pile of dusty magazines and pulled one out. "Did you ever see this?" he said. It was a copy of an old English-language Armenian magazine. Saroyan opened it to a picture of my father; in fact, it was a reproduction of a photograph that had appeared on a cover of *Time* in 1927—now with a short note beside it on the "popular Anglo-Armenian novelist, formerly Dikran Kouyoumjian." Saroyan held the magazine open for a moment, and then put it down on the table. "It's a good photo of him, isn't it?" he said. "Such confidence."



"How is it that he never wrote anything serious about Armenians?" I asked.

"I think he wasn't that kind of writer," Saroyan said. "He liked to be entertaining. He made a couple of good jokes about Armenians, as I remember."

"Yes," I said. "But how is it that you wrote all the time about Armenians and he never did?"

"I don't know," said Saroyan. "Except that we all go on different journeys. Just like you. Now you come here. And soon, I think, you must go to Erevan."

We stood in the semidarkness of Saroyan's small house, surrounded by the clutter, the books, the magazines, the cartons, the jars of "treasures" that Saroyan had picked up on his travels or on the street. "I am a writer," Saroyan said. "It is something to be a writer. All my life, I have written. Also talked and drunk and gambled and everything else." He laughed. "They say that Armenians live to be very old. Did you know that? My grandmother Lucy Saroyan died at eighty-eight. My father's kid brother Mirhan died at eighty. Come on. Let's go and look at the graveyard."

It was now midnight, or a bit later. We got in the car and drove through the silent streets of Fresno. It was hard to tell in which direction we were going—out toward the country or in toward the downtown. Darkened houses flicked by in the night. "It is too bad you don't know Armenian," Saroyan said. "Although you will survive. But it is a marvellous language—marvellous sounds. Do you know their songs? I shall sing one for you."

Saroyan sang, rolling down the window of the car. Outside, it had begun to rain—one of those fine, sprinkling nighttime rains. Saroyan's voice filled the car, the countryside silent except for the sound of our tires on the wet road. "It is a song about love and injustice and about pomegranates getting ripe," said Saroyan. "In other words, about the important things in life."

The car stopped beside the road. "Come on," he said, getting out. The rain was pouring down more heavily, but the air was warm and had a kind of fragrance. "Now, over there is the Protestant graveyard," he said. "And somewhere down there are the Catholics. And right here are the Armenians." Saroyan was wearing an old hat, a kind of old newspaperman's hat—a hat from "The Time of Your Life," maybe. Now he began to run at a trot through the graveyard. We passed dim gravestones in the darkness. "Over there is Levon!" he called. "I think one of Lucy's sisters is here!" The grass was soft and slippery underfoot. Saroyan kept up a steady jog. "I think somewhere over there is Uncle Mirhan!" He stopped, breathing heavily. "You know, everybody seems the same in a graveyard—Protestant, Catholic, and Armenian. But still there is something different. I don't know what it is." He wiped his forehead, which was damp with rain and sweat. "Come on," he said. "It's wet here. It's time to go home."

Later on, when we said goodbye, Saroyan embraced me. I could feel his rough cheek scrape against mine. His rough, robust cheek. "Fathers and sons are always different," he said. "But they are also the same. Maybe you will find out about that, too. Anyway, I was truly fond of him and now I am fond of you, and that is something, is it not?" He clasped my hand, and put the newspaperman's hat back on his head, and tugged his jacket about him more closely, for a cold wind was blowing now, and stuffed his hands in his pockets, and turned back to the car, and got in and drove away across "the valley full of plant growth, grapes growing, peaches ripening, and the oleander bush swooning with sweetness," to the house with the cartons and suitcases and the small portable typewriter.

I watched him go, still feeling the roughness of his face against mine.

AND so, in due course, I journeyed to Armenia—to Soviet Armenia, or what should be called more precisely the Armenian Soviet Socialist Republic. Armenia exists there, Saroyan had said. All right, I thought, I will go see it. The passage was not simple to arrange, nor was it extremely difficult. I was told there was a Cultural Committee in Soviet Armenia, which might be interested in sponsoring such an expedition. There were letters to be written, and officials to be seen at the United Nations. The Soviet Russians were brusque and noncommittal. The Soviet Armenians brought a bottle of Armenian brandy in a paper bag into the U.N. dining room, and discussed the New York Knicks, and said that the matter would be "no problem." Three months later, it was arranged.

From the start, I knew that it would be a strange journey, a journey on many levels. At the least, it would be a voyage within an adventure, for what could a trip of six thousand miles be—even six thousand boring sky miles—but an adventure? A flight into the past as well as a flight into that even more startling region of the present—although which past I would find, and whose present, it was hard to tell. I was excited by the prospect of the trip, and also apprehensive about it. With a new anxiety, I realized that although for so many years I had gone without my Armenian background—had gone without it to the point of finally feeling deprived of it—at the same time its very vagueness in my life had been a form of protection: the remote familiarity of a dream. All my life, Armenia and Armenians had been part of a dream; it and they were *out there* somewhere, hazy, nearly invisible. Now I was travelling into the dream. I would see what I would see. I would find what I would find.

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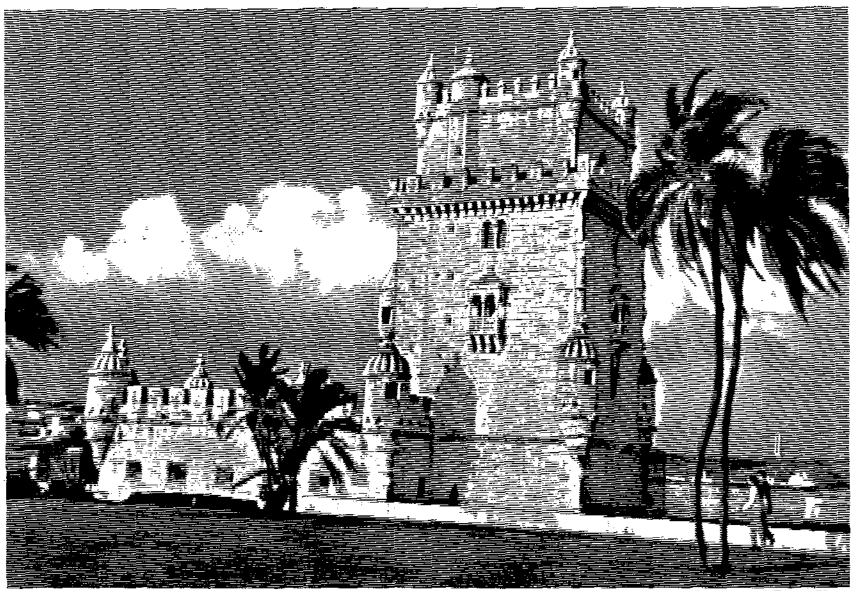

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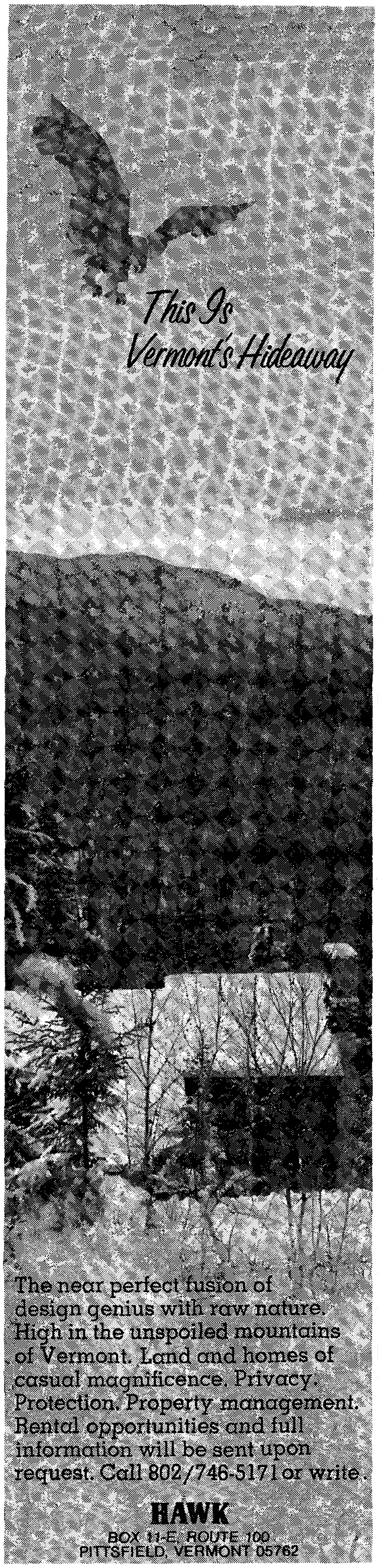

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bly seated, covered (as if in protective layers) with newspapers and magazines and books, rushing in our stale-aired Aeroflot tube through the clear black night.

My wife dozed beside me, a copy of *Time* and a book of Byzantine history on her lap. Beneath her feet was a large satchel full of books about Armenia, which I had brought with us with a view to reading about Armenians "on location." I glanced at *Time*, which showed a painting of the French Premier on its cover. I thought of my father's youthful face on that *Time* cover long ago. In truth, I never thought his face changed much with the years. It was always somehow *set.* "Your father is a very thoughtful man," my mother once said to me. I wondered what he would make of my embarking on this trip. I thought, without quite knowing why, that he would dislike me for it.

I remembered then a dream I had had the previous night—our last, restless night in New York. In fact, it was a recurring dream, which I had dreamed many times in my youth. I could not recall having dreamed it since I was twenty-five or so, though—which, as it happened, was around the time my father died. The dream was this: We are in France and I am a child. My father and I drive down a sunlit road. There are tall trees on either side. Green fields. There is a fork in the road, and we take the turn marked "TO THE AIRPORT." I remember the airport well, for it was a real airport. Small, nineteen-thirties airplanes—aeroplanes. A grass runway. A red wind sock. A large blue plane stands in the middle of the runway, and my father walks toward it. He climbs the steps to the doorway and then stands and motions for me to follow. I come across the grass, running. But as I reach the top step he goes inside. I stand on the top step and stick my head inside. There all is darkness. *Black.* I have never seen such empty darkness as in that dream airplane I peer into, and then, somehow, I am standing on the grass again, the wind is blowing, and the blue plane is gone.

It had always been an unsettling dream for me, full of sunlight and terror. I wondered why I had dreamed it again so recently. In the stillness of our speeding jet, I gripped my wife's hand. She stirred but stayed asleep. Inside the cabin, there was a dim glow of light; the elbows of Russian businessmen were visible in the seats in front of me. Outside was another blackness, the darkness of the starless night sky. For one feeble moment, I wished myself back in time, back on the ground, back even to that country road long ago—the tall trees, the fields, the green everywhere, the two of us in that car. I wondered why each time we took the turnoff to the airport. What had been on the other road?

Half asleep, I looked out into the night and saw my father's face looking in, squinting, trying to see something. I sat up. But, of course, it was my own face, my reflection in the glass, squinting, trying to see something, looking out.

NOW let me say something of Mt. Ararat, for visibly there was a Mt. Ararat, which we glimpsed in early morning, standing far off, across the Turkish border, perhaps fifty miles away—a clear, bright early morning, with the gold sunlight glinting off the airplane's wing, and off the blue-white snow of Ararat. It was an uncommon sight. I had had no expectation that it would be the way it was. After all, how many of those wretched paintings had I seen in recent months, with their garish colors and "important" perspectives? What had I expected it to look like? It doesn't matter. Having grown up, one learns to diminish childhood legends: the oak tree in one's grandmother's garden is still there thirty years later, but it is always smaller, less substantial, *less.* How could it be otherwise (one thinks), and how could we have made up all those stories about it? But Ararat was *more.* One part of my mind, perhaps my Anglo-American mind, told me that its special presence—for truly it possessed a special presence, standing off against the horizon: enormous, by itself—was due to a trick or chance of geology. For, unlike most large mountains, it did not rise out of foothills or appear to be part of a contiguous range. Ararat was in fact two peaks: a smaller one attached to a much greater one—Ararat proper—which, as I knew, reached a height of some seventeen thousand feet. But the Ararat massif, as it was called, stood there alone: a gigantic pyramid or Mayan temple rising from the flat plain into our sky. And the other part of my mind felt a deep shiver, perhaps what an archeologist might feel at uncovering some such towering ancient monument, some *god*, and realizing (even within his modern soul) that it was a god, and that men in distant

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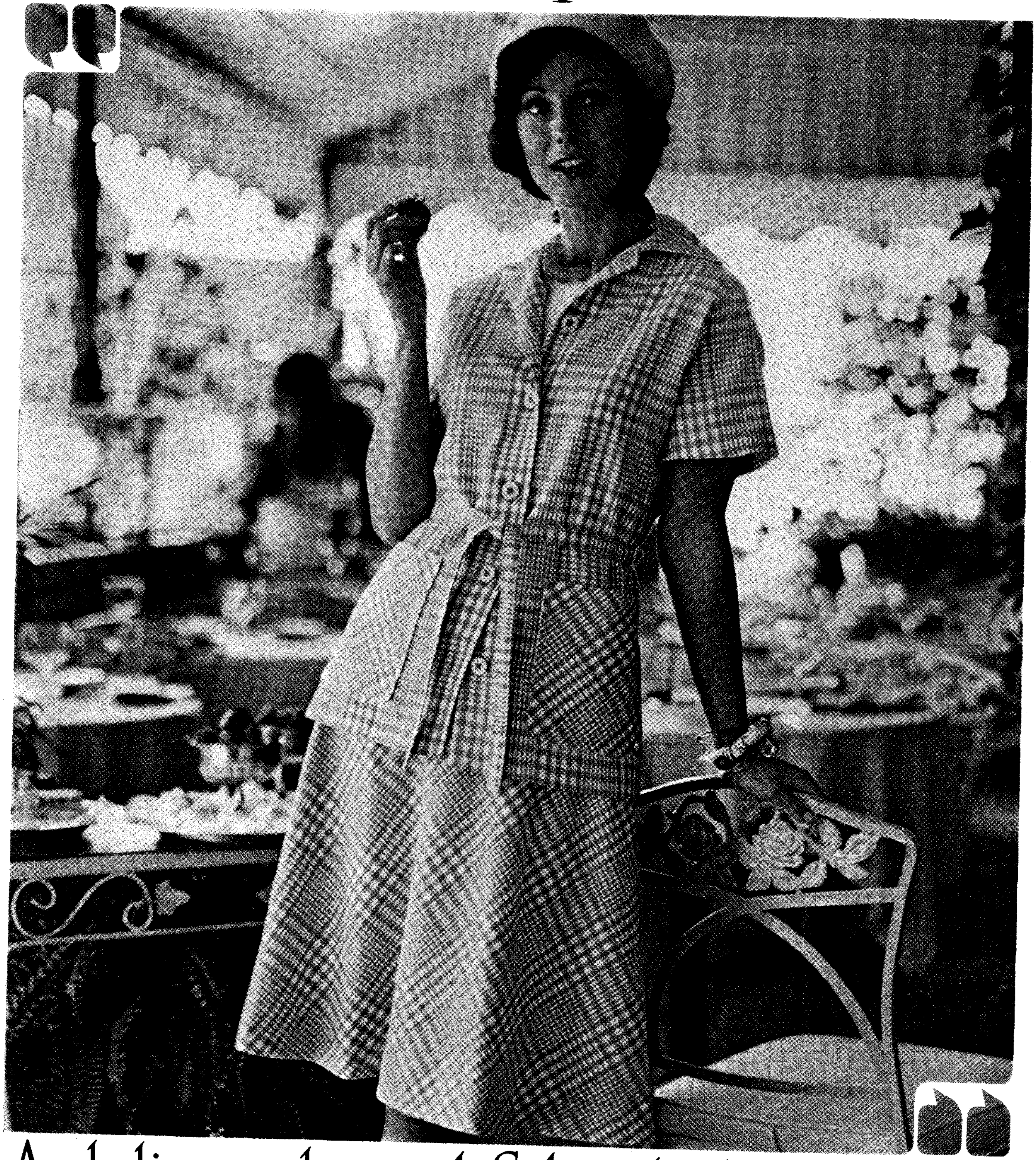

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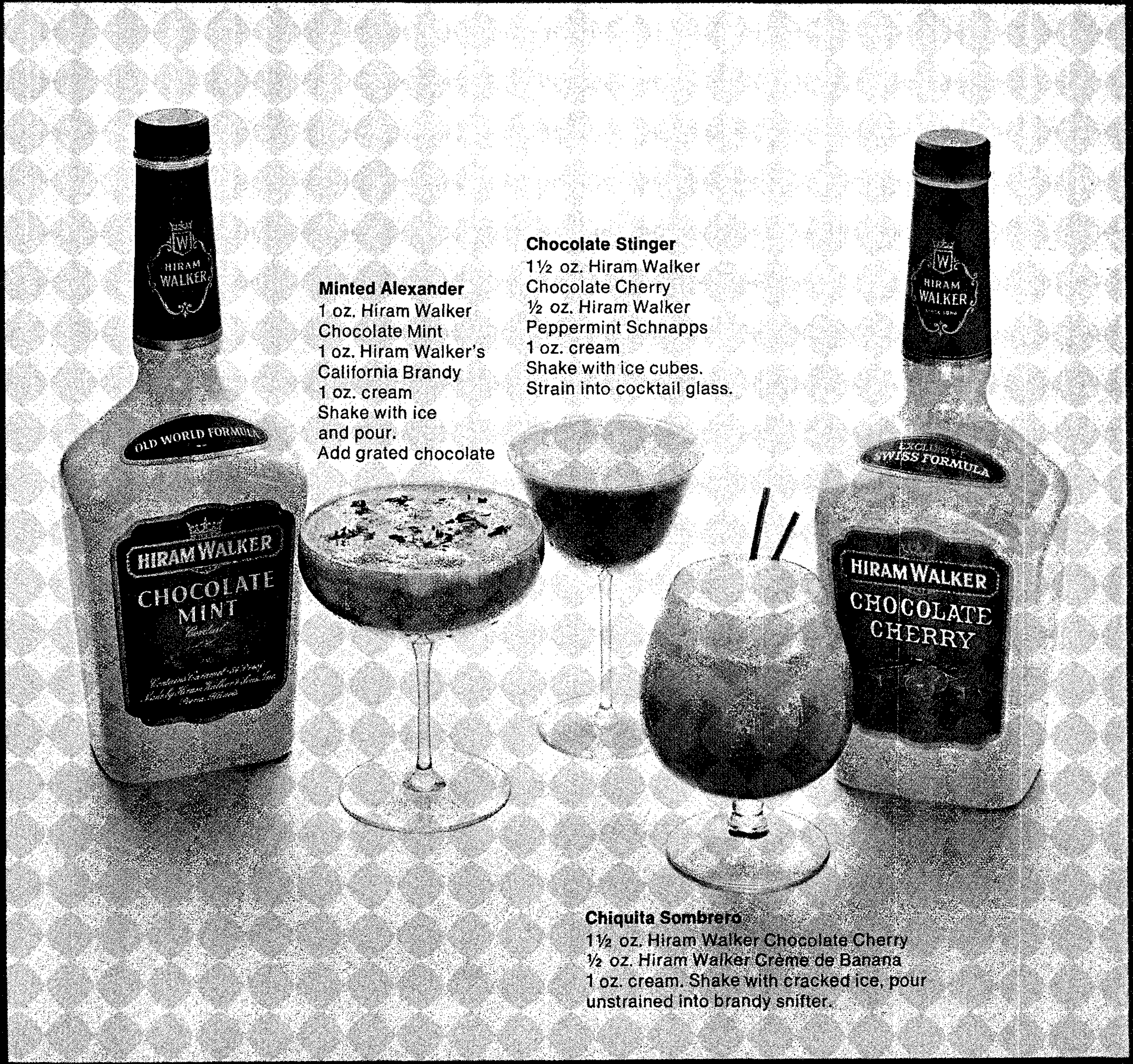

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times had surely prayed to it, had looked with joy and terror on its blank face, had lived beneath it, doubtless feeling a deeper shiver, creating legends and demigods around it. Inevitably, the Ark! Where else?

A burly Russian businessman rose and leaned across the seats between us and pointed to the great mountain, which we were now banking away from. "Mt. Ararat," he said. "It is beautiful, no?"

We nodded. Yes.

"The Americans have radar on the back of it," he said, and he gave a short, brusque laugh and sat down.

"What did he mean?" my wife asked me.

"He meant that Turkey is part of NATO," I said.

"It seems so sad that the Armenians don't own Ararat anymore," she said.

"You can't *own* a mountain like that!" I said, with a vehemence that surprised us both.

She looked at me a moment as she bent to pack the books back into the satchel. "What a curious thing to say," she said. Then "You know, I could swear you had tears in your eyes when you saw that mountain."

"I didn't," I said angrily. And "I'm not one of those Returning Sons."

And then we landed.

EREVAN: The capital of Soviet Armenia, and once the site of the northernmost Urartian fortress, Erebuni. According to the tourist brochures (simple, amateurishly printed little handbooks), it was now a city of some seven hundred thousand people, and certainly the tourist brochures appeared to be right, for on all sides of us stretched broad avenues, narrow streets, modest dwellings, offices, a few shops, and large numbers of people. It was a city within a semicircle of hills. New apartment buildings jutted up everywhere. Mostly, they were strangely pink—pink stone blocks of buildings. Building blocks. These were neither truly graceful nor as stark and harsh as buildings I had seen in other Communist countries. The concrete blockhouses I'd once glimpsed in Moscow had seemed a kind of nightmare. There appeared to be no similar nightmare in Erevan.

May. Springtime. But it was hot. A hot haze everywhere. A haze covered the hills, which were surely leaf green but seemed a shade of olive. The sky was a faded blue. We were in the center of the town, and there was a mass of people all around us. A mass of people on the sidewalks. A mass of people filling the small parks. Suddenly I knew where we were: in a Balkan capital—a nameless Balkan capital, with dust in the air, and car exhaust fumes in the street (for there were cars everywhere), and an aura of being neither very poor nor very rich. Men in loose-fitting black suits, or else in shirtsleeves, lounged against the sides of buildings. Men played chess on benches beneath the dust-covered trees.

Men! I realized that they were all Armenian. I was in a city where virtually everybody was Armenian. For if there had been a number of square-faced, burly, blondish Russians on the airplane, they had since vanished, perhaps into some Russian *quartier*, or else into a cluster of ponderous, clearly official red brick buildings we had passed on our way in from the airport. Everywhere, now, were dark faces, dark hair, dark eyes—the faces not exactly dark in skin color but dark, rather, in some feeling or expression. Armenians!

OUR hotel was oddly gracious, or almost gracious: a large, old-fashioned place, also built out of the ubiquitous pink stone, and fronting on the central square. Lenin Square, although, apart from the predictable and rather modest statue of Himself—not in the middle of it, either, but off to one side—there were few signs of Soviet style either outside the hotel or within it. There was the standard Soviet watch-lady on our floor, but she had a classic Armenian face. An ample, dark-haired woman seated upon a wicker chair, looking at television.

Our room was also large and old-fashioned: the usual bedroom and, in addition, a studio room—doubtless provided by the Cultural Committee—containing some simple wooden furniture and a piano. I sat for a moment in a chair in our room. Our room with the piano—our room in Armenia. Oh, I had mixed feelings. I knew not which.

We went out onto the street. There was a small park near the hotel. An ice-cream stand at the entrance. A bootblack with an elaborate "customer's chair," made out of leather and brass, each part of it finely polished and shining in the sun. Inside the park there were more men playing chess, and children swinging on a half-dozen swings. The children with large brown eyes. Armenian children! It was a gay scene, a summer's scene. The dust from the dirt paths rose beneath our feet. Children's laughter sounded in the leaves. I wanted to embrace them—to embrace somebody. But I

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could not. A voice inside me spoke: You have come this far. You must make a connection. But I could not. I knew, too, that it was a question not of my having to rush and embrace some stranger—for my temperament always stopped me short of such gestures—but only of my *feeling* something: of feeling real warmth as opposed to the pale heat of (in this case) literary sensibility. Old men and children in a park! A summer's scene! An Armenian scene! But I felt frozen.

"Now, *there's* an Armenian!" I heard my wife say.

I looked where she had been looking—toward a group of people gathered around some chess players. On the outside of the group were some young men, perhaps in their early twenties. One of them stood out from all the rest: tall, curly-haired, quite fiercely handsome. I knew which one she meant, but I said, "Who?"

My wife laughed. She was easily made shy. "Oh," she said. "You know which one." Now she was embarrassed. "The one with the blue shirt. He seemed so striking."

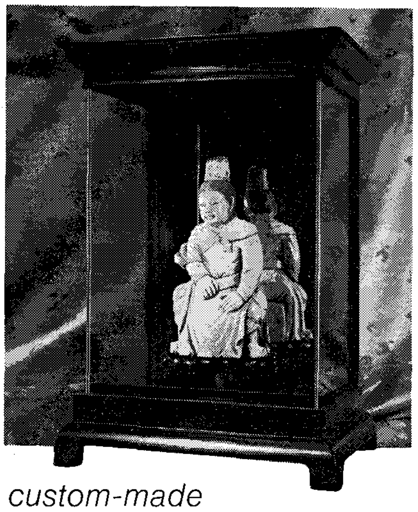
I looked at him again. Yes, he was striking. He was a fine young man. But somehow I felt incapable of replying, of responding. It was quite startling. I knew that it wasn't on account of some simple jealousy—it didn't seem to have much to do with *him*. It was as if I had been found out in something—something that had to do with how *I* cared about the way Armenians looked, and that I couldn't bear to admit.

Just then, a voice behind me said, in English, "I thought I'd find you here. It is a lovely park, is it not?"

We turned to see a square-shouldered man in a brown suit—a man of medium build, of medium age, with a hard Armenian face, which seemed to be smiling.

"Permit me to introduce myself," he said. "I am Sarkis. I am not your guide. Your guide is an excellent young man who is always occupied. I am your friend." He paused, then stepped forward and shook my wife's hand in a vigorous and awkward grip, and then threw his arms around me in an embrace. "Welcome to Armenia!" he said.

HOW to describe this Sarkis, who had arrived seemingly from nowhere, and who now walked beside us—a bustling, short-legged figure in a brown suit (an unusually warm brown suit, it seemed), gesticulating,



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talking? Our friend? In reality, the mystery of his appearance soon became less mysterious, yet it was still fascinating, for, although neither officially a guide nor precisely an interpreter, he was in private life a teacher, a teacher of English at a local high school, who maintained, as he put it, "connections" with the Cultural Committee, and who periodically offered his services to visitors—to sympathetic visitors.

"I knew right away that you would be sympathetic," he said as we walked across the street toward the central square. "Besides, you are Armenian. All Armenians are sympathetic to one another, are they not?"

I nodded. I could see my wife smiling, walking lightly. She was pleased that we had found a friend—at least, a "personal contact," not one of those mechanical guides we had dreaded. It occurred to me that she liked Armenians better than I did.

"Is your father still living?" Sarkis asked me.

I said no.

"I understand he was a writer, also," Sarkis said. "Unfortunately, I have never read his work. Did he ever travel to Soviet Armenia?"

"He never did," I said.

"What a pity," Sarkis said. "I am sure he would have liked it. He would have admired the achievements of the Armenian people."

"Yes, I'm sure he would have," I said.

Sarkis turned to my wife. "Did you know his father?"

"No, I didn't," she said. "I wish I had."

"I am sure he was a wonderful man," said Sarkis. "Armenian men make wonderful fathers. They worship their families. They would do anything for their families."

We stood now in the middle of the square, beside some fountains. I thought, Why won't this man stop about my father—about fathers, Armenian fathers? I knew it was a childish thought, and disliked myself for thinking it, and Sarkis for making me think it.

My wife apparently noticed a new expression on my face. "What's the matter?" she asked.

Sarkis overheard. In some ways, he was obviously very agile. "Is something the matter?" he said. "Probably you are tired after your long voyage. Forgive me for talking so much, but in these parts one rarely has a chance for such international conversation."

He was so odd and charming I couldn't imagine what anger, or pee-

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vishness, had possessed me. "I think it's mostly hunger," I said.

We walked over to our hotel.

"You have lunch," said Sarkis. "I have some business to attend to. Afterward, I am going to take you somewhere very special."

My wife and I found a table in the hotel restaurant—a large, high-ceilinged room crowded with customers and waiters (Armenian customers! Armenian waiters!), all of them speaking not Russian but Armenian. A beaming waiter presented an enormous menu with virtually all the items crossed out. We ordered a dried-beef dish, some kind of greenish salad, and a white wine. Four men at a nearby table were drinking brandy and singing—a soft and almost dainty melody.

Once again, everything seemed gay but very strange. My wife talked excitedly of her impressions of the new city. I felt myself silent, trying to listen, trying to listen to everything.

"What happened to you out there?" she asked.

"It was nothing," I said.

"Was it all that about your father?"

"Perhaps that was a bit of it," I said. "I don't know why."

"But Armenians always go on like that," she said. "You told me so yourself. You mustn't mind it."

"I know," I said. Then, because it was what I felt, I said, "You know, I don't think I really *like* Armenians."

"You know you don't mean that!" she said. She smiled. Beside us, the singing rose into a kind of march. The waiters clapped their hands. We had more wine and finished off the greenish salad, which was mostly scallions, with a kind of bitter, pungent taste.

Sarkis reappeared outside. He was in command of an ancient Russian touring car, a definitely imposing vehicle of unnamed manufacture and of vaguely czarist inclinations: faded limousine upholstery, remains of a lap-robe cordon in the back (without the lap robe), and little, tattered curtains on the side windows, bespeaking a romantic past of modest bureaucratic trysts or kidnappings, or both.

"Naturally, it is not mine," said Sarkis, seeming very pleased. "I have borrowed it from the Committee. Naturally, it belongs to the State."

"I had hoped it was Armenian—an Armenian car," my wife said.

"I do not think so," said Sarkis. Then "You are not joking?"

"No, I wasn't," she said.

"Armenians make many valuable things now in Armenia," said Sarkis. "In America, how do you call them—products? Armenians make electrical products. They make computers. Armenians make excellent computers. Look!" He pointed to a cloud of dark smoke on the horizon. "You call that pollution, but we are still poorer than you. We call it industry."

"Are we going to a factory now?" I asked, for I had come prepared to visit many factories.

"No," said Sarkis. "Not today. The Committee *will* arrange for you to visit factories. Today, on your arrival, I am taking you on a special trip—to a place that all Armenians would want to visit. I am taking you to a *hallowed* place. We call it the Monument—the Monument to the Armenian Martyrs."

We climbed into the front seat of the limousine, squeezed in beside Sarkis, who handled the old machine with a classic pedagogic mixture of vagueness and speedway fervor. "I do not drive very often," he said disarmingly, "although I had a motorcycle for many years."

It didn't seem right to inquire what had happened to the motorcycle.

We drove down one of the wide boulevards, a long, straight roadway lined with trees, which led toward the semicircle of low hills.

The olive-colored leaves were deep green as we came closer. There were flowers beside the road, and a few houses. It seemed suddenly as if we were in a different country—as if we had left the Balkans behind us in the dusty city and were now motoring through some more familiar minor bit of Europe. There were orange-tiled roofs on the poorish stone houses, red flowers in the skimpy gardens. Some goats wandered beside the road.

Then even this feeling of Europe died out. Meadows of yellow-green grass extended on all sides. The fields were flat and dry and full of stones. You could see clusters of trees against the horizon, far away, and a few scattered houses, far away—and, yet farther away, the mass of Ararat, not quite in front of us but dominating the land, its summit of snow on a level with the clouds.

"Every Armenian in the world should visit this monument," Sarkis was saying. "Every Armenian should know what it is to stand before it and feel in his bones the tragedy of Armenia." He turned to my wife. "The suffering of the Armenian people has been enormous," he said. "Enormous. Incomprehensible. Are you acquainted with the suffering of the Armenian people?"

"I've read something about it," she said. "It seemed truly terrible."

"Ah, you've read about it," he said. "Your husband must be a good Armenian. He understands that it is necessary for us to speak out about these things." With one hand he reached out and clasped my arm. "Have you told her what happened at Van and Bitlis? Have you told her how the Turks clubbed our poor people to death? Have you told her how they tortured our men and raped our women?" He turned to my wife. "Did you know, my dear, that they burned priests on crosses and killed small infants with their bayonets? Yes, that is right. Small infants. They killed small children with their knives and bayonets. Oh, it was surely horrible, the most horrible of deeds."

I was conscious of the dry straw of the fields floating past us. Sarkis stared straight ahead. Ararat was a dream.

Sarkis said, "To be an Armenian is to have this intolerable weight of sadness on one's soul. That is what one of our Armenian poets said. Is it not true?"

In a moment, he said, "Armenians can never forget what happened to them. Armenians must never forget. It was a genocide. Do you know, it was the world's first genocide."

It seemed as if we drove for hours, but it was less than one hour. The heat was everywhere. There were no people—only yellow fields shimmering in the sun. Sarkis stopped the car—our destination.

We climbed some stone steps. There was a stone walk. "You should take off your coat," Sarkis said. I took off my coat. I felt oddly grateful that he had said that. In front of us, about a half mile away, was an unusual structure. It seemed like a kind of Stonehenge—columns, metallic columns rising out of the ground, but angled inward. A Stonehenge of slanted slabs.

"How beautiful!" I could hear my wife saying. "How extraordinary!"

"Of course it is beautiful," Sarkis said. He walked just a step in front of us. For some reason, I was conscious of his stride—a stolid, heavy gait—and of his belly, which seemed not so much fat as hard, a politician's belly.

Suddenly he stooped down and plucked a little flower from the grass beside the walk. He looked at me. "For our Armenian martyrs," he said.

I was conscious of his eyes on me, my wife's eyes on me. On all sides of us I could see fields stretching away

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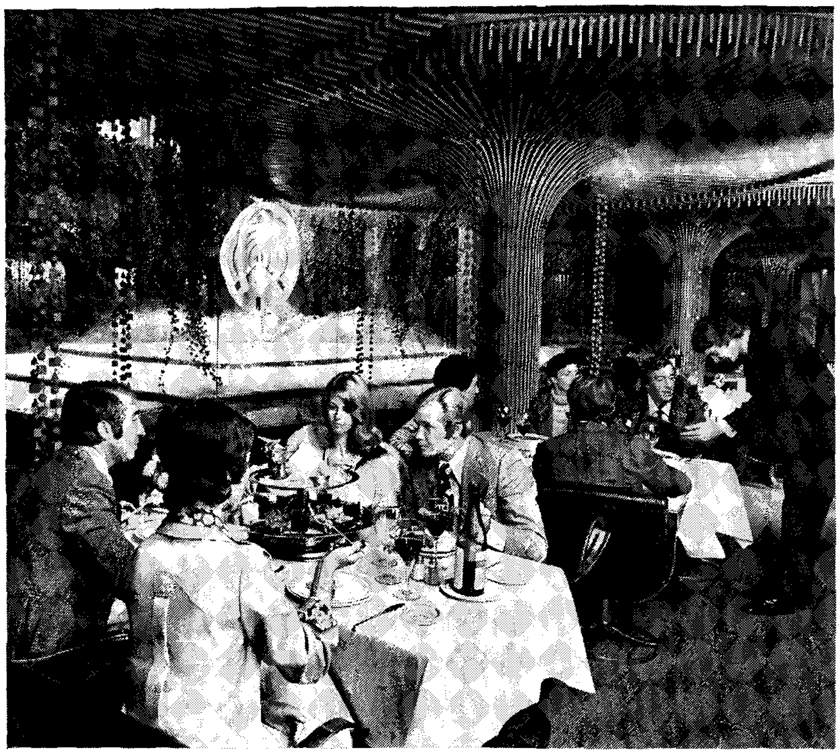

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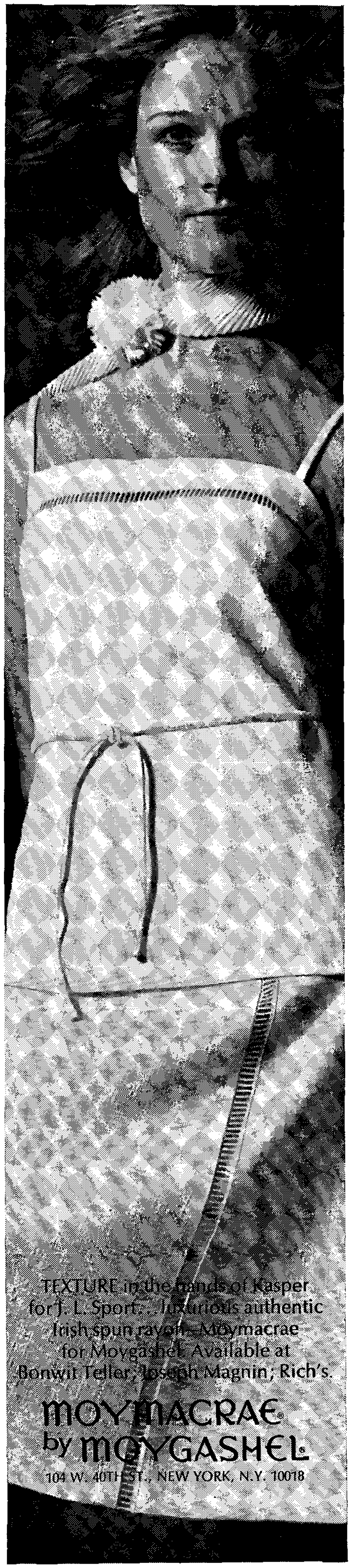
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into the distance. I knew there were flowers beneath my gaze, but I could see no flowers. I kept on walking.

In the center of the slanted columns stood a large vessel—a metal bowl—with a flame burning inside it.

We stood beneath the columns looking at the bowl and the flame.

"Think of the Armenians who died," said Sarkis, almost in a whisper. "Think of your martyred countrymen. Think what it is to be an Armenian."

Sarkis's voice was only a murmur, but it seemed to roar in my ears. I knew that I felt nothing. An image flickered through my mind of soldiers in a First World War movie advancing in slow motion across a muddy field, being mown down in slow motion by machine-gun fire, turning, falling, falling in silence. Sarkis reached out toward me and put the flower he had been holding into my hand.

"I saved this for you," he said. "For your offering."

I looked at him. "I can't," I said.

For a moment, we looked at one another. I could find no meaning in his glance or mine.

"Please . . ." my wife said.

The flower—it was a kind of buttercup, I think—was in my palm. I took a few steps forward and placed it—gently dropped it—in the flaming bowl. And turned and began to walk back slowly, away from the bowl and out from beneath the overhanging columns.

Sarkis and my wife were a step or so behind me, then beside me. They were talking about the Monument. "Each year in April," Sarkis was saying, "our people come down here from Erevan to bow their heads. Some of them even make the journey on foot."

I thought, I have come this far—so close—but I seem unable to go further, to make the connection.

Over my shoulder I glimpsed Ararat in the distance: a blue shape in a bluish haze. It seemed as silent as the dry fields, as the yellow flowers, as everything in sight. I thought quite simply, How strange to have no country. Just then, a breeze from somewhere rippled the fields. I heard my wife's laugh. The flowers swayed in the breeze from the blue mountain.

IN the course of the next few days, I lived a curious interior life. That is, I stayed indoors whenever possible and read my books.

Even my wife thought it strange. "You've come all the way to Armenia and you won't go out and look around."

This wasn't entirely true, for we were not let off so easily either by the official guide—a sober young bureaucrat named Vartan, who made an appearance daily, by phone if not in person, with a schedule of places (factories, schools, and churches) we should visit—or by Sarkis, who, far from being put off by my unresponsive manner at the Monument, persisted in his efforts to befriend us and to have some role in our visit.

But it was mainly true. For although I sometimes walked the dusty city and craned my neck at ancient churches, and though I sat through a performance of "Othello" (in Armenian, too) with Sarkis, I lived in those days mostly in the Armenian books I had brought, and in our rooms. I didn't even know for certain what it was I wanted to find out from these histories. I told myself, "Through the past I'll find the present"—or some such thing. At any rate, I read obsessively in the old volumes.

It continued to fascinate me that Armenia had had such a past, although the more I read, the less sure I was exactly what I meant by that—"such a past." From one point of view, Armenia existed throughout history largely as a footnote, a cluster of footnotes. In the classic texts on Persian history, Arab history, Byzantine history, and so forth, one would scan the index for Armenia, and there it would be: "*Armenia*: pp. 51-57; pp. 120-124; p. 237." And so forth. But from another point of view I knew that these footnotes were the murmurs of real people, real events. My people.

I was drawn to revelations of Armenians as soldiers, as warriors. For it seemed that the martial qualities recounted by Xenophon and the horsemanship once nurtured by the Persians had propelled many Armenians into the military foreground by the time of the Byzantines. For example, in Procopius's great history of Justinian's campaign for the recapture of Rome from the barbarians one might find the names of at least a dozen Armenian generals. There was the strange and marvellous figure of old Narses: General Narses, also an Armenian, formerly the Grand Chamberlain (a high official in the Byzantine treasury), who at the age of seventy was appointed by Justinian to command the Imperial Army, which had been sent from Constantinople into the darkness of the Italian provinces to overthrow the Ostrogoth Totila. Narses had done it, too—killing Totila, and overwhelming the barbarians, who "immediately handed over themselves and the fortress," Procopius wrote. "In this way, Rome was taken for the fifth time in [Justinian's] reign, and Narses at once sent its keys to the Emperor." It seemed one of those eerie, dreamlike images that shine dimly through history—a point of light from a distant, receding star. Narses the Armenian, prefect of Italy.

What a curious people! Clearly, for hundreds of years Armenians had been among the key figures of the long-lasting Byzantine empire. They were generals. They were emperors. Consider Leo V (813-20). "As to his immediate origin, it is well known," wrote a contemporary historian, George the Monk. "He came from the country of the Armenians, whence, according to some, his obstinacy and his bad disposition." There was the dynasty started by the Emperor Basil I—originally a peasant, born in Macedonia of Armenian parents, who came to Constantinople at the age of twenty and "found favor" with the current emperor, then assisted the emperor by murdering a troublesome uncle, then murdered the emperor and took the job himself. Apparently, he made a good emperor, too—at least, the way historians like to view these things: a Byzantine "strong man," who fought off the Saracens and kept everybody in line. He increased the Army, maintained a sober interest in legal reform, and liked to wrestle after dinner.

For a while, Armenians must have been nearly everywhere in the imperial hierarchy. "The Armenian element was also prominent in the intellectual life of Byzantium, which underwent a notable revival in the ninth century," wrote D. M. Lang in "Armenia: Cradle of Civilization." "Prominent in this movement were such figures of part Armenian blood as John the Grammarian, Caesar Bardas, and Leo the Philosopher. . . . Also of partial Armenian descent was Patriarch Photius (820-93), whose stormy patriarchate marked the beginning of the schism between the Eastern and Western Churches."

For a while after the death of Basil I, a kind of triumvirate ruled the empire (still the most powerful political entity in the world)—two co-emperors and a general, *all* Armenian. And then, of course, there was Basil II—the last of the line. He was known at the time as Basil Bulgaroctonus, which means "slayer of Bulgars." For this

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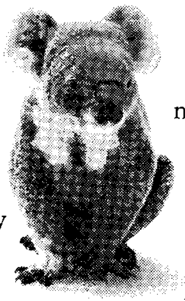

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reason: After a battle against the unfriendly Bulgars, whom he defeated, Basil ordered that the eyes of all fifteen thousand Bulgar prisoners should be put out save for every hundredth man, who should have only one eye put out, so that he could lead his blinded comrades home. It is said that the czar of the Bulgars, Samuel, died of a stroke at the sight of his returning army.

I COULDN'T help noticing how attracted I was to these terrible Armenians. First, Tigran the Great. Now the two Basils. Bulgaroctonus indeed! That was surely one of the least appealing stories I had ever read. Imagine how much time it must have taken to blind fifteen thousand men. Imagine the length of the line—imagine being the ninety-ninth man, or even the hundredth. Perhaps "attracted" is too strong a word. But certainly I was more than just aware of them.

Then, there was the interest I took in Armenian generals—the Armenian warrior spirit. I, who in my adult life had regarded myself as so devoutly antimilitarist! One afternoon, I read aloud to my wife a brief passage that I had uncovered in Procopius about John the Armenian, a commander of the Byzantine cavalry under Belisarius who by a brilliant ruse had won some North African battle against the Vandals.

Afterward, she said simply, "But what are you looking for? Of course the Armenians are brave."

"That's not the *point*," I said. I didn't know what the point was.

ANOTHER time, my wife said, "Sarkis wants us to go to an art exhibit with him."

I said, "Can't you see that I'm in the middle of studying?" I thought that if I called it "studying" I would add dignity to my obsession. "Besides, there aren't any first-rate Armenian artists."

"I didn't know that," she said.

"You go," I said. "If the pictures are any good, you can tell me and I'll go later."

"All right," she said.

Instead of studying, I went by myself for a walk. It was a terribly hot day; the dust was everywhere. I walked on the shady side of the street, close to the buildings. Nothing seemed cool. Women passed by carrying large, circular loaves of bread. Men stood silently in doorways. At the end of the street, there was an ice-cream vender, selling little cups of ice cream to children. I walked along and thought, Sarkis has been trying to *define* me as an Armenian—but a certain kind of Armenian. Those damned massacres, I thought. That chauvinism, such a chauvinism of misfortune!

Across the way there was a large, shedlike building with people going in and out of it. I went inside; it was an immense farmers' market. Sawdust on the floor. Heaps of vegetables on the counters. I thought to buy some oranges for our room, because there seemed to be no fruit available at the hotel. The man behind the orange counter was young: gold teeth, a peasant's face. After I'd paid him for six oranges, he put an extra orange on the pile. "Wilcom," he said. Welcome.

I thanked him, wanted to pay him more. He declined vigorously. I gave him a ball-point pen, which seemed to please him. Wilcom, wilcom.

On all sides, there were mountains of oranges. Radishes—flowery bursts of pink and green. The old women behind the counters wore shawls about their heads, wound like a veil across the lower face, and had the skin of elephants. Armenian women from the old country. Truly, here was the old country. I had never seen such women: the skin of elephants, the eyes of bears—old bears.

Later, as I walked back to the hotel, I thought, The man behind the orange counter had seen me as American. Do I, after all, look American? And so am I American?

When my wife returned, she seemed in good spirits. "The paintings weren't very good, but they do try so hard," she said. "We ran into one of Sarkis's students—a huge, bright young boy. At least, I think he was bright. We all had a lemonade together."

I read my book. I wanted to ask her if she thought I looked American or Armenian, or what? But it seemed a stupid question.

OUTSIDE the post office, one morning, I had a conversation with Sarkis about literature.

"Have you read the works of Abovian?" he asked.

"No, I haven't," I said. "Unfortunately, I haven't read many Armenian writers."

"That's too bad," he said. "We have some great writers."

"I know," I said.

"In addition to Abovian, we have Toumanian, Berberian, Isahakian, Aharonian, and, of course, Raffi. You have heard of Raffi?"

"Yes. But I haven't read any of them."

"That's too bad," he said. "But you have read Saroyan?"

"Yes, I've read Saroyan," I said.

"He is a great Armenian writer," said Sarkis. "Also a great world writer. If you like, I will lend you some books by Abovian."

"That would be nice," I said.

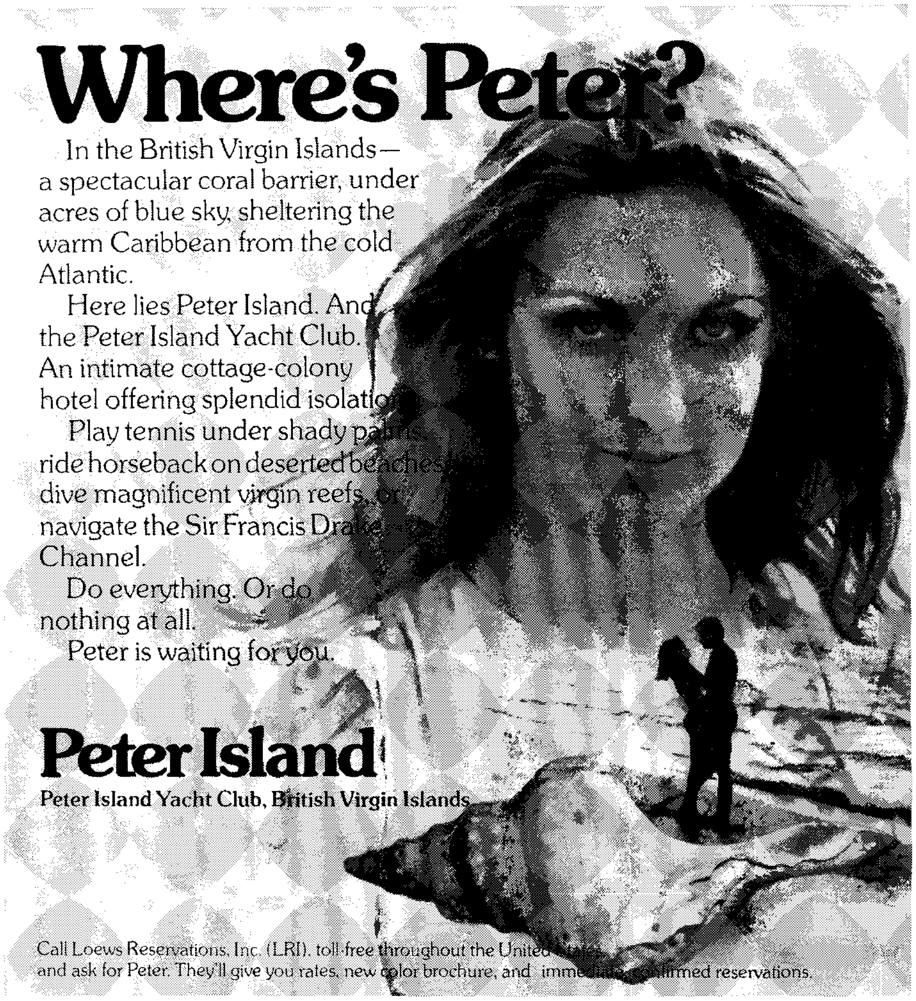
Sarkis and I shook hands to go our own ways for the day. He paused. "Should I have included your father?"

"I don't know," I said. "It doesn't matter."

"It doesn't matter," Sarkis repeated. "You know, I wonder was he as detached as you." He smiled and waved and walked off across the square.

BACK with my books, I became absorbed in the period of the Crusades. I knew that Armenia, in 301, had been the first nation in the world to officially adopt Christianity as a state religion, but I didn't know that Armenians had later become involved in the Crusades. It seemed so unlikely. Even my ignorance interested me. Before I left New York, an Armenian priest, who told me that I could never properly appreciate "the Armenian experience" without studying the Armenian role in the Crusades, had lent me several books. One (the shortest) was by an Armenian: "Cilician Armenia and the Crusades," by Armen Ovhanesian. The others were a French work, the "Histoire des Croisades," by René Grousset; and two volumes from the Englishman Steven Runciman's "A History of the Crusades."

To begin with, there seemed some variance in bias about the Armenian role in the Crusades. The Armenians, not surprisingly, generally espoused the view that had been expressed long ago by Pope Gregory XIII: "Among the other merits of the Armenian nation as regards the Church and Christendom, there is one that is outstanding and deserves particularly to be remembered; namely, that when in past times the Christian princes and armies went forth to recover the Holy Land, no nation, no people came to their aid more speedily and with more enthusiasm than the Armenians." Scholars, on the whole, were less enthusiastic than the Pope, although the French historians seemed mainly friendly toward the Armenian role. Grousset's book contained numerous references to the Armenians, especially in connection with the First Crusade. This sort of thing: "As one sees in many instances, the role of the native population was a vital factor in the success of the Crusade . . . and in-



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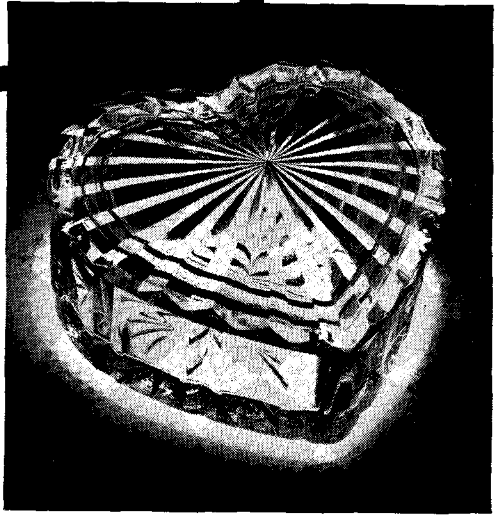

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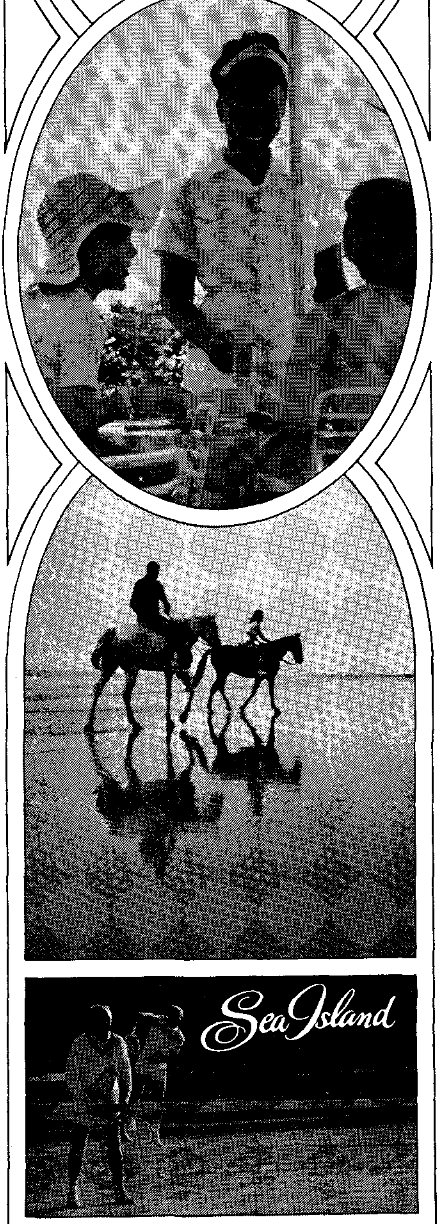

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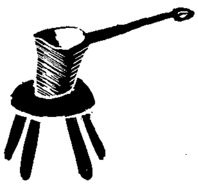
deed it was the friendship between the Armenians and the Franks which set the basis for the Latin Orient." The Armenian author Ovhanesian quoted another French historian, Professor Joseph Laurent: "The Armenians guided and provisioned the Crusaders. As signs of coöperation they [the Armenians] married their daughters to them. They opened to them the cities and fortresses from Tarsus to Marash, from Samosata to Edessa. They made possible the capture of Antioch, which foretold the capture of Jerusalem and the success of the whole enterprise." The Englishman, Steven Runciman, seemed coolest toward the subject. His books acknowledged Armenian aid to the Crusaders: "As Baldwin moved toward the river Euphrates, the Armenian population rose up to greet him," and so on. But his approach was, in the modern, Lytton Strachey manner, a decidedly anti-heroic treatment of the great European adventure: a rich narrative of baronial mistrust, double-dealing, treachery, and political feuding—activities in which the Armenians appeared to have participated as eagerly and recklessly as the Crusaders.



One might well ask, What were the Armenians doing in this part of the world, on the Levant coast of Asia Minor, many hundreds of miles southwest of the Armenian plateau? The answer appeared to be that large numbers of Armenians had been driven from their homeland by increasing incursions of Seljuk Turks. Also, equally large numbers of Armenians—whole towns and counties, under individual barons or princes—had been resettled earlier by the Byzantine government to populate newly conquered territories. In addition to these displacements, until the eleventh century the defense of the Byzantine empire had been left mainly (and with relative success) to the national armies of the provincial territories, of which the Armenian was the second-largest in the empire, its borders forming the key frontier against the raiding Turks. The Byzantine government, however, in what was surely a classic example of bureaucratic wrongheadedness, decided to insure central control from Constantinople by dissolving the Armenian army, with the result that by the time of the first full-scale Seljuk invasion, in 1045, almost half the Armenians had moved off the Armenian plateau. Where had these Armenians moved to? They had migrated southwest to the next-best replica of their own mountainous terrain: to the craggy, lower, dark-green mountains of the Taurus and Amanus ranges, close by the Mediterranean coast of Cilicia, which country soon became known as Cilician Armenia.

The Arabs and the Turks were in this general area, too—at first, farther south and east. They were both Muslim. The Armenians were militantly Christian, and since their conversion they had obdurately maintained their own branch of the Church. Then the Crusaders arrived: adventurous, belligerent, rather crude by Asia Minor standards, but also Christian. The Crusaders were short of food, of supplies, and of places to rest. The Armenians were at odds with the nearby Muslims as well as with the oppressive and distant Byzantines. Clearly, they looked to their new European friends as a counterweight to both. Such friends! In the beginning, most of the Crusaders were Frankish or Norman: Raymond of Toulouse, Godefrey of Bouillon, Baldwin of Boulogne, Robert of Normandy, Stephen of Blois—usually the younger sons of landowning families, each with a sizable private army and with distinctly secular ambitions. The Armenians, too, were a decidedly rough lot. Consider the story of Thoros and Baldwin. Thoros was an Armenian, a tough old feudal baron who, at the age of sixty, had driven the Turks from the city of Edessa. From far-off Constantinople, the Emperor Alexius Comnenus (doubtless short of the wherewithal for more tangible rewards) had bestowed on Thoros the title of Curopalates—Guardian of the Palace. Soon afterward, Baldwin of Boulogne arrived in the neighborhood with a private army, and at around the same time a large Turkish force was threatening to move back against Edessa. Thoros suggested that he and Baldwin should make an alliance, but Baldwin demurred. Finally, Thoros offered to name Baldwin co-regent of Edessa and officially adopt him as a son. This strange adoption ceremony took place in Thoros's palace one afternoon in 1098. According to one account, Baldwin and Thoros first stripped to the waist. Then a "doubly wide shirt" was placed over both of them, and the two men "rubbed their bare breasts against each other." Later, the same procedure under the shirt was repeated between Baldwin and Thoros's wife, "the elderly Princess Sophia." As with much of the rapport between Armenians and Crusaders, even the magic of that loony rite didn't last very long or create any very inspired friendship. The Turks were temporarily detoured from Edessa. But Thoros soon found himself on the wrong side of a palace intrigue and was "dragged from his chambers and torn to pieces by the crowd." Baldwin, who had remained tactfully neutral while the townspeople hacked up his lately acquired foster father, then proclaimed himself Count of Edessa.

Still, by the arrival, a hundred years later, of the Third Crusade—the one involving Richard Cœur de Lion and the Kurdish general Yūsuf ibn-Ayyūb, otherwise known as Salāh-al-Dīn, or Saladin—the Armenians were very much a presence in the Levant. For example, Prince Levon of Armenia was one of six noble lords in attendance at Cœur de Lion's marriage to Princess Berengaria, on Cyprus. And eight years later, when Prince Levon arranged to have himself crowned King of Armenia, it was no longer to Constantinople—his nominal source of patronage—that he looked for official approval but to the nearby, boisterous colonists from Western Europe. The coronation occurred one day in 1199, in the mountain fortress of Sis, the Armenian capital. The Chancellor of Germany arrived from Saxony, representing the German emperor, who had just died, and brought with him a fine gold crown. The Archbishop of Mainz appeared, representing the Pope and bringing a jewelled sceptre. From Constantinople, the Byzantine emperor—not to be left out—sent down another crown. Cœur de Lion himself was back in England, but he dispatched a present of a jewelled silver casket, lately stolen from a Sicilian monastery. Eight ambassadors from the Caliph of Baghdad attended, as did a retinue of eight hundred Crusader knights from Antioch, who "performed feats of jousting and brave horsemanship." Thus: King Levon of Armenia.

I thought, This was an odd corner of history. "Listen," I read to my wife, "At court, Latin and French were spoken as well as Armenian" and, "He modelled his court on Frankish models, introducing many French titles for offices . . . for instance, bailiff, mareschal, seneschal, and so forth. . . . The High Court was established at the royal capital of Sis, modelled on the Assizes of Antioch. . . . There were also special courts under the jurisdiction of the Latin knightly orders such as the Hospitallers."

She laughed. "But it sounds sad," she said.

"How was it sad?" I asked. "Because the Armenians copied the

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French? Because it didn't last very long?"

"I don't know," she said. "Maybe because of what I hear in your voice. I mean, part of you claims to be this rational observer, and yet another part of you still seems to be trying to justify Armenians in Western terms—you know, that history we were all taught. Battles, generals, Crusades, Richard and Saladin and Robin Hood."

"That's not it at all," I said.

"All right," she said "But why do you care so much that they seem European?"

ONE morning, Sarkis and we, and also Vartan, visited a refrigerator factory. It was a scheduled visit, impossible to get out of. Earlier, Vartan had announced over the telephone, "I understand you wish to see an electronics factory." What I had had in mind was computers. I had thought it would be interesting to look at an Armenian computer operation. "It has been arranged," said Vartan.

We went out to the factory. It was a large Victorian structure: bricks and steel girders and a glass roof—a bit like a nineteenth-century railroad station. Inside it were refrigerators. They dangled overhead from a conveyor cable, hundreds of white boxes swaying, moving slowly through the great room. Men in work clothes and women in scientific white coats reached up and did little things to the appliances as they passed by.

We were introduced to the plant manager, a short, fat Armenian with glasses and a harried smile. My wife asked him questions about "production volume" and "units per hour," which did not surprise him but which surprised me. Later, we were introduced to the Worker of the Month, a large, round, red-faced old fellow with many gold teeth and enormous hands.

We stood in a room full of huge, silent machinery and had tea with the plant manager and the Worker of the Month. The Worker said that his son had just been accepted by the University of Erevan. He was a physics student. It was a very sweet moment. Even the plant manager seemed genuinely happy for him and clasped the old man about the shoulders. One knew that this was a model factory, but surely this could not have been a model event. I thought for a second of when I was a boy and heard the bartender at the Golden Horn announce that his son had been accepted into the Curtis Institute. Aspirations everywhere!

Afterward, outside the factory, as we were walking abreast down the sun-drenched street, Vartan said to Sarkis, "We hope to get our refrigerator next year."

Sarkis said, "We had ours last year. But we are still waiting for the telephone."

"I have the telephone," said Vartan.

"WHAT do you think of Vartan?" my wife asked me.

"I don't know," I said. "He seems nice enough, but I can't guess what he's thinking. He seems very efficient—a young man on the way up in the Committee. I don't think he gets on too well with Sarkis."

"Sarkis is an émigré," she said.

"What do you mean?"

"Vartan was born here. Sarkis belongs to one of the Armenian families that moved here right after the war. I think maybe that makes him more excessive."

"How did you know that?" I asked.

"He told me," she said.

"I find him hard to be with," I said.

"I know that," she said. "He feels it, too. He thinks you're finding it difficult to be here."

"That's not so," I said. It made me furious to be patronized by Sarkis.

"Well, sometimes you still act as if Armenians had nothing to do with you," she said.

ONE evening after dinner, we walked with Sarkis in a small park that had a pond with ducks on it and fountains splashing.

"How safe it seems here!" my wife said.

"Of course it is safe," said Sarkis. "We Armenians are a peaceful people."

We sat on benches opposite each other in the twilight. In the distance one could hear music playing—a popular tune on a loudspeaker. Some teen-aged boys walked by. They stopped at the pond, reached in their arms—shirts and all—and rubbed water over their faces, and went off laughing.

"In America, I hear, the youth are very violent," said Sarkis. "Here we have no such problem. Armenian children respect their parents."

"That must be nice for parents," my wife said.

"I know that your children are not violent," said Sarkis. "Armenian blood does not incline to violence."

For no reason, I asked, "Where were you in the war?"

"In Egypt," Sarkis said. "I was in

the Armenian colony in Cairo and worked for the British. I was a clerk. They didn't treat me too badly, either, but after the war, when they had no more need of us, they went back to their old habits."

"And you came here?"

"I came here. It was the most fortunate thing I have ever done. I have returned to the Armenian homeland, and I am a citizen of the Soviet Union." He looked at me. "And you—were you in the war?"

"I was too young," I said. "I was at school."

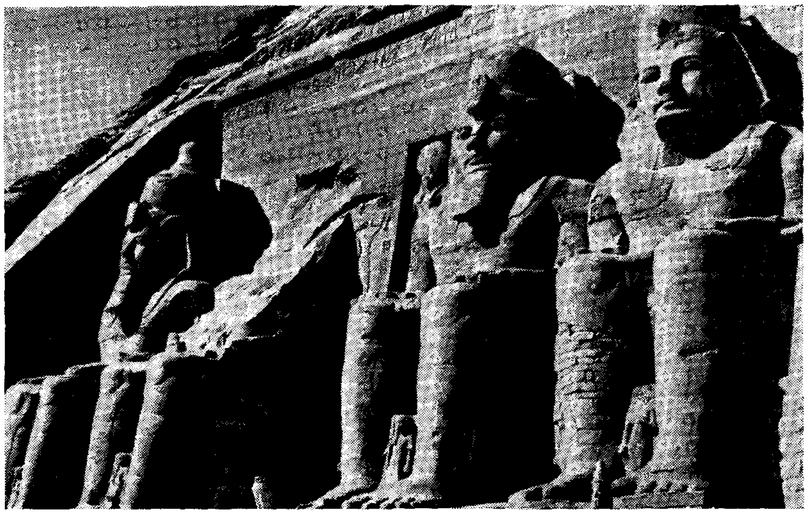
"That was also fortunate," said Sarkis. "Armenians have no use for wars."

THAT night, I had some wretched dreams. Although the dreams (for there were several, which seemed to blur into one another) were about war and battles, in the center of each dream was a kind of dread—not so much a dread of war, or even death, as a somehow deeper dread of being *lost*. Although from whom or what was never clear. In one dream, I was alone in an unknown country. It seemed an endless dream, whose scenario was filled with ruined buildings, vast silences, train rides in empty carriages—at one point, a wooded avenue, quite pretty, with tall trees and fallen leaves, and lined with silent, empty tanks. In another dream, I seemed more actively to be searching for someone—my wife and children, as I imagined. There was a huge white hotel, bathed in sunshine, with orange trees in the garden and with the interior crowded with soldiers, mostly pilots. My wife and children were by a swimming pool. But my search persisted. I didn't know for what. The anxiety was quite excruciating—a feeling of being somehow kept away, or kept apart. I woke up shivering, hazily recalling the dream images of search: an area of rubble, wreckage—perhaps a city—which led suddenly to a field, an endless field of tall yellow flowers.

I looked at my wife asleep beside me. I thought (the thought coming from I knew not where), Sarkis and I are both in some way lying to ourselves.

SOME time went by. The days were very hot. Each morning, the sun was higher above the olive hills, and warmer—a distant, glaring white circle that hovered over the unfinished pink buildings, the trees, the statues, the jangle of the traffic.

We went to visit old churches out



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in the dry countryside. There was a place called Garni, on the edge of a cliff, with dark pine forests all around and the racing water of a silvery river far below. Great slabs of black stone overgrown by weeds. Broken pieces of columns lay strewn about, decorated by Armenian stonecutters of long ago with designs of pomegranates and geometric shapes. It was a ghostly place, shrouded with trees.

There was also Zvartnots. I would say the name over and over to myself: "Zvartnots. Zvartnots." It seemed somehow so Armenian: a sound not like any other. Here were the remains of a great church, now lying in ruins on the plain of Ararat. We were almost familiar with Ararat by now, accustomed to looking over our shoulder at the sky and seeing the mountain's blue mass, the rim of snow. If Garni had been dark and hidden, Zvartnots was full of sunlight and stood blithely exposed upon the plain. Wild poppies grew amid the ruins, and one could see places where the invading Arabs had once built crude, cobbled fortifications around the sculptured columns. I thought, Darkness and light, perhaps the Armenian ambivalence.

IN the steamy afternoons, I continued to read Armenian history. It required persistence on my part, for many times I found it hard to understand what I was doing in Armenia, and felt discouraged, not knowing what it was I expected. My wife seemed happy, although we fought sometimes. She liked to see new things and to observe the strange landscape.

For example, I read about King Hetum I of Armenia, who in the thirteenth century had journeyed for seven months and four thousand miles to pay a call on the Mongol chieftain Mangu Khan, in Karakorum, the great tent city of the Mongols. Armenian historians seemed eager to note that this was the first official visit by a Western ruler to the leader of the Golden Horde. Another "first"! Apparently, Mangu—who was Genghis Khan's grandson—received King Hetum "with courtesy and high honor," and even agreed to a rather short-lived mutual defense pact against the Muslim Mamelukes of Egypt.

It was history, I knew, but it sounded dreamlike. It made one wonder: What had the Great Khan and the Armenian king talked about? Had Mangu played dumb, like Sitting Bull, puffing on his pipe while fearsome Mongols put on a casual display of flaying prisoners or shooting arrows while standing on their heads and riding backward? Had Hetum rustled about the tent city (not yet visited by Marco Polo) in royal silks, politely tasting Mongol yogurt, talking to himself alternately in French, Latin, and Armenian? Did either of them have any idea in which direction history was headed?

It was surely not headed benignly toward the Armenians. Up in the northern tier of Asia Minor, as the Byzantine empire had shrunk steadily back to Constantinople, the Armenian highlands—so-called Greater Armenia—had become literally overrun by waves of nomads from Central Asia: Turks, Mongols, and the Tatar followers of Timour Lenk, or Tamerlane.

Down by the Mediterranean, in Cilician Armenia (where Hetum ruled), the situation was not much better. Muslim warriors had recaptured for Islam most of the Crusader principalities, with the result that Christianity had virtually disappeared from the Levant, save for the islands of Rhodes and Cyprus, and for the small kingdom of Armenia. This lesser Armenia was reduced to a few mountain fortresses: a defensive Christian enclave within a sea of Islam, which now reached to the gates of Constantinople.

The Armenians, one could see, had made two crucial bets. A long time back, they had bet on Christianity. More recently, they had bet on the Crusaders and the growing power of Europe. These bets were not in themselves wrong, for the dynamics of Christianity and Europe were such that both forces would sweep over much of the world. But it seemed that the Armenians had been in the wrong part of the world to make these bets—or, at any rate, to hope to collect on them.

AN Armenian chronicler, who remained behind on the Armenian plateau, described the first wave of Tatar nomads as follows:

"Now, however, we shall also tell what these first Tatars resembled, for the first who came to the upper country were not like men. They were terrible to look at and indescribable, with large heads like a buffalo's, narrow eyes like a fledgling's, a snub nose like a cat's, projecting snouts like a dog's, narrow loins like an ant's, short legs like a hog's, and by nature with no beards at all. . . . Their broad faces were plastered with a poisonous mixture of gum. . . . They killed without mercy men and women, priests and monks, making slaves, taking the deacons as their slaves, and plundering the churches of the Christians without fear."

THEN, there was the story of the last king of Armenia. His name was King Levon V, and, by the time he reached the throne, Greater Armenia had been totally overrun by the Turks, and Cilician Armenia was little more than the city of Sis. Even this outpost didn't last. In 1375, within a few months of his coronation, Levon and his subjects were besieged by an army of thirty thousand Mamelukes, half of them mustered by the governor of Aleppo. What the governor of Aleppo wanted with Sis was never clear. Perhaps it was "strategic." Perhaps he just knew he could take it. Finally, King Levon surrendered Sis, and thus the Kingdom of Armenia, and thus himself. The inhabitants were not totally slaughtered; some were permitted to become converts to Islam, and some escaped north to Constantinople, which was soon to have its own troubles. The Kingdom of Armenia, however, disappeared within the Mameluke empire—until that, in turn, was supplanted by the Ottoman Turks.

As for Levon himself, his was an odd and wistful story: true and bittersweet and unreal in the manner of a chivalric fable, or perhaps in the manner of much of Armenian history. After the surrender of Sis, he was taken as a prisoner to Cairo, where he remained for seven years in a royal prison, perfecting his calligraphy and writing petitions for his release. Eventually, some European in-laws (the kings of Aragon and Castile) provided a ransom, and Levon sailed from Alexandria to Rhodes, and thence to Europe.

In France, ex-King Levon was received by King Charles VI, who gave him a house and a pension and invited him for dinner. The two men apparently became friends. The Armenian king taught the French king to play chess, and they often played in the evening. They also talked often about France's endless and ruinous war with England, which had been going on for decades, and came to be called the Hundred Years' War. Levon kept urging Charles to get out of the war—thereby, one imagines, freeing his army for one last, great Crusade to liberate Armenia from Islam. Charles invariably replied that peace with Eng-

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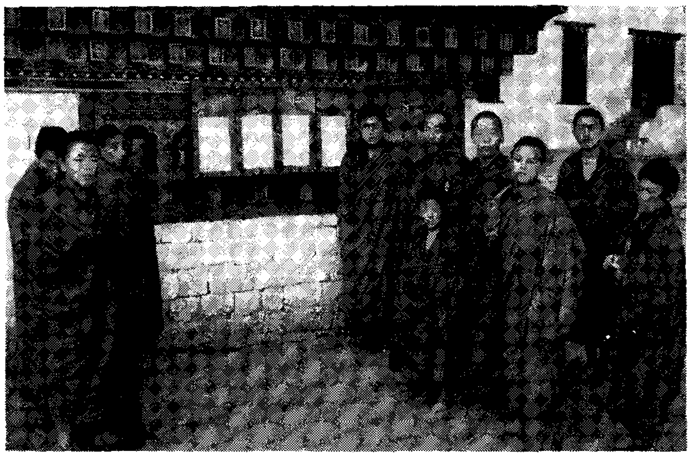

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land was a fine idea, but a ceasefire was an impractical step for him to undertake unilaterally.

In the end, Levon himself went to England, and there is a text of the speech that he delivered before King Richard II and Parliament, where "*nostre cousyne le Roi d'Armenie*" proposed an end to the Hundred Years' War—a proposal that was briefly considered and then abandoned. Levon stayed a while longer in England, perhaps peering at the strange dark woods and cold forests and huge, coarse blond people, and then went back to Paris, where he died. King Charles provided an appropriate funeral for him, and he lies today in the basilica of St. Denis, among the kings of France—in some ways as logical a resting place as any other for the last king of Armenia.

I SAID to Sarkis one evening at dinner, "I hadn't realized that the Armenians were so European."

"We're not European," said Sarkis. "We're Indo-European. That's not the same thing."

"I know," I said. "But there must have been a kinship between the two races—at least, at the time of the Crusades."

"Do you know something?" said Sarkis. "There should have been a kinship, but there was not. For one thing, Armenia was so far away. For another, don't you know, we were the rug merchants, the traders." As he said it, he laughed. "I remember that when I was a boy in Cairo they used to tease me about selling rugs. They did not mean it badly. It was a joke. But still I sometimes got sick of it." He looked at me. "It is something we Armenians have to get accustomed to, do we not?"

I felt a sudden rage within myself at these seemingly casual remarks, and, in fact, could hardly speak. I could see Sarkis's face staring at me, his plump hands on the table; he was wearing a gray thickly knotted necktie. What had he said? "We were the rug merchants, the traders."

Afterward, my wife said to me, "Did anyone tease you at school about being a rug merchant?"

"No," I said. "Or I can hardly remember anything like that." But it wasn't true.

NONE of it was true, I realized. Not so much whether I had ever been teased for being a "rug merchant" as what I really felt about it. A great rush of memories overwhelmed me: small anecdotes from the past; trivial, unimportant remarks or jokes—many of them so petty I was ashamed to recall them. And not always from long ago: just before we embarked on this voyage, I remembered, an old friend of mine, wishing us well, said, with a laugh, "Now, don't get taken by any of those wily Armenians."

Wily Armenians! Rug merchants! Traders! What in hell did those things matter, I thought, trying to be more rational about it. But something had been let loose inside me—a shame, an anger. And I knew suddenly how it mattered. It mattered because it was supposed to matter. It mattered because I had said that it couldn't, mustn't matter. It mattered because my father had said that none of it existed.

We were walking with Sarkis through a museum, a museum of Armenian art objects: ancient pots and urns, strange wooden chariots and spears. I could hardly see any of the exhibits, let alone think about them or listen to Sarkis's incessant commentary, for I was still consumed by rage. I remember staring dumbly at an enormous orange-colored wine jar, peering at it studiously, and thinking, My secret is that I have always hated being an Armenian. I haven't ignored it or been shy about it—I have hated it. Because I was given the values of the Europeans and *they* despised the Armenians. And I have hated my father not, as I have thought all these years, for being too strong a figure or too authoritarian but because he, so to speak, stepped back and gave me to the Europeans.

What was that refrain I so recoiled from? "My father had committed no crime . . . my poor father . . . my father . . ."

And then, as if the rage had burst, I thought, Ah, fathers! How hard it is to be a father. And I thought of mine: his cool, elegant, impassive face, the face that sometimes smiled in public but rarely in private; the sad eyes; the English manner; his care that I become English, American—anything but Armenian.

We had moved on past the orange-colored urn and were standing in front of an ancient chariot. "A war chariot of the middle Urartian period," Sarkis was saying.

I said, "When did the Armenians stop being warriors?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean, when did they stop being warriors and start being traders or rug merchants?"

Sarkis laughed. "Ah, rug merchants!" he repeated. He didn't know whether I was joking or not, and I didn't, either. "If you are serious," he said, "I think the answer is that there was no one time when they started to become traders. But the period you were just reading about, when the Armenians migrated from the mountains to Cilicia—that was when they gave up their historic pursuits and turned to trade."

"What about the horses?" I asked.

"The Armenians were historically great horsemen," said Sarkis.

"What about the soldiers and the commanders of cavalry?"

"Yes, Armenians were great soldiers," said Sarkis.

I realized that he didn't understand me, and that in reality I was asking questions of myself, or perhaps of my own fantasies.

MY wife and I sat out alone on a kind of restaurant terrace. It was early evening, the sky still light. People were lined up opposite for a movie.

I said, "All along, I've been trying to prove something, and it's not provable."

"But who said you have to prove anything?" she said.

That seemed sensible, although it was a hard idea to accept. I thought, People don't know anything about Armenians. Even Armenians don't seem to know about Armenians.

THE next day, we were parading around yet another fine old Armenian church, out in one of the valleys, about an hour's drive from the city. It was a tranquil place: an ancient stone structure set against the dark trees and alpine meadows—a structure of dark-brownish stone slabs, smooth and weathered by age, which was quite small but very compact, very strong-seeming, *stocky*, like the Armenians, with a conical roof over the center, covered by tiles.

It was pleasant to be up near the mountains, where there were wild flowers and the grass seemed less dry. Sarkis, in his ever-present brown suit, tightly buttoned, clambered over parapets and gravestones discoursing on Armenian architecture. It seemed that he especially favored the Austrian art critic and historian Joseph Strzygowski, who in 1918 had formulated the theory that key elements of both Byzantine and Western European religious architecture derived from the Armenians. "You know, Strzygowski has said that the Greeks with Saint Sophia and the

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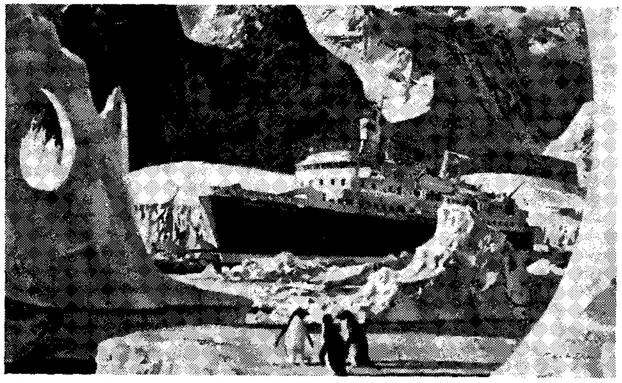

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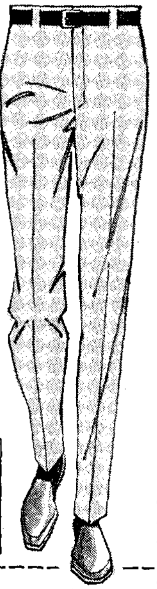

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Italians with Saint Peter's only elaborated on ideas that the Armenians first developed," said Sarkis. "Is that not something, my friends? Is that not a proud claim for Armenian architecture?" Sarkis bent down and picked a wild poppy from near a gravestone and handed it to my wife. I considered for a second whether Sarkis might not in some way be fancying her, but it didn't seem likely.

"What made Strzygowski think *that?*" I asked.

"It is very simple," said Sarkis. "It is a matter of the dome's being placed over the *square*. The Romans, as we know, placed their domes over circles, over circular structures. But the great architectural achievements of the medieval period and of the Renaissance came from the dome's being placed over the square. Strzygowski said that this form evolved first from the ancient wooden houses of Central Asia and was then perfected by Armenian architects as early as the fourth century." Sarkis sat down on a low wall, partly in the shade, and mopped his forehead with a handkerchief.

"Can we see some of those fourth-century churches?" my wife asked.

"Alas, that is a problem," said Sarkis. "They do not exist any longer."

"Did they exist in Strzygowski's time?" I asked.

"Alas, no. That was Strzygowski's problem, too. None of our early domed churches were still standing when he wrote his thesis." Sarkis got to his feet, pulling his jacket tightly about him, although the day was warm and becoming warmer. "It could have happened, you know," he said. "It is a plausible theory. But I admit that it remains controversial." He suddenly waved his arms, a stout figure in the middle of a graveyard, waving his arms at the passing clouds. "Look at the flowers!" he said. "Are they not beautiful? This lovely old church! Is it not beautiful here?"

ON our way back to town, we stopped to have lunch beside the road—sandwiches out of paper bags. There were some scrawny cattle in the distance. Fields on either side of us. Two trucks of laborers passed by—men of all ages, with dark eyes and mustaches, and holding long-handled hoes. I was aware of something's having happened yesterday, but I wasn't sure what it was, or how to talk about it. Before going to sleep the night before, I had been conscious of having admitted something shameful, having admitted some deep and shaming secret in simply acknowledging my revulsion (my shame) at this disparaged side of the Armenian character—the rug dealer, the wily merchant, the Levantine trader. But somehow today I didn't think I felt ashamed.

I asked Sarkis, "What was it like when you worked for the English?"

"It wasn't so bad," he said. "I had had a good schooling. I was the assistant to the head of a large warehouse. A military warehouse." He smiled. "That was when I had my motorcycle. 'Motorbike,' they called it."

"I meant, what was it really like?"

"What do you mean?" said Sarkis.

"I mean, what was it like to be an Armenian?" I said.

We were sitting on a rough stone fence. Sarkis had an orange in his hand which he was peeling with a penknife. He peeled it slowly, with a practiced hand—the orange-and-white skin unwinding in a steady ribbon.

"It was difficult," he said. "It was a very difficult time. It is hard to explain. You see, I had much ambition then. I was a young man. I was not bad-looking, either. I always liked the English."

"What did they think of you?" I asked.

"Oh, I was Sarkis, Sarkis the Armenian. But, you see, they were kind to me. When I was eighteen, I was chief assistant to this man, Mr. Peterson. He said he thought of me as a son."

"Where did you live?" I asked.

"I lived with my family, naturally. Where else should I live? We had a small house—part of a house, with another family. We lived in the Christian quarter. It was not far from the English."

"What went wrong?" I asked.

"What do you mean, what went wrong?" said Sarkis.

Sometimes he exasperated me. "I mean that you left Cairo, and this fine English employer, and you came to Soviet Armenia in 1948, when it couldn't have been much fun here."

"In 1947," said Sarkis. "No, it was not what you call fun." Then "I don't know why you ask me these things?"

"Because I want to know about you," I said. It was true.

"I'm not sure I can tell you," said Sarkis. "You ask me why I left Cairo. There were two reasons. The stinking poverty there had forced me toward the Communist teachings. And I was Armenian. I wished to return to my homeland."

"And what else?" I asked.

"There was nothing else," said Sarkis. The uneaten orange rested on the stones beside him. His eyes seemed to roam across the empty fields. "There was one thing," he said. "I fell in love with this girl, an English girl. She was going to the college. I would meet her after working. She was not very pretty, but I liked her very much. It is all so long ago that it is hard to remember. She had very long hair, and sometimes she used to ride behind me on the motorbike. We never really had plans to marry."

"But you were both in love?"

"Yes, but I was ambitious. Mr. Peterson had said he might take me into the business."

"Didn't he help you with the girl?"

Sarkis laughed. "No. You see, she was his daughter. He said that I had betrayed him. Oh, it was a terrible time. For a while, he wouldn't speak to me. The girl was sent away. It's strange—I don't remember her very well anymore. Long hair and skinny legs—too skinny, I always thought. But I remember Mr. Peterson and Mrs. Peterson. One afternoon, I went to their house. I had been there before, of course, because I was his chief assistant and had taken messages, but I had not been there many times. She was very upset. Mr. Peterson kept saying, 'Don't get so upset, my dear,' but she got upset anyway. She kept calling me 'Jew' and sometimes 'Armenian' and sometimes both—'Armenian Jew.' It's funny—I have often heard the English use that expression, although I think it is impossible. Catholic Protestant!"

"And so you left?"

"Yes, naturally. I had no choice. At first, I went to work for a rival company. I had this plan that I would rise high up in the rival company—control it, maybe—and then drive Mr. Peterson's company out of business. I had dreams that I would someday drive up to the English club in my motorcar and my girl would see me—how well I looked, how prosperous—and would know what she had missed. Oh, I had many youthful, vengeful dreams. In the end, I was ashamed of my desire for vengeance. My brothers wanted us all to move here, and so I did."

The afternoon was silent—silence everywhere. A large bird, perhaps a hawk, floated over fields far away. Sarkis slowly ate his orange. Then we walked down the dirt path to our car, which stood baking in the sun. Pausing beside the car for a moment, Sarkis said, "You know, about all I can really remember of that time is the day

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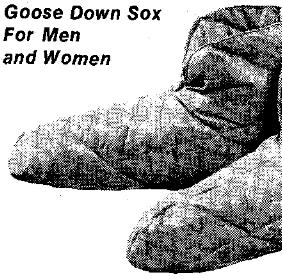

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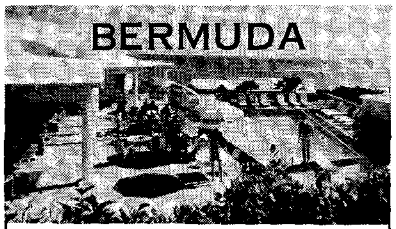

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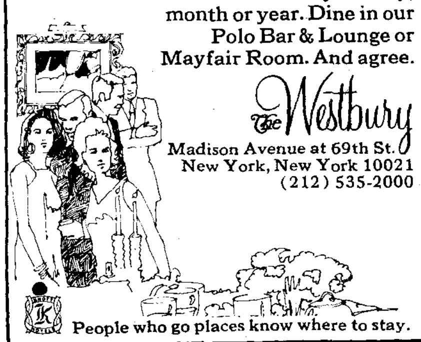

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People who go places know where to stay.

when Mr. Peterson said he thought of me as a son."

LATER that night, I thought, I am a son, and how can a son turn against his father? How dreadful it is! But then what strange creatures are fathers: these household Abrahams, with their knives raised on high—knives that take on all manner of shapes and forms, that descend in all manner of arcs. I thought, My father never raised his knife over me. I am no Isaac, and he was no Abraham.

I fell into sleep, half-sleeping, thinking of how we were all together once, some long ago—a place of green fields, a picnic place. I remembered our dog had been there. My father wandered off. I could see him, a slim figure standing silhouetted beside a tree. Then, somehow, there were soldiers, and black shapes of airplanes overhead. We were in a prison above a rushing river—dark rocks below. I thought I saw Sarkis somewhere. I thought, If only Sarkis and my father can somehow meet, they will arrive at a plan—or, at least, at an understanding. But my father was nowhere to be seen. Men with helmets roamed the hills. My wife was shaking me. "It's all right," she said. And, again, "It's all right."

After a while, I got out of bed and walked over to the chair by the window. It was quite late. The lights of Erevan were low. The square was dark. Everything seemed still. I watched a distant red dot blinking in the sky—a far-off plane—and remembered the figure standing silhouetted beside the tree, and thought, I love him anyway.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

(*This is the first part of a three-part memoir.*)

•

Around her head, she wore a scarf of the same material as the hat-band, tucked under the collar of the jacket, and her eyes were hidden by black, wraparound sun-glasses. But somehow, Stallard knew, she was familiar to him.

He knew the walk, the body, the chin with the prissy, school-marmish, widow's peak. But there was something wrong with her upper lip.—*"The Bee Sting Deal," by George Beare.*

Something wrong with that chin, too.

•

He left the UC board in 1968 after Richard Nixon was elected President to pursue his Washington career.—*University of Texas at Austin's Daily Texas.*

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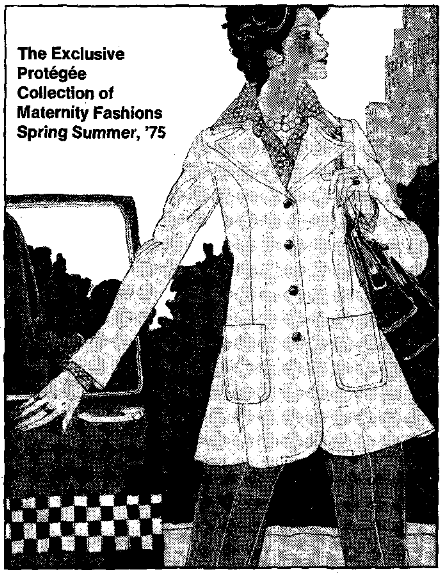

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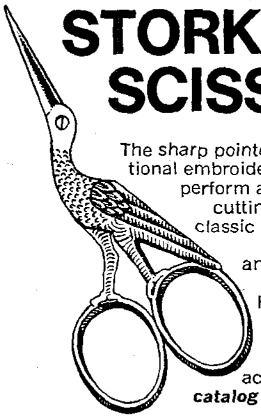

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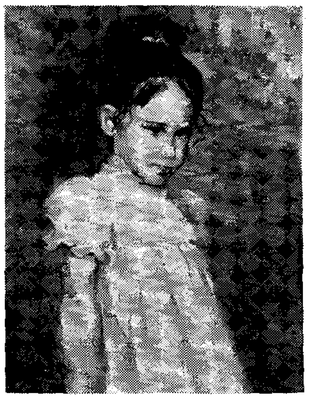

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THE THEATRE

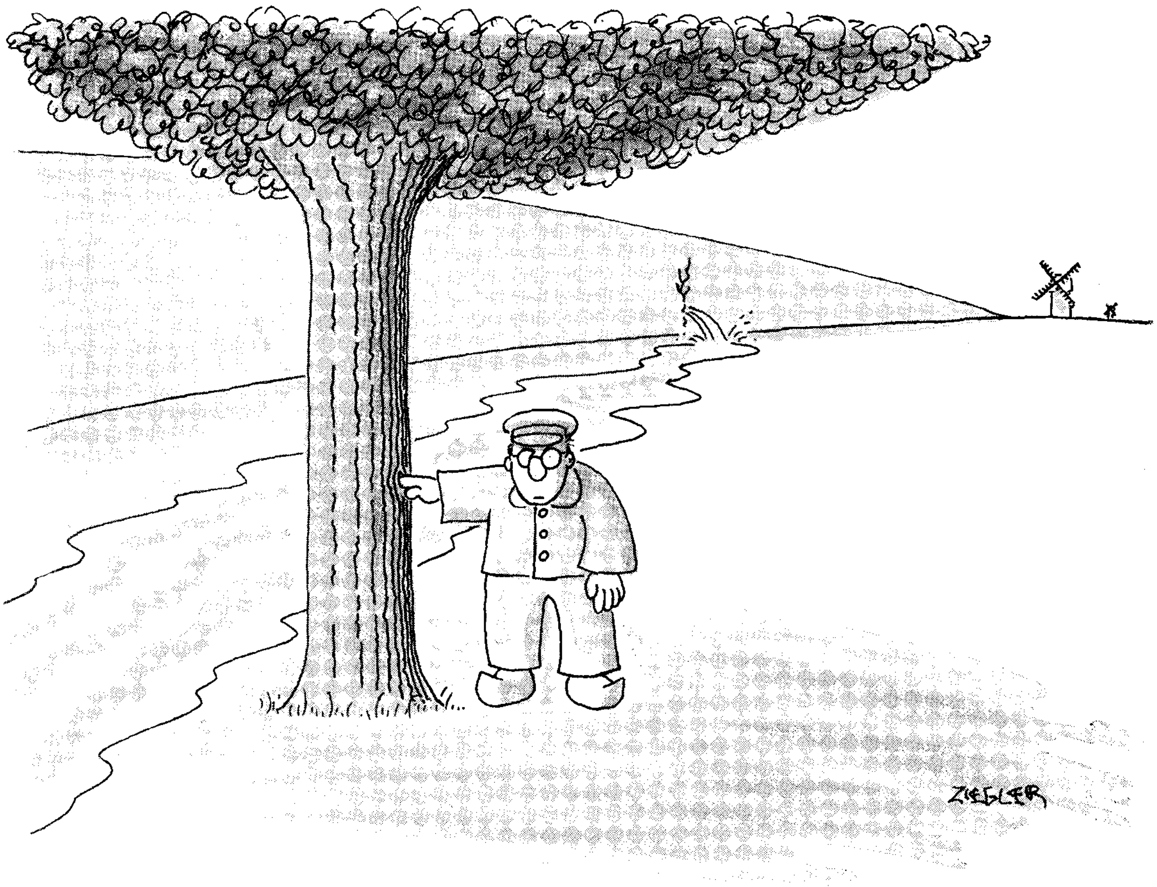
AMONG THE DUNES

EDWARD ALBEE's "Seascape," at the Shubert, is a short, wryly witty, and sometimes touching play about discovery. Boldly and simply, it asserts that, at no matter what age and in no matter what time and place, acts of discovery remain to be undertaken. With luck, such acts will be found to have meaning; better still, there is the possibility that they will bear fruit. The plot is a charming toy: a well-to-do middle-aged couple, faced with the bleak certainty of the closing in and shutting down of their lives, have unexpectedly bestowed on them the boon of doubt; through a prodigious accident, they perceive that their lives may yet open out, may yet contain unlooked-for wonders. After many words of despair, the last word we hear spoken, in bright sunlight, under the bluest of blue skies, is a hesitant and yet hopeful "Begin!" And the word is spoken not by a member of the human race but by an enormous speckled lizard, exceptionally distinguished in bearing and utterance, who feels that he has much to learn. So, Mr. Albee hints, do the rest of us. But we must be quick; such willing creatures are not easily come by, even at the edge of our mother the sea.

Of all Mr. Albee's plays, "Seascape" is the most exquisitely written. He has calculated not only every immaculate line of dialogue but every word, every caesura; when the actors fall silent, we hold our breath and wait, as we wait at the reading of some superb long poem. Serving as his own director, Mr. Albee takes us as quickly as possible over the harsh terrain of the first of his two acts. The middle-aged couple, Nancy and Charlie, have just finished a pleasant summer picnic among the dunes. Nancy has brought along her paintbox and is essaying a sketch, which we have reason to guess will not be especially good. Charlie dozes. A Coast Guard plane goes over, very low: a recurrent nuisance. Nancy talks a lot—a trifle too much for the good of the play—and always with an undercurrent of well-bred nagging. Now she launches what amounts to a monologue, which Charlie listens to with reluctance, perhaps because he has heard it several times before. By Nancy's account, it appears that their lifelong good fortune threatens with age to become ill fortune. They have loved each other and have been almost mindlessly faithful to each other; they have raised three children, who are now producing children of their own. Soon enough, they will be dead, but before that necessary event they must seek whatever small adventures their minds and bodies are still capable of responding to. Charlie groans impatiently. There is such a thing as having had one's life; what more does she want? They begin to bicker, and it turns out that there is much that Nancy wants, and much that she requires of Charlie that he should want. At that moment, terrifyingly, two lizards appear at the top of the dunes; Nancy instructs Charlie to assume a posture of submission, straight out of Lorenz (Nancy is evidently a great reader), and the curtain descends.

In the second act, the lizards prove to be every bit as much a married couple as Nancy and Charlie. They are named Leslie and Sarah, and they have had seven thousand children. They speak admirable English, though their vocabularies are limited; experiencing love and fear, they are ignorant of the words "love" and "fear." The two couples warily test their intentions; Charlie grows impatient with Leslie and makes an insulting remark about brute beasts. He goes further—he makes Sarah cry. This is something she has never done; Leslie, in a fury, comes within an ace of killing Charlie. Then, dismayed by his misconduct, Leslie makes an apologetic retreat. Charlie is also, if only mildly, apologetic. Nancy sees that their encounter with Leslie and Sarah is the very adventure that she has been pleading with Charlie to seek. It is too good a chance to miss. Luckily, Leslie and Sarah agree with her; Leslie makes a gesture of friendship to Charlie and speaks one of the most thrilling of all words. Mr. Albee has sounded his magic flute and the harsh terrain of the first act has become a verdant pathway through Cloud-Cuckoo-Land.

Deborah Kerr and Barry Nelson



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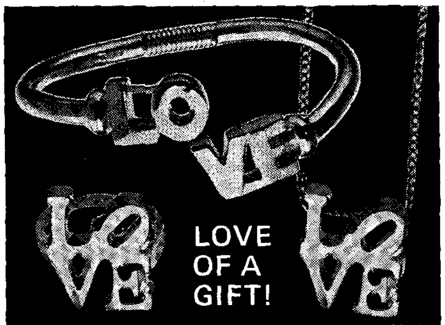

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play Nancy and Charlie, and Maureen Anderman and Frank Langella play Sarah and Leslie. Miss Kerr carries the heavy burden of exposition in the first act with exemplary grace and skill, and Mr. Langella dominates the second act with an unprecedented display of lizardly winsomeness. Is there a Tony award for Best Animal on Broadway? If so, Mr. Langella deserves it, and Miss Anderman deserves an award for Best Supporting Animal. The utterly convincing scenery—all sand, eelgrass, and glowing sky—is by James Tilton, and the ingenious costumes are by Fred Voelpel.

ONE would have expected Oliver Smith's setting for "All Over Town," with its remarkable total of eleven doors, to win the . . . well, let's call it the door prize for 1975. But not at all: the setting that Lawrence King and Michael H. Yeargan have provided for Terrence McNally's "The Ritz," at the Longacre, contains at least thirty-five doors, most of which keep violently swinging open and slamming shut all evening long, with astonishing, hilarious consequences. There is perhaps a little lesson in dramaturgy to be drawn from a comparison of the doors in "All Over Town" with those in "The Ritz." Both works are farces, and doors are to farces what horses are to Westerns; the question is whether the doors are used legitimately or illegitimately. "All Over Town" is a farce that fails, and its failure is symbolized for me by its doors, which exist only in order to help along the wobbly plot; in real life, so great a multiplicity of contiguous apertures would never be found in what the setting purports to be—a duplex apartment somewhere in Manhattan. In "The Ritz," the thirty-five doors exist not only to further the plot but also because they are a natural part of the setting, which is a sleazy hotel-*cum*-bathhouse, three of whose floors fill the entire stage opening of the Longacre. Each of the many doors leads to a cubicle in which patrons of the Ritz Baths undress before heading for the steam room, the gym, and other, possibly less conventional facilities of the establishment. "The Ritz" succeeds as a farce because everything in it is as reasonable and yet as outrageous as the logical nonsense of the Ritz Baths' architecture. (Having dealt with the door in farce, next semester I will deal with the topic "The Window in Tragedy: Open or Shut?")

Mr. McNally is a very funny writer—his "Bad Habits" was one of the most original comedies of the last

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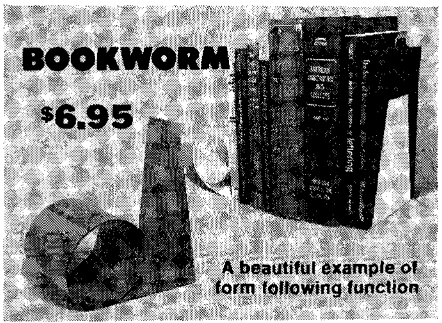

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few seasons—and a fearless taker of chances. Imagine risking a plot in which a fat, timorous, heterosexual garbage collector from Cleveland attempts to hide out in a homosexual bathhouse on the upper West Side in order to escape being murdered by his brother-in-law, an all too virile Mafia hood from Brooklyn! Imagine stirring into the plot the garbage collector's wife, equal to him in girth, who must disguise herself as a man in order to enter the baths; a primly virginal private detective afflicted with the voice of a pre-pubescent schoolboy; a Puerto Rican woman, already of a certain age, who hopes to launch her career as a night-club entertainer by serving as the m.c. for Amateur Night in the baths; and a middle-aged homosexual attracted only to fat men! The misunderstandings and bizarre confrontations that result from the garbage collector's grim determination to save his life would require a computer to sort out; at one point, for example, no fewer than three characters lie huddled higgledy-piggledy under a narrow cot while two other characters argue bitterly above them. How did Mr. McNally contrive to bring those five into the same tiny cubicle? I cannot tell you. There may have been a few threads of plot in need of disentangling at the final curtain, but I was having too good a time to notice them; "The Ritz" made me laugh almost from one tick of the clock to the next, and I am ready to forgive much for that.

Jack Weston plays the terrified garbage collector, F. Murray Abraham the liveliest and most sympathetic of the towel-clad gays, Rita Moreno the Puerto Rican singer, Stephen Collins the squeaky-voiced detective, Jerry Stiller the hood, and Ruth Jaroslow the garbage collector's wife. I admired them all. The costumes, if not the innumerable towels, are by the Messrs. King and Yeargan, the lighting is by Martin Aronstein, and the direction is by Robert Drivas.

"DANCE WITH ME" is a revival, newly fashioned for Broadway, of a comedy with music that enjoyed a considerable success in earlier incarnations downtown, once at La Mama and once at the Public Theatre. The author is Greg Antonacci, who also plays the leading role, and the director and choreographer is Joel Zwick; with the rest of the very capable small cast—Annie Abbott, John Bottoms, Peter Frumkin, Patricia Gaul, Scott Robert Redman, Deborah Rush, Stuart Silver, and Skip Zipf—they make up something called the La Mama Plexus Company. Their beachhead on Broadway is the Mayfair Theatre, deep in the bowels of the earth on West Forty-sixth Street. (Surely the Mayfair was once the site of Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe? Surely I heard Joe Howard there, joyously belting out in his eighties "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now"?) A subterranean theatre is especially suitable for "Dance with Me," since the setting, by Scott Johnson, is a subway station, so realistic in every detail that one half fears that an F train will come roaring along the tracks and into one's lap.

The plot is trifling: Mr. Antonacci plays Honey Boy, a born loser, waiting on the subway platform to catch a train. He is late for work, not for the first time. Dreading the anger of his boss, he daydreams of the past, when he was courting the sexy but irritatingly chaste girl who was to become his wife. Strange things befall him as he stands there; some of them may be real, others are but fleeting Mittyisms. We hear a few pleasing old songs and a few pleasing new ones; the mood appears to be that of the fifties, though some of the slang goes all the way back to the twenties ("Oh, dry up and blow away!"). Honey Boy's reveries provide the occasion for mildly satiric thrusts at topics by no means new: psychoanalysis, sports announcing, and the like. What makes "Dance with Me" well worth seeing is the brisk attack of the company; how modest, good-natured, and well-rehearsed they are—not a word or gesture out of place! Mr. Antonacci is both antic and affecting as the jumpy, craven *nebbish* Honey Boy, and John Bottoms is superb in several roles, including that of a man who, by an accidental scrambling of his arms and legs, becomes an animal of unknown species, threatened not with extinction but with survival. Still, I mustn't start singling out individuals for praise—it is precisely because they are so well-knit a company that they call themselves "plexus," and the best compliment I can pay them is a single salute. Take the subway at the Mayfair; you will have a good time.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

Reports from London said Stonehouse's extensive and complex business dealings, ranging from Bangladesh to Africa and the United States, - —— + a hah haha he disappeared.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

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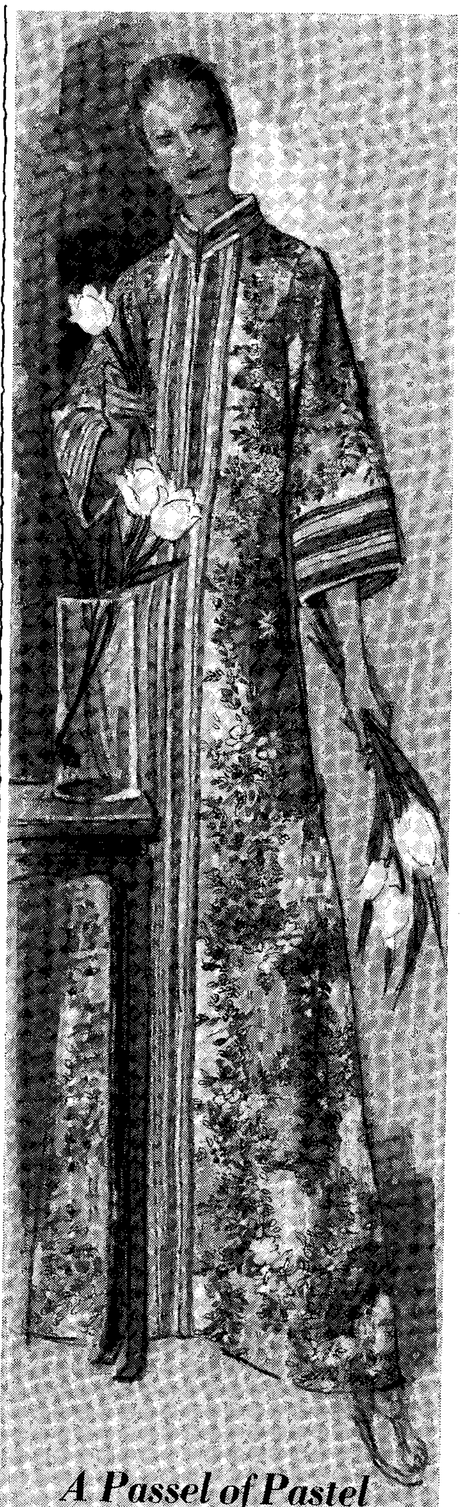

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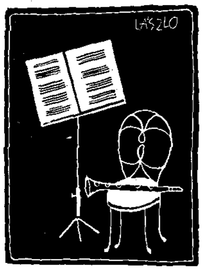
MUSICAL EVENTS

Destiny Rides Again

THE Metropolitan Opera has brought back Verdi's "La Forza del Destino" in a new production, directed by John Dexter and Patrick Tavernia. The scenery is Eugene Berman's, of 1952; the costumes, by Peter Hall, are new. Although the show is not altogether successful, it has some points of interest, and starts a new chapter in the long New York history of "La Forza del Destino." This is probably the city where the opera has been done most steadily. It came to the Academy of Music in 1865, little more than two years after its première, in St. Petersburg. (Before that, only Rome, Madrid, Reggio Emilia, and Trieste had heard it.) It reached the Metropolitan in 1918, when the cast was led by a young débutante, Rosa Ponselle, and Caruso and Giuseppe De Luca. For seventeen seasons (which must be a record) that production held the bills, seldom absent; and in 1943 it was revived with Zinka Milanov. Many celebrated singers appeared in it (their names do not appear in the shoddy, uninformative little program book; does the house have no pride in its past, no memory?). The current revival stars Martina Arroyo, Jon Vickers, and Cornell MacNeil, as Leonora, Alvaro, and Carlo, and it is conducted by James Levine. But since the leading roles of the opera, Verdi once wrote, are, from one point of view, Preziosilla and Fra Melitone, let us start with them.



Preziosilla, the gypsy *vivandière*, is a descendant of Rossini's Isabella (the heroine of "L'Italiana in Algeri") in her tessitura and her high-spirited, sparky patriotism, and of Donizetti's Daughter of the Regiment. In 1865, for a projected Paris production, Verdi thought of recasting the role at soprano pitch. Emile Perrin, the director of the Opera, asked him to let it be, since he had just acquired a dazzling new young mezzo fresh from the Conservatoire, Rosine Bloch. Verdi replied that the idea of débutantes scared him, especially in this role "*où il faut un air très dégagé, une grande vivacité, et* una disinvoltura scenica *extraordinaire*," and that a débutante as Leonora would be a less alarming prospect. At the Metropolitan, we have Nedda Casei, who is assured, vivacious, and resourceful and graceful onstage. The voice is a shade peaky but nimble and bright. Her Rataplan would make more effect if the directors allowed her to dominate it; instead, an elaborate, silly piece of business, a mock-religious procession, catches the eye throughout the number. There is, fortunately, none of the modern nonsense about Preziosilla's being a sinister character who furthers the cause of war. To read "Forza" in this way (Sam Wanamaker tried it in an interesting but disastrous Covent Garden production in 1962) is to mis-hear the music and misunderstand Verdi's intentions. "Death to the Germans!" (the line is altered in my 1944 Ricordi print of the libretto) and "Long live a united Italy!" are cries that should be taken in a historical context. Melitone, the grumbly, bumbly old monk, is played with zest and dexterity by Gabriel Bacquier. (He has illustrious predecessors: Jean de Reszke, still a baritone, made his Paris début as Melitone; Lawrence Tibbett sang the role at the Metropolitan in 1926.) Melitone is often considered an ancestor of Falstaff. Mr. Bacquier is an accomplished Falstaff, but his Melitone is even better—less elaborated and more sharply focussed. He was in firm, clear voice, and his projection of both the character and the music in the Soup Kitchen scene of Act IV made him the star of the show. A monkish habit far too short for him added a needless and stock comic touch to a performance so delightfully individual.

Preziosilla and Melitone are prominent among the large band of "ordinary men and women" (in all their extraordinary variety) among whom the self-absorbed trio of Donna Leonora, Don Alvaro, and Don Carlo act out their tragedy. In this opera, the chorus is also very important, absent only in the first scene and in the last (and in Verdi's first version of "Forza" it sings there, too). At the Metropolitan, David Stivender's chorus sang well: crisply in its contribution to the Rataplan, affectingly in the brief entreaty that opens the last act, merrily in the Soup Kitchen melee that follows. Verdi's libretto (which he constructed himself; Piave was but the versifier) is far from being a well-made play, but it does have a shape. The composer simplified on his original, the Duke of Rivas's play "Don Alvaro, o la Fuerza del Sino," by conflating the roles of the vengeful Calatrava brothers, Carlo and Alfonso. (In Rivas, Alvaro kills Carlo in the first duel, and Alfonso in the second.) He complicated it by adding, from Schiller's "Wallensteins Lager," the genre scenes of camp life in Act III, and in the same process increased the tally of coincidences. (Destiny must have worked overtime to bring together, in one Italian camp, Alvaro, Carlo, Preziosilla, Trabucco, and Melitone, converging from different points in Spain.) He obscured the plot by suppressing Rivas's introduction, in which Alvaro's supposedly murky origins and his courtship of Leonora are discussed by the populace. (The basic information was added, as an afterthought, and rather too late, in the form of Alvaro's recitative before his aria in Act III.) But what he was aiming at is not hard to discern. "Forza" is a step on the road from "Les Vêpres Siciliennes" to "Otello"—an attempt to combine the largeness, variety, and splendor of Meyerbeerian *grand opéra* with the keen passions of a piece like "Il Trovatore." It has a theme—or related themes: the predicament of a hero compelled by a series of mischances to just those actions against which his noble spirit rebels; the vanity of hoping to find peace by retiring from the world into a cloister; in Verdi's next opera, "Don Carlos," the Monk-Emperor gives precise expression to this sentiment. The passionate personal drama is played out against a background of martial and monastic life across two countries. Verdi was dissatisfied with the result, and particularly with his original ending, which followed Rivas. In this version, "Forza I," Alvaro and Carlo fight their last duel onstage. After it, Alvaro and Leonora are allowed an excited outburst of reunion (reminiscent of the "Trovatore" Act II finale), to which Carlo adds his wrong conclusion that they have been living together in conventual sin. As Carlo and Leonora die, a thunderstorm that has been raging increases its force and all the monks, led by the Father Guardian, troop on singing "Miserere." Addressed by his monastic name of Father Raphael, Alvaro replies, "Imbecile . . . to look for Father Raphael . . . I am an envoy of Hell." ("I always said so," remarks Melitone.) "Open, O Earth! Swallow me, Hell! Let the heavens fall, and the human race perish!" And he flings himself over a precipice. This is a meet ending to the drama, and true to its nature—but Verdi objected to so many bodies. For years he tried to think of a different finale, and begged his friends for suggestions. Perrin's idea for a happy ending, with the families reconciled, he quickly rejected. Eventually, not without misgivings, he adopted Antonio Ghislanzoni's proposal—for an offstage duel and a final trio during which, in Manzonian vein, Leonora and the Father Guardian urge Alvaro to submit to Destiny in a spirit of Christian resignation. This closes the revised version of the opera, "Forza II," which had its first performance at La Scala, in 1869. The trio is such fine music that it is always done, but there is much to be said for the wild, romantic finale of the earlier version. Perhaps Sarah Caldwell, ever adventurous in her choice of editions, will stage it for us.

The other large difference between "Forza I" and "Forza II" (apart from the amplification of the prelude as a full-scale overture) is in the structure of Act III, Scene 2. (At the Metropolitan, the acts are misnumbered; Acts I and II are played without interval, and then III is called II, etc.) In Petersburg, the sequence was: camp scenes ending in the Rataplan; second duet of Alvaro and Carlo; and aria-finale for Alvaro (a stirring piece in the vein of Manrico's "Ah si, ben mio . . . Di quella pira," in "Il Trovatore," ending on a ringing high C). To discover Verdi's next thoughts, we must turn to those largely unexamined Paris archives that contain so much material important to any present-day production of an opera that had its première or a composer-supervised revival in Paris. (In these pages I have written about changes that the formerly accepted texts of "Carmen," "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," "L'Africaine," "Don Carlos," and "Mignon" have undergone as a result of Paris researches; the Metropolitan's forthcoming "Siège de Corinthe" and the Opera Company of Boston's "Benvenuto Cellini" will also be affected by them.) The Opera's "Forza," as noted above, did not come off, but plenty of planning was done. Verdi decided to end Act III with the Rataplan and to cut what followed as "quite unnecessary;" the gist of it he summarized in a new recitative for Act IV. In "Forza II," however, he eventually removed only the final aria; the Alvaro-Carlo duet was kept after all, but moved to an earlier position, before the camp scenes. And to mark it off from the previous scene, which is also concerned with Alvaro and Carlo, he wrote a new little *ronda*, or "dawn

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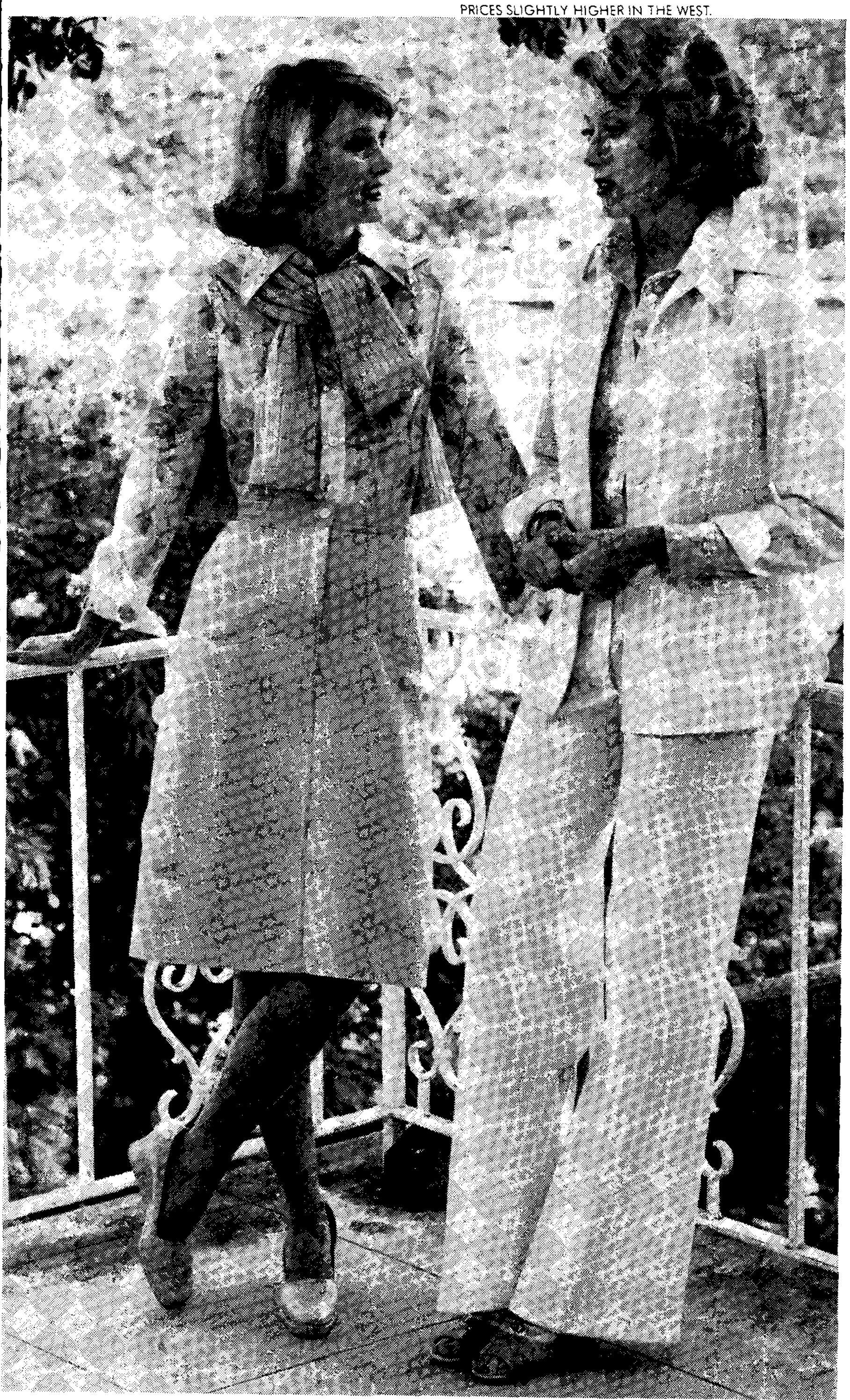

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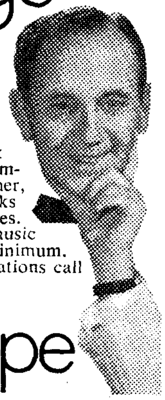

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patrol"—a delicate piece of music omitted at the Metropolitan. I go into this detail to support an assertion that the reversal of camp scenes and duet, as practiced in the new Metropolitan staging, is unfortunate. In all Verdi's projects for improving "Forza," the Rataplan figures as the third-act finale. The duet ends the act ineffectively, and in the wrong key. (In both of Verdi's versions, Act III opens and closes in C major.) Incidentally, the curtain was made more ineffective by Mr. Vickers' avoidance of the high B in the final cadence. (Verdi insisted on Alvaros with full, powerful high notes.)

The Messrs. Levine, Dexter, and Tavernia are by no means the first to have attempted to revise Verdi's revision. The German Verdi revival began in 1913, with a "Forza," in Hamburg, in which Georg Göhler "solved" the expository problem by lifting out a chunk of Alvaro's recitative in Act III and dropping it into the first scene—thus wrecking the musical forms of two carefully constructed numbers. Franz Werfel, in a 1925 arrangement (which Bruno Walter introduced to the Metropolitan in 1943), tinkered with Act III much as the Metropolitan team has done. Fritz Stiedry and Herbert Graf, for the 1952 production, concocted an abridged "Forza," without the Inn scene; the overture was played as an entr'acte. The current revival is at least an improvement on that. But a study of "Forza" in all its versions (there are others, unmentioned here) suggests, and my experience of the piece in the theatre has confirmed, that the opera is best performed as Verdi wrote it, unshuffled and unshortened. All the objections still made to it were long ago considered by him (for example, he played with the idea of an introductory chorus, to clarify the plot), and he came up with the best answers he could find. The piece proved intractable, and he could not get things quite the way he wanted them, any more than he could when reworking "Simon Boccanegra" and "Don Carlos." In "Forza II," two duets for Alvaro and Carlo do come awkwardly close together (even though there is a scene change between them—unobserved in the Metropolitan staging). Verdi knew it, and he knew, too, that nothing better could be done—short of composing the opera all over again.

As Leonora, Miss Arroyo made some sweet, full sounds, but her performance did not have much character. Verdi wanted "an animated soprano"

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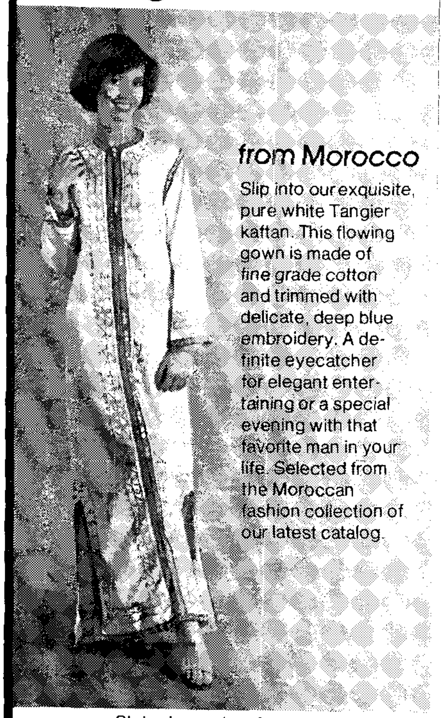

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in the role; Miss Arroyo, soft-grained in timbre and unincisive of phrase, hardly filled the bill. "Forza" singers, Verdi said, need not so much bravura technique as "spirit, and the ability to understand and express the *words.*" Mr. Vickers, as Alvaro, had those qualities. Indeed, the intensity he brought to his aria almost tore it to tatters—but then he often begins by overexpressing a role and settles later into a more disciplined interpretation. In the second and third duets with Carlo he was magnificent. Mr. MacNeil, the Carlo, was in powerful and impressive voice. His acting was—well, traditional; his delivery was firm; his intonation was not always true. Bonaldo Giaiotti was a dull Father Guardian. In the tiny part of the Surgeon, Arthur Thompson registered sharply.

The Berman scenery is at once too square, too sober, to match the romantic moods of the work—Act III is supposed to open in a wood, at blackest night, and the last scene should be "a valley amid inaccessible rocks, traversed by a stream"—and too emphatic to allow the imagination, or an imaginative director, free rein. One understands the Metropolitan's reluctance to incur the expense of new décor, but that is no reason for praising the old. The stage direction is not imaginative but basically plain, with some unnecessary "glosses." (It does not make the plot any clearer to introduce the mute figure of Carlo into the first scene; anyone unfamiliar with the story will merely wonder who he is.) The military maneuvers provided some unintended and inappropriate comedy, and the camp scenes, that marvellous sequence of changing moods, were not laid out as clearly as they should be. Mr. Levine heffalumped through the score, crashing into the overture at a speed that turned the "destiny" motif into a smudge, and failing to "breathe" the second subject. The tarantella was slow and heavy. In Alvaro's aria, the first clarinet, who is just about equal soloist with the tenor, made a poor showing. —ANDREW PORTER

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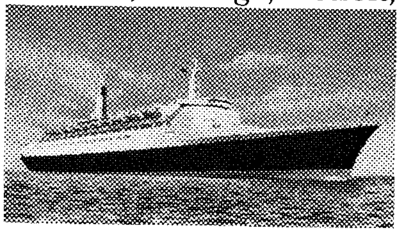

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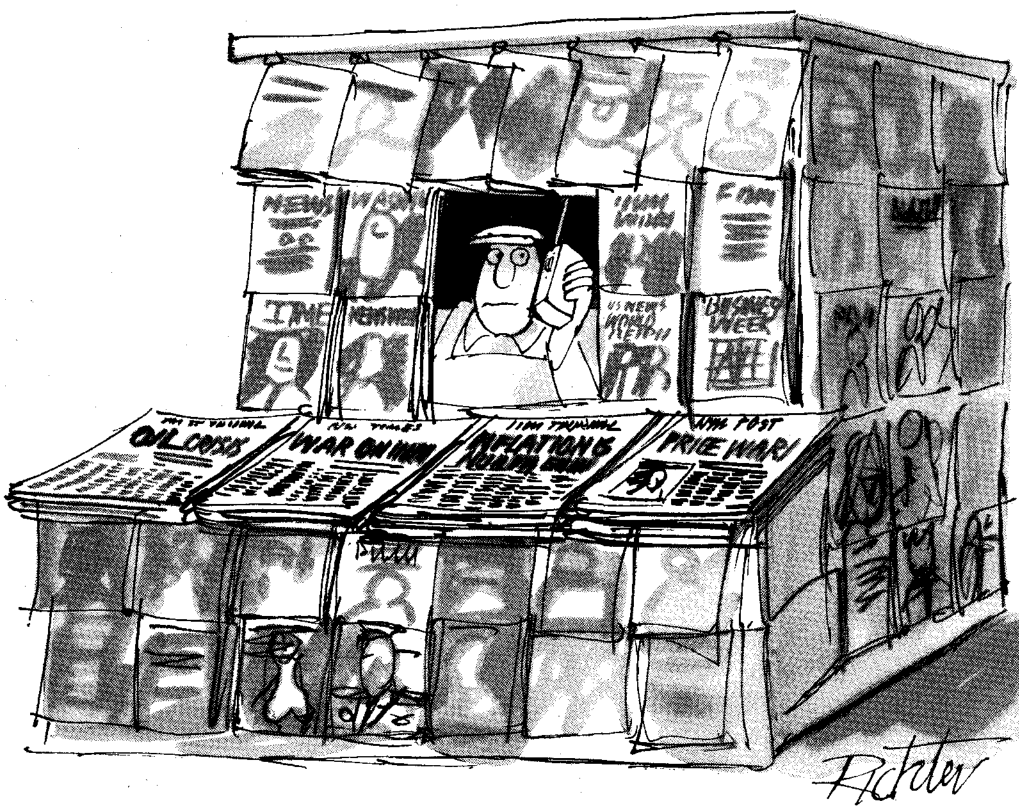
SOMETIMES asides reveal more about character than a full dramatic treatment does. In "Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins," two girls (Sally Kellerman and Mackenzie Phillips) kidnap a man (Alan Arkin) and force him, at gunpoint, to drive them from Los Angeles to Arizona. About halfway through, I was still wondering why the picture had been made. It was scrupulously crafted, and I was having a good time, but it seemed such a slender subject, and the ingredients were familiar from other road movies about the chance meeting of strays (such as "Slither"). After it was over, I was glad that Warners had taken a chance on such a marginal, small-scale idea. "Rafferty" doesn't pay off every few minutes; it sneaks up on you—you discover it, like a "sleeper." I found it a funny, velvety film, with the kind of tenderness that you can almost feel on your fingertips. The picture isn't directed for straightforward excitement; it's a sidewise vision. The director, Dick Richards, is a real southpaw. He's an attentive director, edging into the structure of relationships, and then, when the three principals, who have long since abandoned their kidnappers-and-victim relationship and become friends, are at a roadhouse called Sparky's, in Tucson, the whole thing comes together. Richards gives us a world in which everyone is alone, but the scruffy band of outsiders now accept that they care for each other; they've become so easy with each other that they even attract other rejects.

Sally Kellerman has been saying all along that what she really cares about is singing, and when she sings with the country-and-Western band at Sparky's, her emotion shows in her trembling face and throat. Her full aloneness is expressed in her plaintive country-music twang; it's as if we'd found out what was missing from Kellerman's character in "Slither." Sally Kellerman's performance is softer and more flexible than any of her earlier ones; she seems to give herself over to the character in a way she hasn't done since "M*A*S*H." And I think it may be the first time I've really been comfortable with Alan Arkin on the screen since his expansive impersonation of a muzhik in "The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming." That wholesome fellow, with his enormous Slavic integrity, had a comic radiance that Arkin hasn't had since. I know that many people consider Arkin a great actor, and he's certainly highly skilled, but I don't think he's been a great movie actor. He doesn't project too much, as stage actors used to do onscreen, but his small modulations are just as tightly controlled as they would be on the stage, and what the camera picks up is taut, closed-in acting. There's no spontaneity; nothing shines forth. We never feel we're discovering something for ourselves in his face; we know he put every tiny mood in place. He plays too *small*, and I wondered that critics could admire his Yossarian, for example, when the character had so little life. In the current "Freebie and the Bean," he's the same overcontrolled Arkin as before, dead-faced and relying on vocal tricks—hesitation humor, mostly—to do his acting, but as Rafferty he's beginning to move his facial muscles like a real person. His voice still lacks sensual appeal; it's a dry, flat voice that puts him among the comic losers. But if he could loosen it a little his whole personality might limber up. Probably he's more free as Rafferty because being free is absolutely essential for the role. The hard-shell character here is that of the teen-ager Frisbee (Mackenzie Phillips)—a balky, smart, foul-mouthed fifteen-year-old on the lam. Mackenzie Phillips was wonderfully spunky in "American Graffiti;" in this role her spunk is the outer form of misery—a self-protective crust. Frisbee is the grungy sleeping beauty of this schizo love comedy, and Rafferty must have the warmth and the fellow-feeling to melt her. If Rafferty didn't win Frisbee over in the car so that she finally climbs into the front seat to join the others, there wouldn't be any movie. The proof of Dick Richards' instinct is in the next scene. It's in the comic moment when Rafferty, having won, can parody Frisbee's earlier cry of "Don't touch me," and put his arm around her.

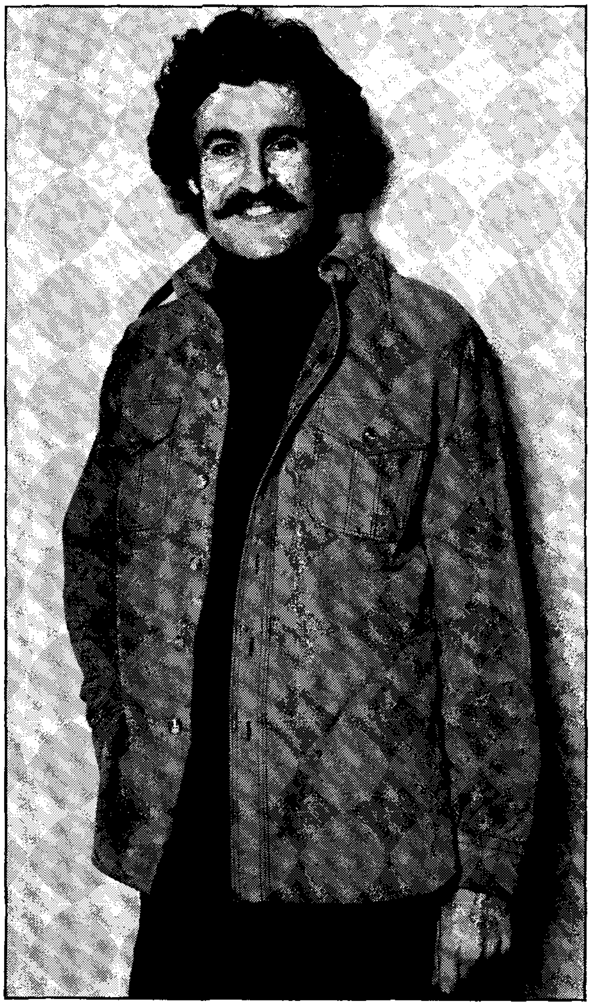
The script, an original by the young writer John Kaye, and his first to be produced, doesn't give Richards quite enough to work with. The movie doesn't make for a big evening, but, with a very few exceptions (I didn't like the line of dialogue that brings down an easy laugh on an old couple whose car is rammed), it sustains a half-fantasy, balloon-going-up mood. The way we learn about the background of each of the three may be a



"... and now the news."

little too calculated, and the similarity of those backgrounds too predictably neat; the dénouement is almost comic-strip flip (a beginning as much as an end). Yet "Rafferty" has a fresh humor that is based not on desperation but on affection. Richards is a very companionable sort of director. A fashion photographer who became a whiz at TV commercials, he has made only one other film—"The Culpepper Cattle Co.," a suicidally titled Western that came out in 1972, around the same time as another self-destructive Western, "The Great Northfield Minnesota Raid." The title "Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins" is hardly a come-on, either, and it's difficult to suggest any overwhelming reason the picture should be seen, but there are small, fringe reasons that add up. Richards has a fine responsiveness to faces (this may be what sent him into photography). The whole cast is effective—especially Alex Rocco, as the scrounger who attaches himself to the group in the Las Vegas episode, and Harry Dean Stanton, with his hollowed face (as if he'd worn away whatever life he had in him), as the man who shoots pool with Frisbee. Richards has a feeling for momentary encounters: what might be throwaways for another director are his most acutely realized moments. And maybe because he looks to see what's in people's faces he brought something out of Alan Arkin, instead of letting Arkin put it there. At the end, when Rafferty is playing dad to Frisbee and beaming, Arkin's relaxed face is a gift to us. He's got past his Second City shtick; the feeling in this charmingly inconsequential movie transforms him.

GAIL PARENT's novel "Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York"—a top best-seller in paperback last year and still going strong—is in the form of a fat girl's jokey suicide note. It's all one-liners, and, reading it, you might almost be watching "Rhoda" on TV and hearing Rhoda's stocky sister Brenda getting laughs on the subject of how desperate she is for a date. (Mrs. Parent has, in fact, written for "Rhoda.") In the book, Sheila's Jewish mother stuffed her with food, and when she's grown up, since she's fat and ugly and can't get a husband—which is her only mission in life—she stuffs herself. There wasn't much material for a movie in this extended TV skit, and as scriptwriters Mrs. Parent and her TV writing partner, Kenny Solms (they've written for Carol Burnett and done segments of "The Mary



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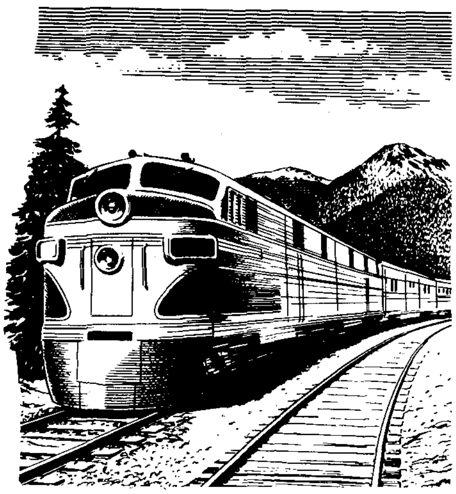

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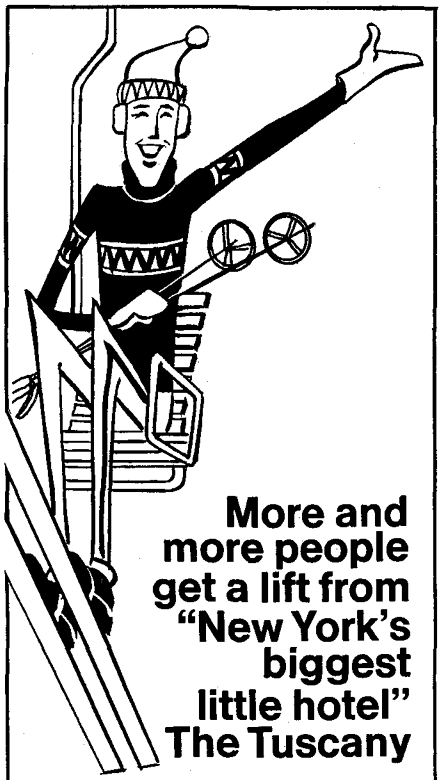

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Tyler Moore Show," among others), devised a different story. Now it's the Romance of Liberation. Sheila (Jeannie Berlin), no longer fat, comes to New York and meets a handsome doctor (Roy Scheider). But he's a "confirmed" bachelor, and it isn't until after she has made a jerk of herself trying to land him, and is deep in her work, producing records for children, that he extricates himself from an involvement with her aspiring-actress call-girl roommate, Kate (Rebecca Dianna Smith), and gets around to proposing. He loves Sheila, it turns out, for her openness—her willingness to humiliate herself—in contrast with his own self-protective bachelor reserve.

A confused, part-liberated rehash of old-Hollywood attitudes toward the young working girl in the big city, "Sheila Levine" isn't much of a movie. There are more star closeups of Jeannie Berlin than there were even of Joan Crawford or Susan Hayward in their working-girl days, or of Natalie Wood in "Love with the Proper Stranger," and Jeannie Berlin's improvisatory manner is at odds with the worshipful camera. In most of the closeups, Sheila has nothing to express but bewilderment. Her extraordinarily passive doctor makes sheep's eyes at her while Kate leads him around by the nose. When he finally delivers his declaration of love to Sheila, a muscle in his face twitches, and you half expect the audience to burst into applause: at last, Scheider has *done* something besides point his virile nose, crinkle up his eyes, and grin like a dapper George C. Scott. The director, Sidney J. Furie, provides the disadvantages of the slick, impersonal style (every flutter of a false eyelash makes a point; nothing is believable) and none of the advantages, such as a coherent continuity. There are gaps in the plot and woozy lapses in time; at one point, when we think Sheila still lives in New York, she's suddenly teaching school in her home town—Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

The movie would seem to be a stupid fiasco; it barely escapes self-parody when it tries for romantic encounters. The doctor, his voice posh-full of emotion, greets Sheila with "How are you, Harrisburg?" Yet I have never before seen young women in an audience so riled up after a movie, and I've heard that at some showings they've booed. Clearly, it represents more than an ordinary piece of trash to them. A friend who had seen an advance screening told me not to bother going to it, because it was the worst movie she'd ever seen; a few days later she went to see it again. From what I can gather from talking with a few of the women, they're not angry because Sheila's whole drive in life is man-centered—they're angry because they feel that it's a lie that she'd win her doctor. I have heard several women say something like "The picture just isn't true," and each time it turned out that they weren't rejecting the whole slurpy vision but rejecting only Sheila's victory. Their idea seems to be that if you don't look like that L'Oreal blonde ("I don't mind spending more for L'Oreal, because I'm worth it"), you can't get a first-class husband. They don't take their attitudes from the TV commercials' message, which is that if you buy the products you, too, will be Waspy-lovely; they take them from the subliminal message, which is that if you're not Waspy-lovely you don't stand a chance. And since they know damned well that using L'Oreal won't turn them into that model they're bitterly defeatist about their chances for a model man.

Actually, Jeannie Berlin looks great; she needed to be lumpy-faced in "The Heartbreak Kid," but here she has fine contours and her face is warm and appealing. Her performance almost does her in, however. Her big telephone scene should be her last telephone scene ever, and she ought never to appear in another movie with a Jewish wedding. Not only is this picture full of scenes that were clichés the first time they were done but Sidney Furie brings worse than nothing to them. Sheila is allowed to show vivacity only when she's clumsy or flustered or behaving idiotically; the more "mature" she becomes, the more slowed down she is. She has no normal range. Furie seems to think that she's being intelligent and reflective when she's openmouthed comatose. Jeannie Berlin has an expressive face, but her features are larger than those of most models, and in the subtext of this movie she might just as well be fat, because she's playing ugly duckling to skinny Kate. Though the picture takes the new homiletic view that she finds herself as a person and develops a career before winning her man, she feels she's a failure and behaves like one. And the women in the audience probably see her as a failure. They've got their own cynicism blended with women's-liberation ideas.

"Sheila Levine" gets to them in some prickly way, as if it were violating their hard-won knowledge of life. The movie has several primal scenes that relate to this knowledge. When Sheila first meets the doctor, she goes to bed with him and then fantasizes an enduring love, only to be painfully embarrassed when he explains to her that it was just casual sex. Later, she tries to lure him by being like the freakish Kate, since that seems to be what he goes for; rigged out in a dumbtart dress and ankle-breaker shoes, and wearing layers of makeup, she's a gruesome parody. (She looks more like Helmut Berger than like Kate.) And at the end of this exhibition, when the doctor tells her that Kate is pregnant and he's marrying her, Sheila's humiliation is more devastating even than Bette Davis's in "Jezebel" when she knelt to Henry Fonda, only to be presented to his wife. And there's another degradation scene, also treated as primal soap opera: a girl who has just gone to bed with someone she met at a party makes a weepy speech about how disgusting these sex episodes always are but how she keeps getting into them, hoping for something wonderful to happen. These overwrought scenes may fool some of the women in the audience into thinking that the picture really is about their lives, and this may intensify their hostility toward the happy ending. There seems almost an anxiety to be liberated among young women now. Some of them in the audience may be so raw-nerved on these issues, and so eager to see them treated on the screen, that they become indignant when they perceive that "Sheila Levine" is no more than a sleazy con. But the wonder is that they don't see it from the start. It's perplexing, too, when they complain that the book was different. Is there anything in that facile joke book to preserve? Nothing but its sense of defeat.

What's disturbing about the movie is that it exploits the self-hatred of so many women in the audience, who identify with Sheila because they feel that they, too, are not top-quality love objects. (I think they may also trans-

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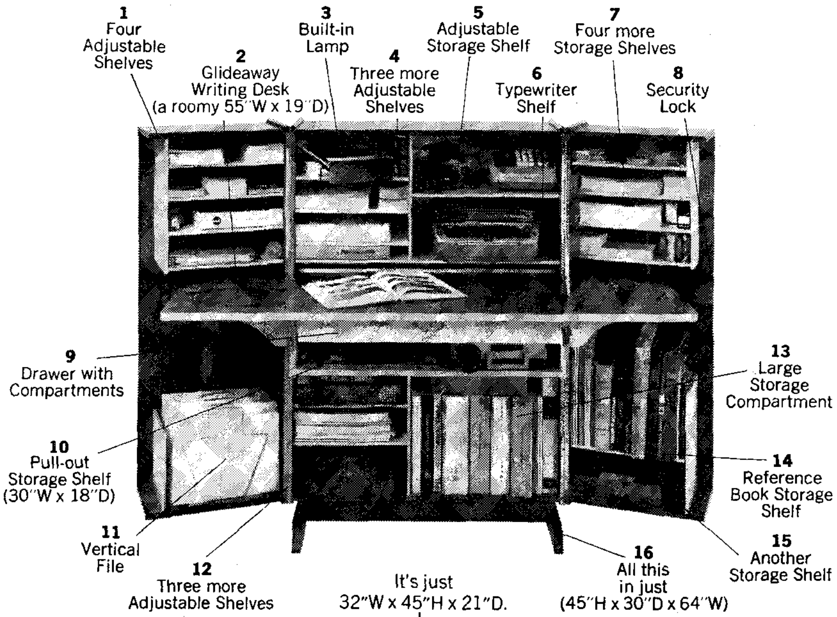
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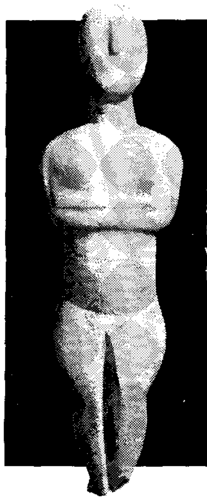

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fer their self-hatred to an actress who plays this sort of role.) They experience the happy ending as a betrayal of their own sense of hopelessness. Maybe the movie plot was designed to give them hope, but it doesn't; it infuriates them. The advertising culture has set models of physical perfection and sexual expertise which have made a whole nation of plain or attractive—or even beautiful—young women feel that they are ugly ducklings. And here comes "Sheila Levine" to touch the sore spots and then fade out on a wish fulfillment.

There are genuine issues that are being corrupted in a number of recent popular women-as-sex-objects books. The rage that is in them is not about what created the author-heroine's fantasies and not about her own responsibility for forming them. The rage is about her fantasies' not being fulfilled. And that is what is being blamed on society. This picture piles a new fantasy on top of the others: you have to be an achiever. What Mrs. Parent and her partner have done goes further in exploitativeness than the earlier romances, because the new line here is that it is Sheila's development of independence and her "finding herself" that entitle her to a first-class man. The doctor sees through Kate and sees Sheila's worth. Achievement has made her more lovable. It's a pop conversion of women's liberation into: The libbers get the princes. —PAULINE KAEL

•

LATE-AFTERNOON POEM

Landing by landing
Darkness comes down.

Something agitates the curtains
Through closed windows
As though already you could hear
Snow slither over black ice,
The slow boom of plumed peaks—

I want to sleep in the woods
High in the rafters
Of the winter.

—SHELDON FLORY

•

If there is a building in the entire country that has seen more gallantry, more gutlessness, more bravery, more human grandeur, more foibles, follies and eccentricities than the Cabildo in Jackson Square in New Orleans, I simply don't know what it is.—*Special Bulletin from the National Historical Society.*

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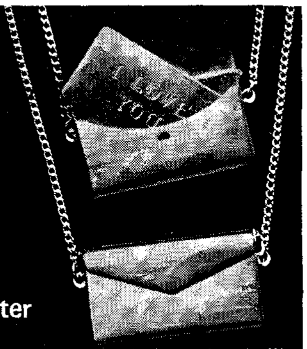

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DANCING

Farrell and Farrellism

SUZANNE FARRELL, one of the great dancers of the age, has rejoined the New York City Ballet. She returned without publicity or ceremony of any sort, entering the stage on Peter Martins' arm in the adagio movement of the Balanchine-Bizet "Symphony in C." The theatre was full but not packed. The lower rings were thronged with standees who did not have to push their way in. Sanity was in the air. As the long bourrée to the oboe solo began, the audience withheld its applause, as if wanting to be sure that this was indeed Suzanne Farrell. Then a thunderclap lasting perhaps fifteen seconds rolled around the theatre, ending as decisively as it had begun, and there fell the deeper and prolonged silence of total absorption. For the next eight minutes, nobody except the dancers moved a muscle. At the end of the adagio, Farrell took four calls, and at the end of the ballet an unprecedented solo bow to cheers and bravas. There was no distraction, no intemperateness, in either the performance or its reception. The Bizet was never one of Farrell's best roles, but it is probably the most privileged role in the Balanchine repertory. Returning in it, she returns to the heart of the company, and she could become great in it yet.

In that first moment of delighted recognition and then in the intense quiet that followed, the audience, I think, saw what I saw—that although this tall, incomparably regal creature could be nobody but Farrell, it was not the same Farrell. She has lost a great deal of weight all over, and with it a certain plump quality in the texture of her movement. The plush is gone, and it was one of her glories. The impact of the long, full legs was different, too. If anything, they're more beautiful than ever, but no longer so impressively solid in extension, so exaggerated in their sweep, or so effortlessly controlled in their slow push outward from the lower back. The largesse of the thighs is still there, but in legato their pulse seemed to emerge and diminish sooner than it used to, and diminish still further below the knee in the newly slim, tapering calf. Yet the slenderness in the lower leg gives the ankle and the long arch of the foot a delicacy they didn't have before. And it shaves to a virtual pinpoint the already minute base from which the swelling grandeur of her form takes its impetus. Farrell is still broad across the hips (though not so broad as before); in pirouettes she is a spiralling cone. But it isn't that Farrell is so terribly big; it's that she *dances* big in relation to her base of support. The lightness of her instep, the speed of her dégagé are still thrilling. You'd think a dancer moving that fast couldn't possibly consume so much space—that she'd have to be more squarely planted. Farrell defies the logic of mechanics, and in that defiance is the essence of the new heroism she brought to Balanchine's stage a little over a decade ago.

Farrell's speed and amplitude were demonstrated more compellingly in "Concerto Barocco," two nights after the Bizet. They are old virtues, and I am happy to see them back. Farrell doesn't look muscular or drained, as I feared she might, after five years in an alien and diseased repertory. In the upper body, she is almost totally different, and vastly improved. I miss the lift in the breastbone, and I think her sight line has dropped, but the shoulders, neck, and head have a wonderful new clarity and composure. The refinement of the arms and the simple dignity of the hands are miracles I didn't expect. And here is perhaps the best news of all: a Farrell who dances with a new grace of deportment and sensitivity of phrasing. Of all the changes that have come over her, this is the most significant, the most moving. Farrell sensitive? Back in the old days, in the seasons just before her departure from the New York City Ballet, she was the exact opposite—a superdiva who distorted every one of the roles she danced except those with distortions already written in. The absurd sky-high penchées, the flailing spine and thrust hips, the hiked elbows and flapping hands were as much a part of the Farrell of that period as the prodigies of speed and scale and balance that she accomplished. She wasn't joyously vulgar, like an old-style Bolshoi ballerina; she was carelessly vulgar, with no idea of the difference between one ballet and another. But the concept of differences in ballets was in general collapse, and one couldn't blame Farrell for what the company failed to teach her. Strangely, she returns at a time when those distinctions are beginning to be felt again—when the company can be seen at its best one night in "Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2" and again another night in the utterly different "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." But there's a collision in the making between Farrell's new, unaffected, clean style and the style of the dancers who've been replacing her all these years.

Farrell's great promise, in which Balanchine was immersed for so long in the sixties, marks the company to this day. It is saturated with her image. What Balanchine saw in her he has projected onto other dancers, but when she left, nearly six years ago, she was still evolving and obviously under fearful pressure. For many of the dancers who got chances after she left, the Farrell image in all its negative aspects has become rigidified as a norm—even intensified as a norm. Karin von Aroldingen and Sara Leland and Kay Mazzo are much worse than Farrell ever was; they're caricatures of the caricature she had become. Beside their wild, strained excesses, the Farrell of today looks almost conventional. Of course, compared to the ballets Balanchine made for her, "Symphony in C" and "Concerto Barocco" are conventional, and these are the only pieces we've seen her in so far. The rest of the Farrell story, which may well contain contradictions of what I've been saying about her, will unfold this season in "Jewels" and "Don Quixote." But even without having the mature Farrell around to point up the difference one can see that the Farrell image has been grievously misconceived. Swinging pelvises, baling-hook arms, and clawing hands have become the new, cruel orthodoxy, and there's a whole cluster of young girls in the corps—thin, long-limbed girls who look hysterically overbred: the ultimate degeneration of what might be called the Farrell strain. Penelope Dudleston is one of these girls. All hinges and splays, she dances the Siren in "The Prodigal Son" with a peculiar, dehumanized force. That is to say, she has no force at all—just a limp, terrifying presence. Dudleston is the first Siren to suggest that she stems from the men's chorus of revelling creeps; she might even be taken for one of them in disguise. (And there, opposite this apparition, was Edward Villella, looking sweeter, more innocent—and more baffled—than ever.) Heather Watts, whose hyperextended joints I rather enjoy, does Allegra Kent's old

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role in the Webern ballet "Episodes," while Dudleston does Diana Adams'. The great breeding cycle of which Farrell's early N.Y.C.B. phase was a part has long since run its course and is now exhausting itself in mutations. Bodies like Dudleston's and Watts's are redundant in ballets like "Episodes;" they're the bodies that mad, hyperbolic choreography is about, and they get no antipathetical play—no drama—out of the deliberate awkwardnesses and non sequiturs and extreme dislocations that Balanchine invented for the more resistant bodies of Adams and Kent.

"Who Cares?" is, like "Episodes," a landmark ballet, and it, too, is showing signs of erosion. When it finally gets going (with the ten demi-soloists doing their relay of Gershwin hits), "Who Cares?" is a ballet I adore, but the moment it marks in the history of the company is a poignant one that I can't get out of my mind. It was Balanchine's first ballet after the break with Farrell, and in it you could feel the whole company breathing easier. Patricia McBride, who is still marvellous in it, was unexpectedly marvellous in it then; it was one of the ballets that consolidated her stardom. One of the reasons it's no longer fresh is that von Aroldingen has trashed the beautiful part Balanchine gave her—the part that for the first time made her look like an American ballerina and that might well have gone to Farrell if she'd stayed. It was as easy in 1970 to imagine Farrell in "Who Cares?" as it was in 1957 to imagine Tanaquil Le Clercq in "Agon," and that, perhaps, is part of von Aroldingen's problem. She's a hardworking, thoughtful, not overly endowed dancer, who doesn't deserve the unseemly prominence into which Balanchine has forced her, and she hasn't borne up well as the prime custodian of Farrell's image. In her roles, one feels, Balanchine has been creating for Farrell by proxy and not really succeeding. Although on occasion (the "Violin Concerto") he's used her and Mazzo very well, it's pretty obvious that what has been thrown up in Farrell's wake isn't a new wealth of opportunities for other dancers but a whole flock of surrogate ballerinas. Gelsey Kirkland was the one dancer to have arisen and progressed during this difficult period; when she resigned from the company last summer, only McBride was left to carry on as major star and full-time ballerina. As one of the witty dancers remarked, "Suzanne coming back is the best thing that's happened to us since she left." There are young danc-

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ers, as yet below ballerina level, who have escaped the influence of Farrell and Farrellism. Merrill Ashley and Colleen Neary (who is one of the thin, long-limbed girls, but with a soft, human core) are two of the most rewarding. It isn't amusing to speculate, even in private, on what may happen to these talented girls now that Farrell has returned, or to the less talented ones, or, indeed, to Farrell herself. The crisis is a serious one, and these are family matters. Farrell once precipitated a revolution in the company. She made audiences sweat, and, indirectly, blamelessly, she's been making us sweat ever since. Remembering those revolutionary days, one can only look with helpless fascination to the days ahead. This is 1975, a new year in the life of the most adventurous, erratic, and valuable ballet company in the world.

JACQUES D'AMBOISE has done a new ballet, "Sinfonietta," a "heavy" work to stand beside "Saltarelli," a "light" work he did last year. I can't see much difference in the two pieces, and I can't see that d'Amboise is much of a choreographer. One of his problems is that he's unable to make roles for anyone but himself; what you get in a d'Amboise ballet is a flock of surrogate d'Amboises. Another problem is that he's watched Balanchine's trees too closely to see the forest. The secrets of classical style which magnify a dancer's presence or a dancer's gesture in proportion to the ensemble, so that soloist and ensemble become part of the same landscape, aren't really secrets; they're a legible, extendable code that Balanchine has explored again and again. In "Sinfonietta," d'Amboise has methodically worked out the structure of the score (by Hindemith) on the stage. But the ballet has no content of its own. Perhaps a fairer comparison to d'Amboise's efforts is "Concerto," the Kenneth MacMillan piece that has just gone back into the repertory of American Ballet Theatre. "Concerto" is as musically overdetermined as "Sinfonietta," and its "content" consists of ballet-class combinations, which, no matter how sterile, an audience always likes to see. But in parts of the two outer movements of the piece MacMillan has given the steps a kind of comic military erectness, and that's at least a *comment* on the music, which is Shostakovich's Second Piano Concerto. I'm happier, usually, to see d'Amboise as a performer, and this season the way he pulled through "Who Cares?" made me appreciate again the inestimable

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rapport he has with audiences. His role, the greatest he has ever had, came too late in his career. He can't sustain it on the level of his first performances. Yet, like Marnee Morris in the same piece, he can sometimes soft-shoe his way through the ballet without losing any of its values. And his timing as a partner is a wonder.

IT'S a relief to go to "Coppélia" and get away from all the company confusion. "Coppélia" is self-enclosed, like a bubble. The storytelling is perfunctory in the first act, gripping in the second. McBride, and Shaun O'Brien as Coppélius, carry their duel of monsters to new heights at every performance, Robert Irving conducts Delibes's masterpiece as if he'd written it, and I must also mention Terri Lee Port's uncanny miming of the doll Coppélia. McBride, in the scene of her "awakening," makes it especially clear that the last vital organ Coppélius transfers to her body from Franz's isn't a heart—it's lungs. This Swanilda has no heart. However, the adagio and solo of the last act, based on the Danilova version, aren't well suited to McBride. The prone position in the shoulder lift is wrong for the line of her legs and back, and in the solo she doesn't really register until she gets to the chaîné turns. Then she registers most powerfully in the Balanchine coda. McBride isn't the kind of dancer who can twinkle and spread charm. She's too elemental. Peter Martins is the current Franz, jovial and grand. He makes the reduced scale of the sets look twice reduced, which enhances the fantastic perspective of the story. His solos, arranged by himself, weren't the best specimens of his style, either. Why does Michael Arshansky, as the village mayor, not reappear in this act? And why does Coppélius now reappear, carrying a *dummy* Coppélia in his arms? It looks ghoulish. Originally, he wheeled Miss Port on, snatched up the villagers' reparations, and wheeled her off, pouring his unquenched dream of world conquest into her lifeless ear.

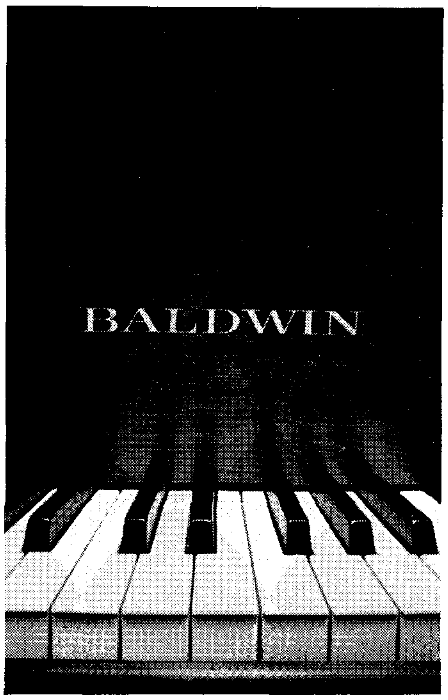
A few months ago, I blamed Rouben Ter-Arutunian for the disastrously redesigned costumes in Act III. I see by a new program note that I should have blamed Karinska.

—ARLENE CROCE

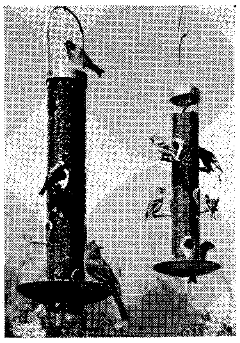
•

WEDDING REHEARSAL
PRECLUDES CEREMONY
—Headline in the Manhattan Mercury.

Well, if it goes badly enough, maybe.



Jorge Bolet's Accompanist



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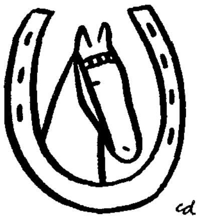
THE RACE TRACK

Lucky Seven



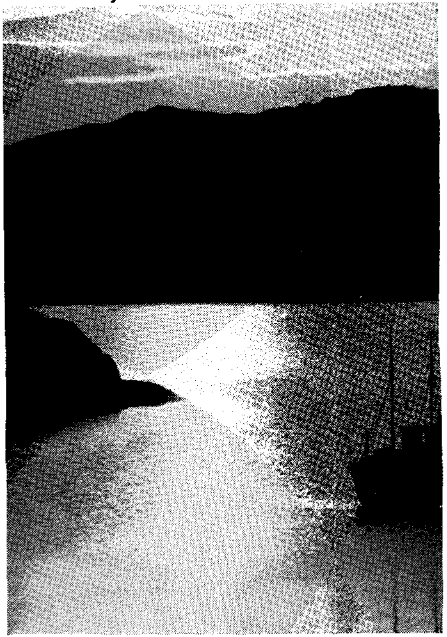
FOR ages, seven has been looked upon as a lucky number. It was for Ancient Title at Santa Anita a week ago last Sunday. Coming up to the San Carlos Handicap, at seven furlongs, he had had six races at that distance and had won them all, but this time it appeared that his assignment was a large order, since he was carrying 128 pounds, unusually high weight for a horse in California, and was giving as much as fourteen pounds to a couple of the eleven sprinters who faced him. Though he wasn't on his toes at the start, he came through with colors flying, winning by three-quarters of a length from Hudson County and Bahia Key, who finished in a dead heat for place, with Cheriepe a neck behind them. While Hudson County, always a quick breaker, was stepping the first quarter to a four-length lead in 0:21⅖, and the half mile in 0:43⅗, Pincay let Ancient Title, who was caught flat-footed at the break, settle into his stride; it wasn't until they were rounding the far turn that the big brown gelding by Gummo got going, and he caught Hudson County, to whom he was giving twelve pounds, as they swung into the stretch. From there, it was nip and tuck until Ancient Title began drawing away. Belmonte, who rode Hudson County, said later that he would have been closer if the sun hadn't got in his mount's eyes. It was pretty bright, but it didn't seem to affect Bahia Key, who finished with a great rush. The San Carlos was run in 1:21⅕—just a tick faster than the time for the Santa Monica Handicap the day before.

The Santa Monica brought out a top lot of fillies and mares, led by Susan's Girl, winner of two Eclipse Awards, and Tizna, a star last season. Chris Evert had been expected to run, but her stable changed its plans and withdrew her. Nevertheless, it was a good show. Susan's Girl, who has grown into quite a big girl, is as nimble as ever and was quickest out of the gate, but Hawley, who rode her, took her back and waited a shade too long to make his move. Sister Fleet, to whom she gave ten pounds, came steaming through the stretch and beat her by half a length. Modus Vivendi was third, a neck behind. Sister Fleet's race was a smasher; last of the thirteen runners out of the gate, she picked her way through the pack and was going away at the end. Tizna, ridden by Shoemaker, disappointed everybody, finishing seventh, which is no place for a favorite to finish.

THE death of Alvaro Pineda, one of the country's leading riders, in an unusual accident in the starting gate at Santa Anita cast gloom on the Saturday racing. It happened when his mount, a three-year-old who had started only three times in his life, reared in his stall, crushing the side of the boy's head—not adequately protected by the safety helmet he wore—against a steel bar in the machine. The accident particularly upset all the other jockeys; Pincay, for one, cancelled his remaining mounts on the card. Pineda, who was twenty-nine years old, came from Mexico, and he'd been riding since he was thirteen—the last ten years in California. He received the George Woolf Memorial Award last year as a "jockey whose career has reflected credit upon himself and his profession." Pineda had ridden twenty-one winners in eighteen days of the current meeting. One of his mounts the day he was killed would have been Pisistrato, who won the sixth race, and he was booked to ride Susan's Girl in the Santa Monica.

WHILE Hialeah is celebrating its golden anniversary, many of us have been wondering if there will be a fifty-first. Florida has changed a bit since Joe Smoot, a promoter from Buffalo, built the track, on what was then the outskirts of Miami, and Luke Cassidy, who had been an agent for the celebrated horseman Phil T. Chinn, ran it as shipshape as any racecourse I've ever been on. After a few years, Joseph E. Widener took over Hialeah and made it the showplace of American racing. (There was a special train from Palm Beach every day.) After Mr. Widener's death, Hialeah began slipping, because succeeding managements not only lacked his touch for perfection but ran the place for all it was worth commercially. Inevitably, attendance—and the betting in the mutuels, which is more important—fell off sharply. A deal to sell the franchise to Gulfstream Park fell through last year, and the owners are now hoping for salvation from the state legislature. Everyone hopes something can be worked out. —AUDAX MINOR

In the Raymond & Whitcomb manner



Norwegian sunset, 2:00 a.m.

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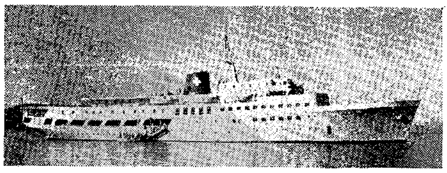

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BOOKS

Pioneer Woman

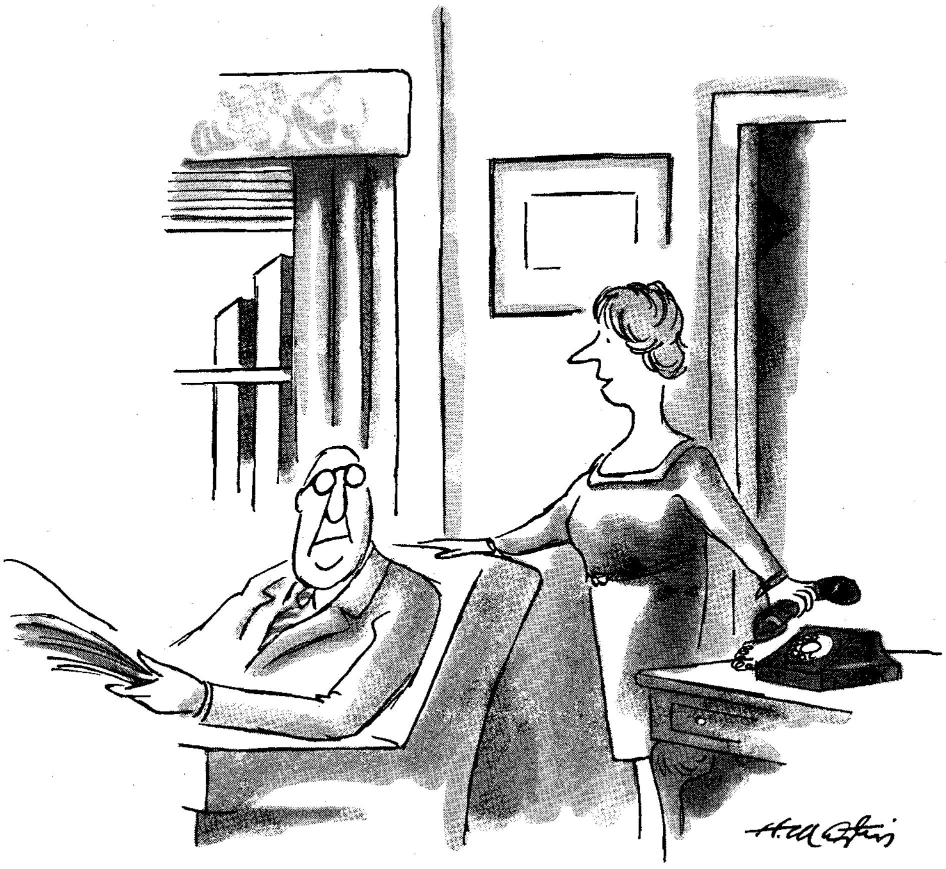
RUTH BENEDICT (born Ruth Fulton, in 1887) was one of the first women to attain recognition as a major social scientist. Many of us, myself included, acquired our initial ideas about social anthropology by reading her "Patterns of Culture," published in 1934, or "The Chrysanthemum and the Sword: Patterns of Japanese Culture," published in 1946. Her career was not an easy one. Although she began her work in anthropology in 1919 and became widely known as an expert on American Indian civilizations, she did not get her first tenure job—an associate professorship at Columbia—until 1937.

It would be difficult for anyone to be better qualified to write about the life and work of Ruth Benedict than Margaret Mead. Although fifteen years Mrs. Benedict's junior, she came into anthropology just three years later. They met in 1922, when Miss Mead was a senior at Barnard, and were colleagues and close friends until Mrs. Benedict's death, in 1948. In 1959, Miss Mead put together a collection of Ruth Benedict's writing as "An Anthropologist at Work." Now she has followed that up with a briefer and more personal memoir, brought out by Columbia University Press and entitled simply "Ruth Benedict." The book is both a frequently moving biographical essay and a sampler of Ruth Benedict at her best. If there is a flaw in Miss Mead's essay, it is that she may know the subject *too* well. She takes this opportunity to settle a few old scores with reviewers of Mrs. Benedict's books and to detail some of the infighting that prevented her being appointed, in 1936, to the chairmanship of the Department of Anthropology at Columbia upon the retirement of the great Franz Boas. All this is not likely to be, at this late date, of great interest outside the immediate family circle of professional anthropologists, but, fortunately, it does not take up much room in Miss Mead's superb essay.

Ruth Benedict led an extremely solitary childhood. Partly deafened by illness, she developed a rich interior life of poetic fancy. (Later, she published poetry under the pseudonym of Anne Singleton.) She was an exceedingly beautiful young woman, with great doubts about herself and her future. In her journal she wrote, in 1912:

> To me it seems a very terrible thing to be a woman. There is one crown which perhaps is worth it all—a great love, a quiet home, and children. [Her childless marriage to Stanley Benedict ended in divorce.] We all know that is all that is worth while, and yet we must peg away showing off our wares on the market if we have money, or manufacturing careers for ourselves if we haven't. We have not the motive to prepare ourselves for a "lifework" of teaching, of social work—we know that we would lay it down with hallelujah in the height of our success, to make a home for the right man. And all the time in the background of our consciousness rings the warning that perhaps the right man will never come. A great love is given to very few. Perhaps this makeshift time-filler of a job *is* our lifework after all.

The person least well described in these words is Mrs. Benedict. In 1919, to fill her time while she waited for a child who never came, she attended classes at the New School for Social Research. There she had her first taste of cultural anthropology, and in 1921, when she was thirty-four, she enrolled at Columbia under Boas. From then until her death, the meaning of her life was essentially and completely in her work. Her own effort to find a truly purposeful role as a woman made her especially sensitive to the role of women in the societies she studied and wrote about. In all these "primitive" societies women live a paradox. They are on the one hand respected, in Dylan Thomas's phrase, as the "spun buds of the world" and on the other hand segregated at the moments when they are the most female—during childbirth, for example. This paradox enters into the tribal taboos, the folk tales and songs, and so becomes an axiomatic aspect of life. Ruth Benedict spent most of her career trying to discover how these cultural characteristics developed and why they took the forms they did. Long before she had become an anthropologist, Ruth Benedict, Miss Mead informs us, wrote in her journal, "The trouble with life isn't that there is no answer, it's that there are so many answers. There's the answer of Christ and of Buddha, of Thomas à Kempis and of Elbert Hubbard, of Browning, Keats and of Spinoza, of Thoreau and of Walt Whitman, of Kant and of Theodore Roosevelt. By turns their answers



"That was our answering service, saying they join Martha and John's answering service, and Sonny and Marvin's answering service, in wishing us a happy anniversary."

it my needs. And yet, because I am and not any one of them, they can one of them be completely mine."

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BEFORE MY TIME, by Maureen Howard (Little, Brown). Maureen Howard has the knack of capturing the essence of people's lives in a shorter time than it takes most authors to usher their characters into a room. Thus, Laura Quinn, the forty-year-old successful Boston journalist and mother of two who is this book's central character, is established from the outset as a woman who is bored with herself ("clean fingernails, decorous clothes, a trim framework of sexual insignificance"); bored with her work ("a kind of thin flowing-out from herself"); and ready for—even needing—a blasting reëxamination of her life. Though one never fully accepts the fact that a woman of her substance could be as profoundly shaken as she supposedly is by her dialogues with her callow, idealistic eighteen-year-old cousin, Jimmy Cogan, who has come to stay with her family while awaiting arraignment before a New York City court, it doesn't really matter. Miss Howard may be cavalier with niceties of plot (indeed, most chapters are simply character sketches, or "stories within stories," as she puts it), but her book is so full of moral intelligence, wit, and fresh insights into the way people live that one rarely feels cheated. The sketches—Laura's starchy old Boston Brahmin aunts, Jimmy's tippling mother, his scruffy girl friend, who wants him to get "beyond sex" before he's even got to it—are so rich that one can only wish they were twice as long.

HOT TO TROT, by John Lahr (Knopf). A short novel of exceptional energy and high spirits. Mr. Lahr's hero is a Yale man, but no Dink Stover; a young and very successful TV producer with Jewish show-biz antecedents, he means to better himself socially and sexually at any cost, and he is, moreover, eager that the cost be high—when it comes to anguish, the best is none too good for him. Aggressive, concupiscent, and self-punishing, he finds himself, to his continued, uneasy astonishment, an indissoluble mingling of Casanova and Savonarola. The author tells his story in a witty imitation of

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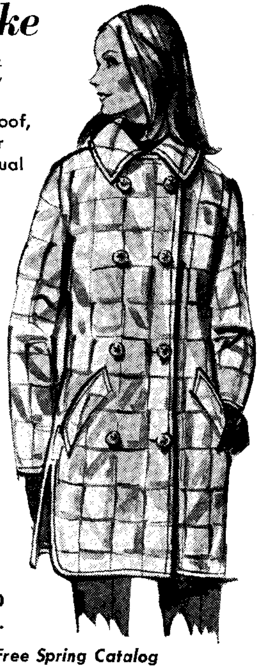

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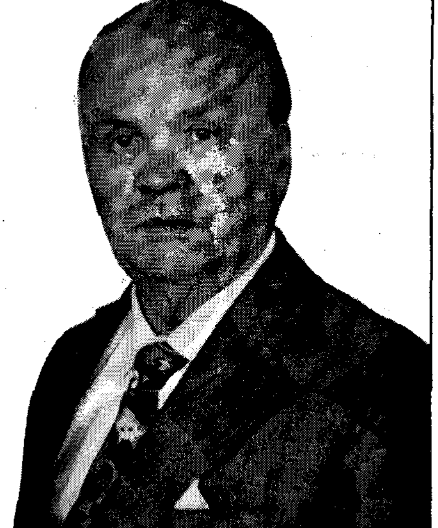

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a TV soap opera—a montage of quick cuts and iris shots. A hilarious, self-confident, wonderfully written little book.

BETTY, by Georges Simenon (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). A total Simenon miss is a rarity, but this psychological study, written in 1961, comes close. His subject is Elisabeth Étamble, née Fayet, the wraithlike, unhappy twenty-eight-year-old wife of a wealthy Parisian. The husband, after finding her in bed with her young lover, has made her sign a paper relinquishing all maternal rights to their two daughters. Immediately afterward, the lover leaves her, precipitating a binge and a dangerous breakdown that, but for the kind intervention of a sympathetic widow in Versailles (whom she subsequently betrays), would probably have resulted in her death. Simenon lets us know, rather crudely, that the woman's erratic and self-destructive behavior is the result of a father fixation. But it's not a particularly fascinating case, and though the book has a few gratifying moments (in a Versailles bar and in a small provincial hotel), a worthier example of the Master's skill is undoubtedly on its way to us even now.

GENERAL

ENGLAND IN THE AGE OF HOGARTH, by Derek Jarrett (Viking). This exercise in social history shows that monotony need not be a fatal flaw. If one were to try to read Mr. Jarrett's book at a sitting, one would be so exhausted by the constant stream of observations and anecdotes that the effort would have to be abandoned. But his comprehensive learning, his graceful style, and his instinct for the telling detail make this an excellent book to dip into, to read in installments, and to keep for reference. The strength of England in the eighteenth century was the freedom, and even the insolence, of the English crowd. The time was one of great inequality, and of great energy spurred by inequality. Sailors were the symbols of England's independence, soldiers the spectres of possible tyranny. Sports were brutal, women were pampered—but there is too much to be summarized. For perceptions and epigrams, Mr. Jarrett relies largely on the Swedish traveller Peter Kalm, on Oliver Goldsmith's imaginary Chinese visitor, and on (who else?) Samuel Johnson. His master, though, is Hogarth himself, and this

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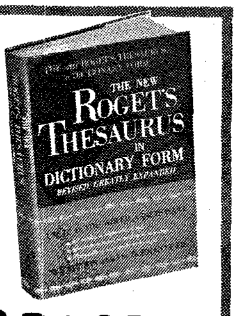

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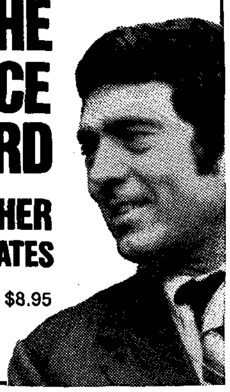

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book is worthy of that shrewd, skeptical, humorous, and eminently moral artist. With many black-and-white illustrations.

THE CROUCHING FUTURE: INTERNATIONAL POLITICS AND U.S. FOREIGN POLICY, by Roger Hilsman (Doubleday). A large, intelligent work that skips over our present anxieties (inflation? recession? both?) and predicts unparalleled affluence and freedom for this country. Mr. Hilsman, who teaches at Columbia University's School of International Affairs, thinks that the Soviet government will grow kinder, if not freer; he believes authoritarianism is the Russian style. He expects China to join the Big Two as a military power, but cannot predict how the Chinese will use their strength. He does not expect many of the poor nations to achieve self-sustaining economic growth, and he foresees them intensifying their prickly, hostile nationalisms. He hopes that we all have the sense to stay out of a third world war, but since the record of the human race is so quarrelsome, he does not rule out the possibility of a nuclear war. The alternative to war is politics, and the last section of his work is a superb, eloquent essay on the use of politics to adjust conflict.

MARCEL PROUST, by Roger Shattuck (Viking). This brief book is intended as an introduction to Proust and his great work—it even has suggestions for what a timid beginner may skip—but Professor Shattuck manages to get in some good, downright criticism of his own. He describes the author's life and the "Remembrance of Things Past," and, with subtlety and sense, examines the complex relation between them. And he never forgets that Proust was a great comic writer. A bonus is a translation of an interview that Proust gave to a writer for *Le Temps* in 1913, just before the publication of "Swann's Way," and that has never before appeared in English.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Washington Post*]

"People are still scared silly to come downtown and no one goes out at night," said Councilman John Bowman, who takes issue with the FBI crime figures. "I don't believe all crimes are reported. And there's no way to record the fear element. Hell, if crime went down 100 per cent, it would still be 50 times higher than it should be."

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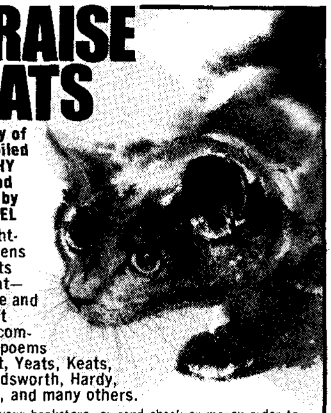

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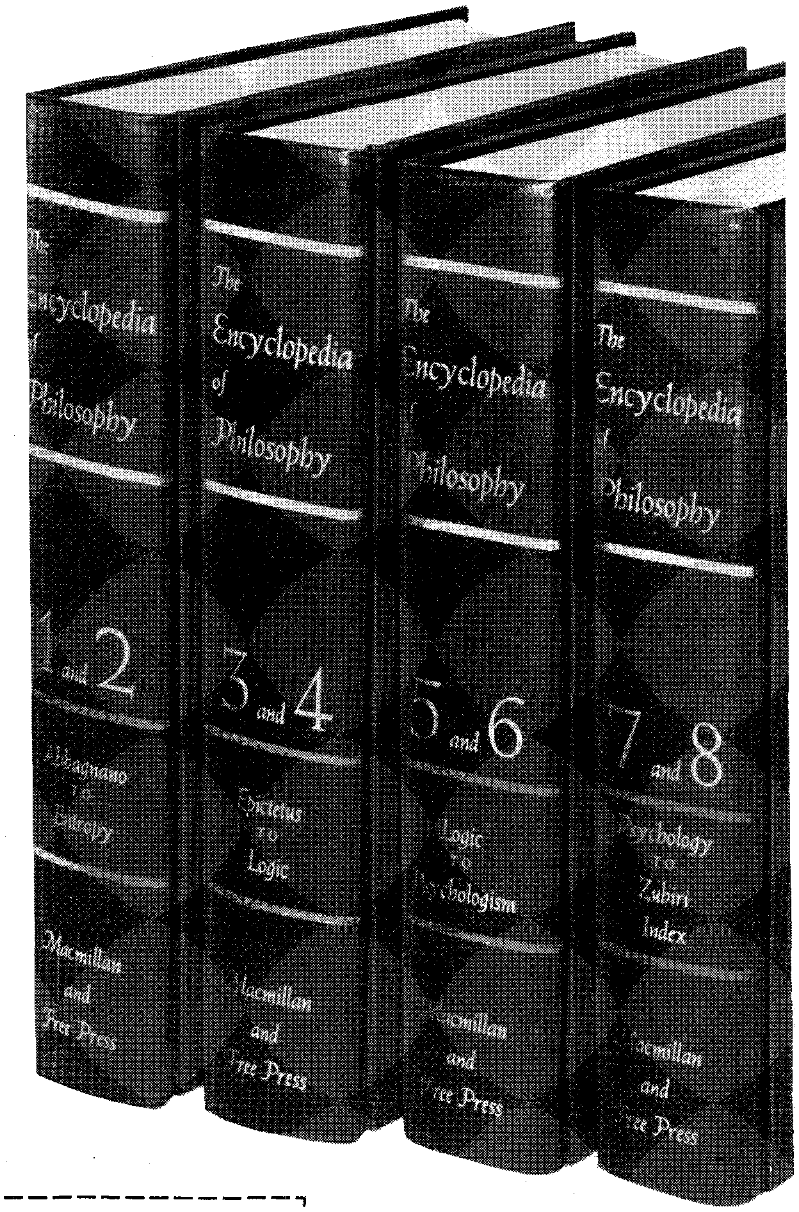

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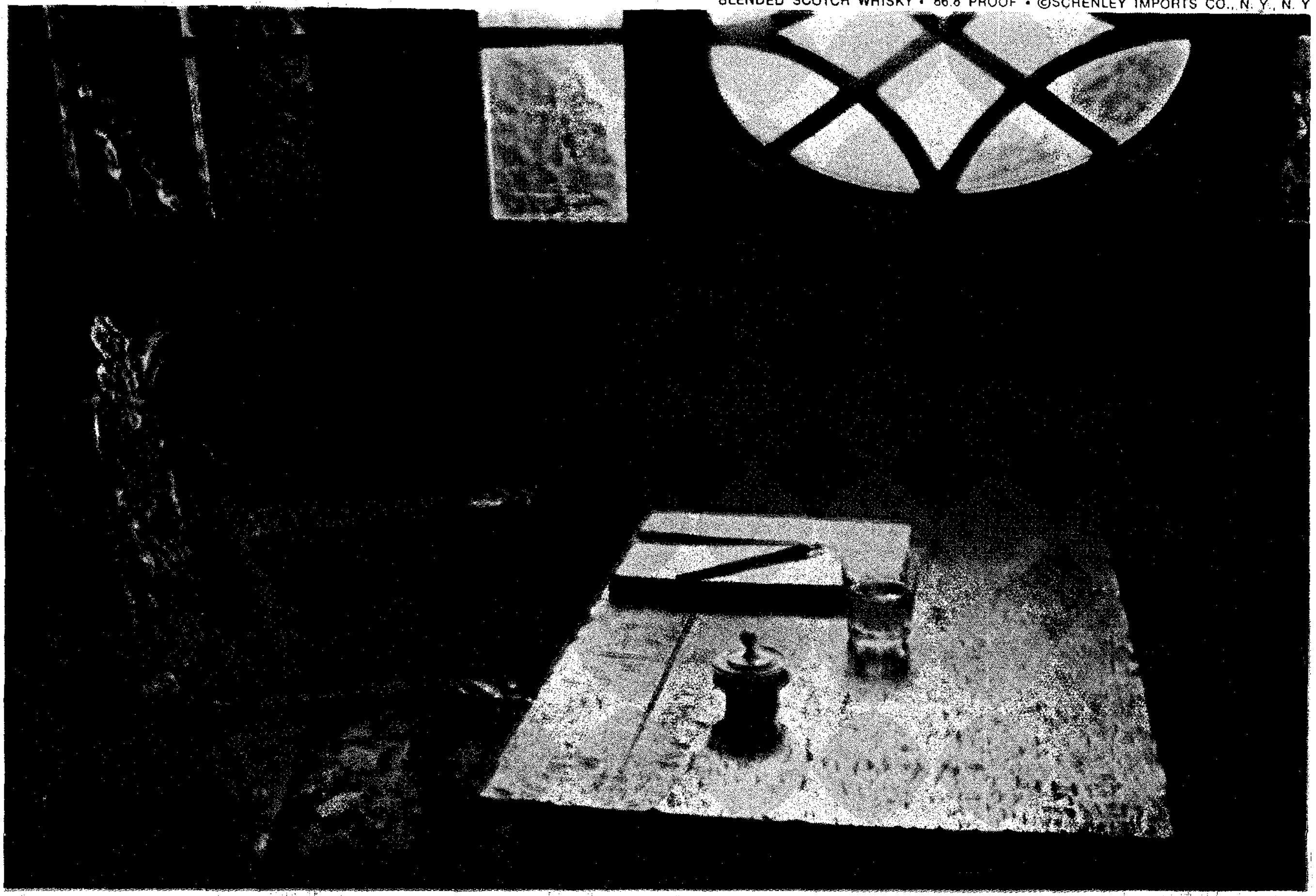

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